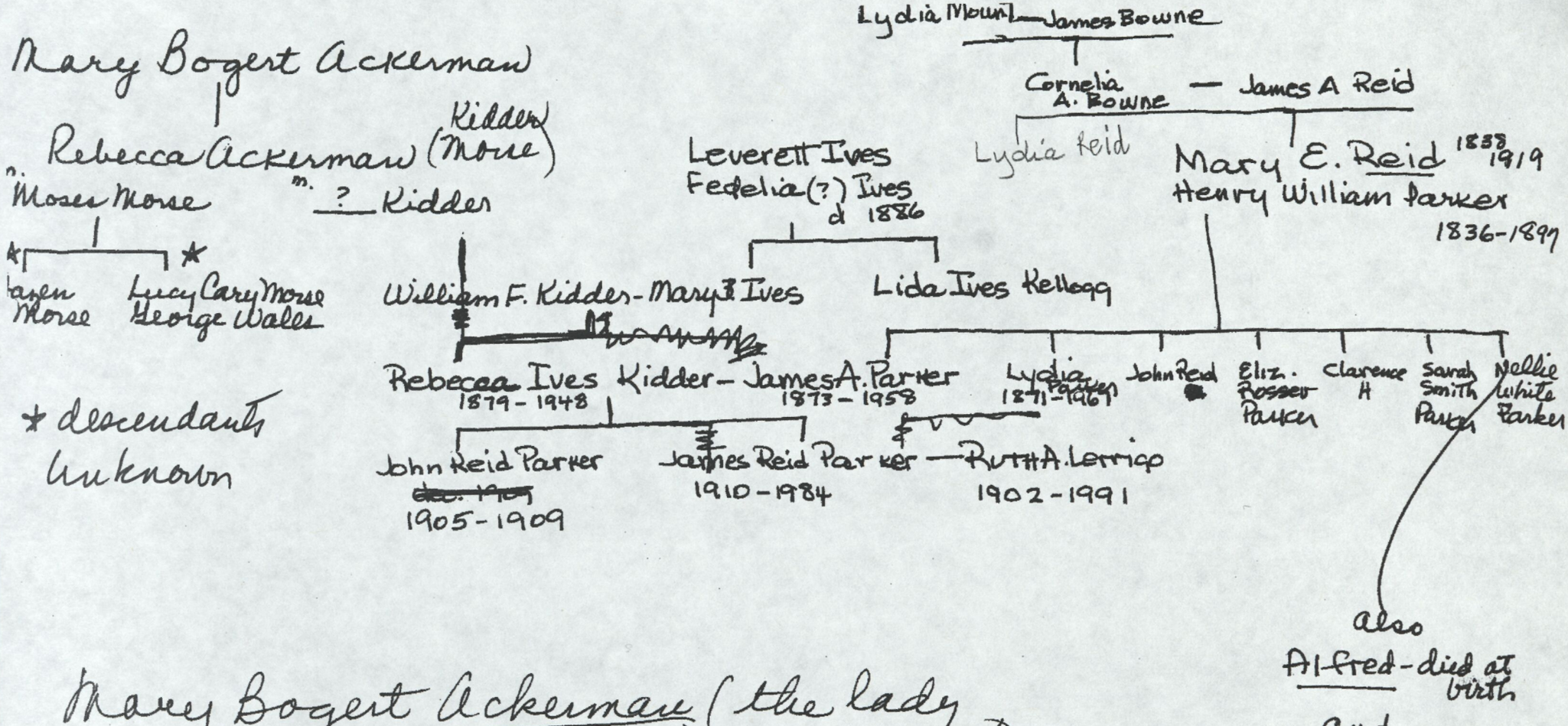
Scrap Book



Mary Bogert Ackerman (the lady in the oval gold frame) appears to be James Reid Parker's Great-great grandmother, her daughter, Rebecca A. Morse (previously married ??? to ? Kidder) appears to be James Reid Parker's Great Grandmother — Moses Morse does not appear to be related to JRP except by marriage. James Reid Parker is the only descendant of this family. He had no

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Rebecca Morse (wife of Moses Morse) is the mother of W (H) Kidder
(Reid's Mother's father) ?
F?

First marraige? to a person named Kidder? — . Moses Morse would be then Reid's Step-Great grandfather - Rebecca Morse, " Great Grandmother

New England Small Towns Draw Praise As Providing Healthy Climate for Writing

By MINNA LITTMANN
Standard-Times Staff Writer

NANTUCKET, Aug. 25—"New England provides a social and moral climate in which a writer can work at his best," James Reid Parker says in analyzing his choice of Nantucket as year-around home.

"It seems to me any writer would feel at home in a New England small town, because it allows independence of conscience and freedom to live as you like, so long as you don't hurt other people—the same sort of social and moral climate that has made Paris a haven for writers and artists."

Mr. Parker writes regularly for the New Yorker and does a monthly column for Woman's Day, the A. and P. magazine, favored by sophisticates and housewives of all shades of literary taste. Recently he has been autographing copies of his latest book, "Open House," a collection that includes five Woman's Day columns and 15 of his New Yorker stories, all calculated to make the corners of readers' eyes crinkle and their hearts soften toward even the most trying humans.

'Kindness and Tolerance'

As Mr. Parker's wide following knows, his perceptive delineation of people's peculiarities and exasperating situations makes them chuckle happily, so aptly does he describe experiences they have shared and characteristics they have observed, without being able to put the flavor of them into words.

"I think the reason I can write humorously," Mr. Parker continued his self-searching—by request, "is because I enjoy life in a small New England town. A good sense of humor goes with it.

"I never could share Eugene O'Neill's view that life in a small town is sordid and ugly. There's ugliness around, surely, but it doesn't predominate.

"New England," he said, reverting to his earlier thought, "means to me that with all the sternness we have by inheritance, we also have a great kindness and tolerance."

Born in Jersey City, N. J., in 1909, Mr. Parker already had decided to become a college professor when he received his B.A. degree from Lafayette College, Easton, Pa. He studied subsequently at McGill University in Montreal and took an M.A. at Columbia, by way of further professional preparation. He became an instructor in English at Brooklyn, N. Y., Polytechnic Institute in 1931, and was professor of English there from 1937 to 1940.

First Story Is Printed

His urge to write was stimulated by having the New Yorker

—Photo by George P. Fee, Nantucket

MR. and MRS. JAMES REID PARKER

country over, but never portraying a special place or individual.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker (Ruth A. Lerrigo) live in Nantucket because they like small-town life, the author says. They chose Nantucket rather than any other small New England community because Mr. Parker's family, on his mother's side, has had a home here since 1871. His grandfather, Moses Morse, was said to be the first person to come to the island as a Summer resident.

Away 20 Years

Mr. Parker was away from Nantucket for 20 years, until in 1946 he returned and bought the inviting old house at 47 Center Street, Quaker in sturdiness, simplicity, and which is his home today. It was built in 1724, when sheep-raising, predecessor of whaling, was the mainstay of Nantucket. The massive floor boards are as much as 18 inches wide. Three walls of the gracious living room where the author was interviewed are french gray plaster above original white paneling; the fourth, including fireplace and two doors, is completely paneled, its fine simplicity in keeping with the tenets of the

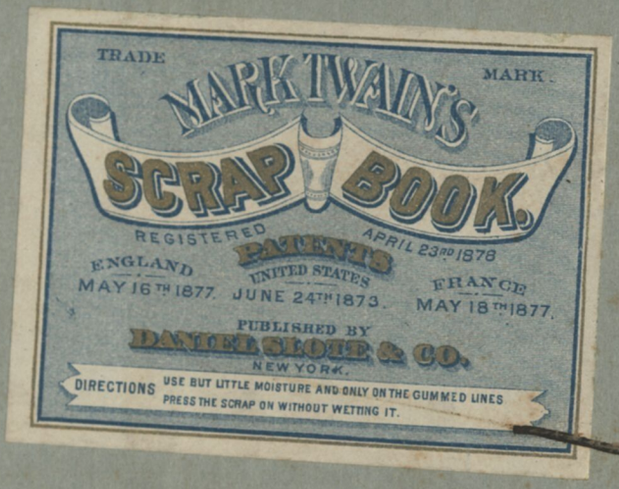
Advantages Of Fall Tree Planting Cited

Fall and Spring each have special advantages as the season for improving home landscaping effects by setting out new trees and shrubs.

Plants well established in the Autumn will, of course, be in better condition to make a good showing next year than those newly set out in the Spring. Spring planting, on the other hand, avoids the risk of Winter-killing if the plant is not well established by cold weather.

Fall planting, too, eliminates the nuisance of muddy soil and trampled lawns, as the soil is firm at this season. Nurserymen are likely to be less rushed and to have full selections. This should help in obtaining material to meet space requirements or lim-

Mary B. D. Kidder 1885



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MOSES MORSE

Well-Known Musician and Art Instructor

Mr. Moses Morse died at the home of his nephew, Bigelow Morse, in Scituate, yesterday, aged eighty-three. He was a native of Boston, the son of Hazen Morse of Haverhill, one of the founders and president of the American Banknote Company. The deceased was an accomplished musician and an artist of recognized ability. For years he was an instructor in art and freehand drawing in New York city and Poughkeepsie colleges. Among his pupils in a New York school were Theodore Roosevelt, now President, and a number of young men who afterwards became quite prominent. Baron Rothschild was a private pupil of his. Mr. Morse was a resident of New York and Newport for many years, but for some years past had lived at Braintree, where his wife now resides. Besides his wife a daughter, Mrs. George O. Wales of Braintree, and a son, Hazen Morse, of New Rochelle, N. Y., survive him. The funeral will be held at All Souls' Church, Braintree, this afternoon, and interment will be in Woodlawn Cemetery, New York.

A Promoter of Sorosis.

In Braintree, April 3, Rebecca A., widow of Moses Morse, aged 90 years. Funeral from residence of George O. Wales, 396 Elm street, Braintree, Thursday, April 5, at 3.30 p. m.

The above mortuary notice appeared in the Braintree papers of Wednesday, and will be of interest to many readers of The Inquirer and Mirror, inasmuch as Mrs. Morse was very well known in Nantucket, where for years her family made their summer home, owning property on Cliff road. It is only a brief period since her husband's death, since which time she had resided with her daughter.

Mrs. Morse loved Nantucket, and was identified with some of the literary and social organizations of the place. She was especially prominent in the organization of Nantucket Sorosis, which has included the brightest of the island's women in its roster, and she took a leading role in the formation of this society, the first meeting of which was held at the home of the late Mrs. Charles S. Cathcart, on Main street, on August 6, 1872.

At the time there were fifteen members, of which number but five remain. The original roster included the following-named persons: Elizabeth Starbuck, Mary J. Baxter, Eliza Barney, Catharine Starbuck, Amelia M. Coffin, Elizabeth C. Crosby, Malinda S. Barney, Helen A. Gardner, Ellen O. Swain, Rebecca A. Morse, Hannah M. Robinson, Phebe A. Hanaford, Charlotte M. Gardner, Sarah M. Cathcart, Anna Gardner.

Those now living are Mrs. Catharine Starbuck, Mrs. Melinda S. Barney, Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford, Miss Charlotte M. Gardner, Miss Helen A. Gardner.

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HOLLAND'S REPUBLICANISM.

ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT'S HAPPY DESCRIPTION OF THE OLD LAND.

Ex-Minister Robert B. Roosevelt, the vice president, and who is acting president, occupied the chair and made the speech of welcome. In the beginning he made a touching reference to the memory of the late president of the society, Judge H. C. Van Vorst, who died on October 26 last. His memory was drunk standing and in silence.

"We keep national spirit and true patriotism alive and healthy," said Mr. Roosevelt, "by recalling the grand self-denial of our forefathers, by whose heroic deeds the happy institutions which we now so thankfully enjoy were founded. This is the meaning to the country of recalling the brave battles fought by the fearless Dutch nation for eighty years against the enormous power and relentless despotism of Spain for free thought, free religion and free schools. To encourage to similar deeds among our own compatriots if occasion should require, do we fight o'er again the siege of Leyden, the victories of Van Tromp, the thousands of desperate battles in little Holland against great Spain and once more glorify the courage and self-sacrifice which as a last desperate expedient cut the dikes and accepted death by the raging waters rather than submission to a merciless foreign foe. I often think that in contemplating the glories of ancient Holland we forget or belittle the honors of modern Holland. We de-

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COUNT RUMFORD.

COUNT RUMFORD.

BENJAMIN THOMPSON (Count Rumford, of the Holy Roman Empire) was born March 26, 1753, in Woburn, Massachusetts. He received the usual county-school education, but proving restive on the farm, he was apprenticed to a merchant in Salem. Here his spare time was diligently devoted to algebra and mathematics, the problems of astronomy having a peculiar relish to him, so that at the age of fifteen he could calculate an eclipse. At the age of sixteen he went to Boston, and there picked up some French. Returning in two years to Woburn, he studied medicine a while, and then taught school at Bradford, and subsequently in Concord, New Hampshire—a town once known as Rumford.

BENJAMIN THOMPSON at this time was a manly, handsome fellow, about six feet in height, and at the age of nineteen won the affections of Mrs. SARAH W. ROLFE, a wealthy widow some years his senior. The union was blessed with a daughter.

Governor WENTWORTH, of the colony of New Hampshire, appointed THOMPSON a major in the militia; but he appears to have lacked conciliation. His brother officers and townsmen were probably jealous of his good looks, the favor of his superiors, and his mental superiority; and when the patriot forces were organized, he was denied a commission. The jealousy and vindictiveness followed him even into the presence of WASHINGTON, the commander-in-chief; and finding the door closed against him at home, he went to England, and was given an appointment in the Colonial Office at the age of twenty-three.

In England he soon found appreciative friends. With a seeming prescience of his proper line of usefulness, he commenced at once his theoretical studies and deductions and his practical and social improvements; and the two went hand in hand throughout his life in Europe, which extended over a period of thirty-eight years.

His researches in physical science introduced him to Sir JOSEPH BANKS, and he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society at the age of twenty-six. The practical nature of his mind is evinced by the attention he gave about this time to the accoutrement of the soldiers, the force of gunpowder, the construction of fire-arms and ordnance, and a marine signal code.

Receiving a colonelcy in the English army, he was for a while in command of a regiment on Long Island, returning to England in 1783. During a Continental trip he became acquainted with Prince MAXIMILIAN, then in the French service, and by him was introduced to the Elector of Bavaria, into whose service he entered in a joint civil and military capacity, retaining his half-pay in the English service and the order of knighthood.

In Bavaria Sir BENJAMIN THOMPSON made his deepest and most enduring marks. His successful efforts in the suppression of beggary, ameliorating the dwellings of the work-people, establishing schools and houses of industry, introducing superior breeds of cattle and improved methods of gardening, were carried on alongside of his other schemes—the reorganization of the army, its tactics, economy, discipline, education, and its arms.

It is with him as a discoverer and inventor that this brief sketch has principally to do. His investigations as to the nature and properties of heat seem to have been mainly from the sanitary and economical point of view, in endeavoring to improve the stoves so much used and needed in the winter seasons in Munich. Not trusting to mere blind experiments, he ascertained by boring cannon that heat is not material (as was then supposed), but is derived from the power spent in making the friction—that it is a transference of energy, a mode of molecular motion. This grand discovery is an epoch in the history of physical science.

The result of his labors in mechanical improvements is seen in the construction of fire-places, ranges, stoves, grates, and chimneys, by which more than one-half the fuel is saved. He invented a calorimeter to measure heat, and a photometer to measure light; he first distinguished between radiation, conduction, and convection; he used steam in heating fluids and in cooking. His inventions improved the homes and home comforts of the people of two continents.

For his services he was made a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, and selected the title "Count of Rumford," in remembrance of old times. He returned to England in 1798, organized the Royal Institution in 1800, and subsequently took up his residence on the Continent.

His first wife died in 1792, and he married, in 1805, the widow of the celebrated LAVOISIER, who was guillotined in the French Revolution. BENJAMIN THOMPSON, Count of Rumford, died at Auteuil, August 21, 1814. His daughter, born in America, returned there after her father's decease.

A YANKEE BOY.

Prof. Tyndall on Count Rumford's Career.

A Scholar, Soldier, Statesman and Scientist,

Who Left His Country for Its Good and His.

The life of Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, has frequently been told, as it well deserves to be, for few Americans have ever had a career so varied, honorable, interesting and useful as this distinguished native of Massachusetts. Prof. Tyndall, the English scientist, has just published an appreciative sketch of his life. Benjamin Franklin and Benjamin Thompson were born within a dozen miles of each other, and for 30 years were contemporaries, though they never saw or were interested in each other. Rumford's name and fame, Prof. Tyndall says, which were resonant in Europe at the beginning of this century, have fallen in England into general oblivion. To scientific men, however, his figure presents itself with singular impressiveness at the present day. This result is mainly due to the establishment, in recent times, of the grand scientific generalization known as the mechanical theory of heat. Boyle and Hooke and Locke and Leibnitz had already ranged themselves on the side of this theory. But by experiments conducted on a scale unexampled at the time, and by reasonings founded on these experiments of singular force and penetration, Rumford has made himself a conspicuous landmark in the history of the theory. His inference from his experiments was scored in favor of those philosophers who held that heat is a form of motion.

Rumford's Life in America.

"The town of Woburn, connected in my memory," says Prof. Tyndall, "with a cultivated companion" (Rev. Dr. George E. Ellis of Boston), "with genial sunshine and the bright coloring of American trees, is nine miles distant from the city of Boston. In North Woburn, a little way off, on March 26, 1753, Rumford was born. He came of people who had to labor for their livelihood, who tilled their own fields, cut their own timber and fuel, worked at their varied trades, and thus maintained the independence of New England yeomen." Thompson's father died before he was two years old. His mother married again, and the boy was placed under the care of guardians, from whom his stepfather, Josiah Pierce, received a weekly allowance of 2 shillings and 5 pence for the child's maintenance. They certainly did not waste the estate of their ward in that direction. The lad's mind was active and his invention constantly exercised, but on subjects outside his daily work. In relation to that he was considered "indolent, flighty and unpromising." At 13 he was apprenticed to a Salem merchant, but his mind was busy with other things than his work, and he became a skilful musician and accurate draughtsman. In 1769 he went into the service of a Boston dry goods dealer, but only for a short time, after which he returned to Woburn and began the study of medicine with Dr. John Hay. The love of order which afterward ruled the actions of the man was incipient in the boy. At 17 he thus spaced out the four and twenty hours of a single day: "From 12 to 6, sleep. Get up at 6 o'clock and wash my hands and face. From 6 to 8, exercise one-half, and study one-half. From 8 to 10, breakfast, attend prayers, etc. From 10 to 12, study all the time. From 12 to 1, dine, etc. From 1 to 4, study constantly. From 4 to 5, relieve my mind by some diversion or exercise; from 5 till bedtime, follow what my inclination leads me to; whether it be to go abroad, or stay at home and read either anatomy, physic or chemistry, or any other book I want to peruse." In 1771 he managed, by walking daily from Woburn to Cambridge and back, a distance of some 16 miles, to attend the lectures on natural philosophy, delivered by Prof. Winthrop in Harvard College. He taught school for a short time at Wilmington, and afterward at Bradford, where his repute rose so high that he received a call to Concord, a town of New Hampshire, situated higher up than Bradford on the river Merrimac.

A Curious Mistake

is here made by Prof. Tyndall, who gets Concord, Mass., and Concord, N. H., entangled in inextricable confusion. He locates the New Hampshire capital in Essex county, Mass., and even fancies that he visited it when he spent a day with Emerson at our Concord. It is hard for an Englishman to learn much about American geography. In Concord the young man met a widow, 33 years old, and married her, though he was but 19, or, as he afterward said, she married him. He soon attracted the attention, and won the favor, of Gov. Wentworth, a seemingly unimportant circumstance which changed the whole course of his life, for it resulted in his remaining loyal to the crown, in his being mobbed at Concord, in his return to Massachusetts, in his arrest and confinement at Woburn after Lexington and after the evacuation of Boston, in his departure for England. Prof. Tyndall says one of the most remarkable characteristics of Thompson was the readiness with which he caught the manners and fell into the ways of great people. This quality probably connects itself with that "over-love of splendor" which his friend Baldwin ascribes to him. On the English side the American war was begun, continued, and ended, in ignorance. Blunder followed blunder, and defeat followed defeat, until knowledge which ought to have been ready at the outset came too late. Thompson, for a time, was the vehicle of such belated knowledge. He was immediately attached to the colonial office, then ruled over by Lord George Germain, with whom he frequently breakfasted, dined and supped, and was occasionally his guest in the country. At Stoneland Lodge, the residence of Lord George, his celebrated experiments on gunpowder began. "He was a born experimentalist, handy, ingenious, full of devices to meet practical needs." He turned his attention to improvements in military matters; devised and procured the adoption of bayonets for the fusees of the Horse Guards, to be used in fighting on foot. The results of his experiments on gunpowder were communicated to Sir Joseph Banks. He soon became intimate with Sir Joseph, and in 1779 he was elected fellow of the Royal Society. In 1782, when the British prospects in this country were almost hopeless, he returned, and for a year fought against his countrymen. Returning to England, he determined to enter the Austrian army to fight the Turks. On his way, at Strasburg, he met Prince Maximilian of Bavaria, who was pleased with the young American (he was but 30 years old) and gave him a letter to the elector of Bavaria. Here began

The Most Striking Portion of His Career.

The elector, a sage ruler, saw in him immediately a man capable of rendering the state good service. He pressed his visitor to accept a post half military and half civil. The proposal was a welcome one to Thompson, and he went to England to obtain the King's permission to accept it. Not only was the permission granted, but, on Feb. 23, 1784, he was knighted by the King. His title of count of the holy Roman empire came to him in after years when he chose the title of Rumford, the orignal name of Concord, the scene of his first success. He returned to Munich and was made colonel of cavalry and aide de camp to the elector. He shared a palace with the Russian ambassador, and soon gained a mastery over the German and French languages. Holding the united offices of minister of war, minister of police, and chamberlain of the elector, his influence and action extended to all parts of the public service. Four years of observation were, however, spent in Munich before he attempted anything practical. His reforms began with the army. He aimed at making soldiers citizens and citizens soldiers. The situation of the soldier was to be rendered pleasant, his pay was to be increased, his clothing rendered comfortable, and even elegant, while all liberty consistent with strict subordination was to be permitted him. Within, the barracks were to be neat and clean; and without, attractive. Reading, writing and arithmetic were to be taught, not only to the soldiers and their children, but to the children of the neighboring peasantry. He drained the noisome marshes of Mannheim, and converted them into a garden for the use of the garrison. For the special purpose of introducing the culture of the potato, he extended the plan of military gardens to other garrisons. They were tilled, and their produce was owned by non-commissioned officers and privates. The plan proved completely successful, and was followed by a work still more striking and vastly more useful, of which this is Prof. Tyndall's account:

"Bavaria was then infested with beggars, vagabonds and thieves, native and foreign. These mendicant tramps were, in the main, stout, healthy and able-bodied fellows, who found a life of thievish indolence pleasanter than a life of honest work. These detestable vermin had recourse to the most diabolical arts and the most horrid crimes in the prosecution of their infamous trade. They robbed, they stole, maimed and exposed little children, so as to extract money from the tender hearted. All this must be put an end to. Four regiments of cavalry were so cantoned that every village had its patrol. This disposition of the cavalry was antecedent to seizing, as a beginning, all the beggars in the capital. The problem before him might well have daunted a courageous man, but he faced it without misgiving. He brought his schemes to clear definition in his mind before he attempted to realize them. Precepts, he knew, were vain, so his aim was to establish habits. Reversing the maxim that people must be virtuous to be happy, he resolved on making

Happiness a Stepping Stone to Virtue.

He had learned the importance of cleanliness through observing the habits of birds. Lawgivers and founders of religions never failed, he said, to recognize the influence of cleanliness on man's moral nature. 'Virtue never dwelt long with filth and nastiness, nor do I believe there ever was a person scrupulously attentive to cleanliness who was a consummate villain.' He had to deal with wretches covered with filth and vermin, to cleanse them, to teach them, and to give them the pleasure and stimulus of earning honest money. He did not waste his means on fine buildings, but, taking a deserted manufactory, he repaired it, enlarged it, adding to it kitchen, bakehouse and workshops for mechanics. Halls were provided for the spinners of flax, cotton and wool. Other halls were set up for weavers, clothiers, dyers, saddlers, wool sorters, carders, combers, knitters and seamstresses. In the prosecution of his despotic scheme all men seemed to fall under his lead. To relieve it of the odium which might accrue if it were effected wholly by the military, he associated with himself and his field officers the magistrates of Munich. On New Year's morning, 1790, he and the chief magistrate walked out together. With extended hand a beggar immediately accosted them. Thompson, setting the example to his companions, laid his hand gently upon the shoulder of the vagabond and committed him to the charge of a sergeant, with orders to take him to the town hall. At the end of that day not a single beggar remained at large. With his iron resolution was associated in those days a plastic tact which enabled him to avoid jealousies and collisions that a man of less self-restraint would infallibly have incurred. To the school for poor students, the Sisters of Charity, the hospital for lepers, and other institutions had been conceded the right of making periodic appeals from house to house; German apprentices had also been permitted to beg upon their travels; all of these had their claims adjusted. After he had swept his swarm of paupers into the quarters provided for them, his hardest work began. He encouraged a spirit of industry, pride, self-respect and emulation, finding help even in trifling distinctions of apparel. His pauper workhouse was self-supporting, while its inmates were given the means of enjoying life. He constructed and arranged a kitchen, which provided daily a warm and nutritive dinner for 1000 or 1500 persons, its profits for six years exceeding $100. He had the art of making himself loved and honored by the people whom he ruled in his arbitrary way. Under stress of work he once broke down, and, fearing that he was dying, the poor of the city went in procession to the church to put up public prayers for him. In 1793 he went to Italy to restore his health. Had he known how to employ the curative power of nature, he might have longer kept in working order his vigorous frame. But he was a man of the city. The mountains of Maggoire were to him less attractive than the streets of Verona, where he committed himself to the planning of soup kitchens. He made similar plans for other cities, so that to call his absence a holiday would be a misnomer. He returned to Munich in August, 1794, slowly recovering, but not able to resume the management of his various institutions. Men find pleasure in

Exercising the Powers They Possess,

and Rumford possessed, in its highest and strongest form, the power of organization. In him flexible wisdom formed an amalgam with despotic strength. He held undoubtingly that arrangement, method, provision for the minutest details, subordination, cooperation and a careful system of statistics will facilitate and make effective any undertaking, however burdensome and comprehensive. Pure love of humanity would at first sight seem to be the motive force of his action. Still, it has been affirmed by those who knew him that this was not the case. Fontenelle said of Dodard that he turned his rigid observance of the facts of the church into a scientific experiment on the effects of abstinence, thereby taking the path which led at once to heaven and into the French academy. In Rumford's case the pleasure of the administrator outweighed, it was said, that of the philanthropist."

In 1795 his wife died, and his daughter sailed to visit her father. He did not strike her as handsome or even agreeable, but she thought his laughter quite from the heart, and the expression of his mouth, with teeth of "the most finished pearls," was sweetness itself. He returned to Germany with his daughter. France

and Austria were then at war, and Bavaria was neutral. Thompson was put in command of the army, and, by his firmness and presence of mind, kept the contending forces out of Munich. The elector put the seal to his esteem for Rumford by appointing him plenipotentiary from Bavaria to the court of London. King George, however, declined to accept him in this capacity. He was obviously stung by this refusal; and the thought which had often occurred to him of returning to his native country now revived, but before he had decided another project had laid hold of Rumford's imagination, a project which Prof. Tyndall says in its results has proved of more importance to physical science, and of more advantage to mankind, than any which this multifarious genius had previously undertaken. This project was the foundation of the Royal Institution of Great Britain. His first pamphlet was published in 1799, and declared his aim was to cause science and art to work together; to establish relations between philosophers and workmen, and to bring their united efforts to bear on the improvement of agriculture, manufactures, commerce, and on the augmentation of domestic comforts. He specially dwelt on the management of fire as a subject of peculiar interest to mankind. Fuel, he asserted, cost the kingdom more than £10,000,000 annually, which was much more than twice what it ought to cost. In the pall of smoke which hung over London, defacing its edifices and works of art, he saw "unused material which was turned equally to waste and made a means of annoyance and insalubrity." He would bind himself, if the opportunity were allowed him, "to prove to the citizens that the heat and the material of heat thus wasted would suffice to cook all the food in the city, warm every apartment and perform all the mechanical work done by fire." With his hope, strength and practical insight, and with the sympathy which he would command, there is no knowing what might be accomplished in the way of smoke abatement were he now among us. The institution, as he designed it, was really to be what we should call an institute of technology and engineering. The scheme proved too comprehensive. Prof. Tyndall says a portion of the motive force of a man of Rumford's temperament may be described as irritability. During the possession of physical vigor and sound health, this force is grasped by the will and directed by intelligence and tact. But when health slackens and physical vigor subsides, that which had been a firmly ruled power becomes an energy wanting adequate control. Rumford's success in Bavaria illustrates his phancy as much as his strength. But before he started the Royal Institution his health had given way, and his irritability, it is to be feared, got the upper hand. In point of intellect, moreover, he came then into contact with people of larger caliber and more varied accomplishments than he had previously met.

How His Life Ended.

The real defeat of his life, says Tyndall, was yet to come. In Paris he made the acquaintance of Mme. Lavoisier, a lady of wealth, spirit, social distinction, and, it is to be added, a lady of temper. Her illustrious husband had suffered under the guillotine on the 8th of May, 1794; and inheriting his great name, together with a fortune of £3,000,000, she gathered round her in her receptions the most distinguished society of Paris. She and Rumford became friends, the friendship afterward passing into what was thought to be genuine affection. The Elector of Bavaria took great interest in his projected marriage, and when that consummation came near, settled upon him an annuity of 4000 florins. They were married in October, 1805. In a letter written to Countess Sarah, two months after his marriage, he refers to their style of living as really magnificent; his wife was exceedingly fond of company, in the midst of which she made a splendid figure. She seldom went out, but kept open house to all the great and worthy. He describes their dinners and evening teas, which must have been trying to a man who longed for quiet. The dinners, his daughter says, he could have borne, but the teas annoyed him. Instead of living melodious days, his life gradually became a discord, and on the 15th of January, 1806, he confides to his daughter, as a family secret, that he is "not at all sure that two certain persons were not wholly mistaken in their marriage as to each other's characters." Things grew worse, and he soon wrote: "Alas! Little do we know people at first sight!" He describes his habitation as no longer the abode of peace. He breakfasts alone in his apartment, while to his infinite chagrin most of the visitors are his wife's determined adherents. "A separation," he says, "is unavoidable, for it would be highly improper for me to continue with a person who has given me so many proofs of her implacable hatred and malice." In less than four years from their marriage they formally separated. His latter days were spent in comparative seclusion. He saw but two or three friends, nor did he attend the meetings of the National Institute, of which he was a member. Cuvier was then its perpetual secretary, and for him Rumford always entertained the highest esteem. Rumford always congratulated himself on having brought forward two such celebrated men as the Bavarian general, Wieden, who was originally a lawyer or land steward, and Sir Humphrey Davy. The German, French, Spanish and Italian languages were as familiar to the count as English. He played billiards against himself; he was fond of chess, which, however, made his feet like ice and his head like fire. The designs of his own inventions were drawn by him with great skill; but he had no knowledge of painting or sculpture, and little feeling for either. He had no taste for poetry, but great taste for landscape gardening. In later life his habits were most abstemious, and it is said that his strength was in this way so reduced as to render him unable to resist his last illness.

The End.

"Fêted, honored, titled and endowed; enrolled as a member of all the leading academies and learned societies of Europe; the correspondent and friend of potentates, princes, viceroys and ministers; the recipient of grateful and deferential addresses from great city corporations, this wonderful man tripped at last over the chain which bound him to a wife who lacked the loving pliancy which he demanded, but which, even had it existed, his peremptory nature would have rendered him unable to reciprocate. Though forgotten in England, he is remembered in Bavaria. One of his great works there was the transformation of a piece of desert land into the so-called English garden, at Munich. Here, in 1795, during his absence in England, the inhabitants erected a monument to his glory, while his figure was afterward embodied in a noble statue in the finest street in the Bavarian city. In 1814 he was on the point of returning to England, when he was seized with a nervous fever, which in three days brought him to his end. He succumbed on the 21st of August, 1814, and was buried in the small and now disused cemetery of Auteuil. So passed away the glory of Count Rumford."

THE LAST DAYS OF RUMFORD.—The *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1814 describes the seclusion in which Rumford's latter days were spent. After the death of the illustrious Lagrange, he saw but two or three friends, nor did he attend the meetings of the National Institute, of which he was a member. Cuvier was then its perpetual Secretary, and for him Rumford always entertained the highest esteem. He differed from Laplace on a scientific question, and his dissent was probably not without its penal consequences. Rumford always congratulated himself on having brought forward two such celebrated men as the Bavarian General Wieden, who was originally a lawyer or land steward, and Sir Humphry Davy. The German, French, Spanish, and Italian languages were as familiar to the Count as English. He played billiards against himself; he was fond of chess, which, however, made his feet like ice and his head like fire. The designs of his own inventions were drawn by him with great skill; but he had no knowledge of painting or sculpture, and little feeling for either. He had no taste for poetry, but great taste for landscape gardening. In later life his habits were most abstemious, and it is said that his strength was in this way so reduced as to render him unable to resist his last illness. Fêted, honored, titled, and endowed; enrolled as a member of all the leading academies and learned societies of Europe; the correspondent and friend of potentates, Princes, Viceroys, and Ministers; the recipient of grateful and deferential addresses from great city corporations, this wonderful man tripped at last over the chain which bound him to a wife who lacked the loving pliancy which he demanded, but which, even had it existed, his peremptory nature would have rendered him unable to reciprocate. Though forgotten in England, he is remembered in Bavaria. One of his great works there was the transformation of a piece of desert land into the so-called English garden, at Munich. Here in 1795, during his absence in England, the inhabitants erected a monument to his glory, while his figure was afterward embodied in a noble statue in the finest street in the Bavarian city. In 1814 he was on the point of returning to England, when he was seized with a nervous fever, which in three days brought him to his end. He succumbed on the 21st of August, 1814, and was buried in the small and now disused cemetery of Auteuil. So passed away the glory of Count Rumford.—*Prof. Tyndall, in the Contemporary Review.*

COUNT RUMFORD.—Thompson aimed at making soldiers citizens and citizens soldiers. The situation of the soldier was to be rendered pleasant, his pay was to be increased, his clothing rendered comfortable and even elegant, while all liberty consistent with strict subordination was to be permitted him. Within, the barracks were to be neat and clean, and without, attractive. Reading, writing, and arithmetic were to be taught, not only to the soldiers and their children, but to the children of the neighboring peasantry. He drained the noisome marshes of Mannheim, and converted them into a garden for the use of the garrison. For the special purpose of introducing the culture of the potato he extended the plan of military gardens to other garrisons. They were tilled, and their produce was owned by non-commissioned officers and privates. The plan proved completely successful. Indolent soldiers became industrious, while through the prompting of those on furlough little gardens sprang up everywhere over the country. Bavaria was then infested with beggars, vagabonds, and thieves, native and foreign. These mendicant tramps were in the main stout, healthy, and able-bodied fellows, who found a life of thievish indolence pleasanter than a life of honest work. "These detestable vermin had recourse to the most diabolical arts and the most horrid crimes in the prosecution of their infamous trade." They robbed, they stole, maimed and exposed little children so as to extract money from the tender-hearted. All this must be put an end to. Four regiments of cavalry were so cantoned that every village had its patrol. This disposition of the cavalry was antecedent to seizing, as a beginning, all the beggars in the capital. The problem before him might well have daunted a courageous man, but he faced it without misgiving. He brought his schemes to clear definition in his mind before he attempted to realize them. Precepts, he knew, were vain, so his aim was to establish habits. Reversing the maxim that people must be virtuous to be happy, he resolved on making happiness a stepping-stone to virtue. He had learned the importance of cleanliness through observing the habits of birds. Lawgivers and founders of religions never failed, he said, to recognize the influence of cleanliness on man's moral nature. "Virtue never dwelt long with filth and nastiness, nor do I believe there ever was a person scrupulously attentive to cleanliness who was a consummate villain." He had to deal with wretches covered with filth and vermin, to cleanse them, to teach them, and to give them the pleasure and stimulus of earning honest money. He did not waste his means on fine buildings, but taking a deserted manufactory he repaired it, enlarged it, adding to it kitchen, bake-house, and work-shops for mechanics. Halls were provided for the spinners of flax, cotton, and wool. Other halls were set up for weavers, clothiers, dyers, saddlers, wool-sorters, carders, combers, knitters, and seamstresses. In the prosecution of his despotic scheme all men seemed to fall under his lead. To relieve it of the odium which might accrue if it were effected wholly by the military, he associated with himself and his field officers the magistrates of Munich. They gave him willing sympathy and aid. On New Year's morning, 1790, he and the chief magistrate walked out together. With extended hand a beggar immediately accosted them. Thompson, setting the example to his companions, laid his hand gently upon the shoulders of the vagabond and committed him to the charge of a Sergeant with orders to take him to the Town Hall. At the end of that day not a single beggar remained at large. —*Prof. Tyndall, in the Contemporary Review.*

James H. Kidder, a special agent of the Mutual Life Company, died on Thursday, at his home, No. 64 Livingston street, Brooklyn. He was sixty-seven years old and a native of Watertown, Mass. In early life he was a member of the shipping firm of Samuel G. Read & Co., of Boston and New York. He leaves a widow and one daughter.

NEW YORK

4

1884

Death of Phinehas Field.

Phinehas Field of Charlemont died at his home on Friday after a short illness, aged 85 years. Few men in the county were better known, for Mr. Field had been prominent in all moral and religious work for more than half a century. He was descended from Zachariah Field, who came to Hartford from England between 1639—49, and later moved to Hatfield where he died in 1666. The subject of this sketch was five generations removed from Zachariah and was born in Northfield, his mother being Eunice, daughter of Capt. Seth Lyman of that town. Phinehas had small advantages in the way of schooling, as at an early age the care of his parents devolved upon him. He took charge of his father's farm till 1837, and then removed to Shelburne Falls where he remained only one year, removing to Charlemont where he has since lived. He married in 1831 Chloe Maxwell, daughter of Col. Roger Leavitt of Heath, who shared his joys and sorrows till 1876 when she died at the age of 73.

Mr. Field was one of the first to advocate abolition, and has been a Republican in politics ever since the party was organized; yet he never held public office, though often urged to do so. He has always been an earnest advocate of temperance, and has done much to abolish the old drinking customs in this vicinity. Mr. Field was a member of the Congregational Society over 65 years, and was made a deacon in Northfield in 1825, and was subsequently chosen to the same office in Charlemont, but at his own request was released from its duties when he reached his 70th year. He has been a delegate to many ecclesiastical councils, and always active in religious work. He spent eight months during the war as a delegate of the Christian Commission and performed hard service for sick and wounded soldiers. He had literary ability and musical gifts, the former of which was exercised by contributions to the local press, and the latter for public edification as well as personal pleasure.

The death of Mr. Field removes one of the sterling old residents of the County, and will be felt as a great loss to the church and various other organizations with which he was connected. 1885

OBITUARY NOTES.

Noah Bishop, 88 years of age, a veteran of the war of 1812, died at Woodbury, Conn., yester-

Stephen B. Ives, Sr., one of the oldest citizens of Salem, lies at the point of death.

Tribute to a Noted Gunner.

On Friday morning last was drowned at Centre Moriches, Long Island, John Nelson Bishop, a bay gunner of great repute. The great-grandfather of this man was the first in his section of Long Island who shot [illegible] the market. The grandfather and father followed the pursuit in succession. The son, the subject of this brief notice, worthily sustained the reputation of his progenitors. John Nelson Bishop possessed qualities which made him exceptionally popular with sportsmen. A man of great humor, quaintly imaginative, generous and sympathetic, there was in him, writes a correspondent, under an unpolished exterior a spirit as fine and gentle as that of Sir Philip Sidney. A graceful compliment was paid to the memory of the deceased on the day of his burial. The yacht Hesperus, Mr. John W. Masury, dropped from her anchorage to a point directly in front of the home of the dead man. With the flag half-masted, minute guns were fired by the Hesperus from the moment the funeral procession left the house until it reached the village church, a mile and a half distant.—[N. Y. Post.

ARTHUR BASSETT, a well known Brooklyn lawyer is dead. The death of Thomas Ashmead, a Philadelphia lawyer of prominence, is announced.

BASSETT.—On Saturday, September 27, at the residence of her daughter, No. 210 Clermont av., Brooklyn, ANN M., widow of George Bassett, aged 79 years.
Notice of funeral hereafter.

MARRIED.

On the 26th inst., by the Rev. Robert Collyer, Mr. JOSEPH L. DAY and Miss IDA F. BROWN, daughter of M. M. Brown, Esq., of this city.

BRINSMAID.—At Ridgewood, N. J., December 31, SEDGWICK S. BRINSMAID, formerly of Burlington, Vt., in the 70th year of his age.
Funeral from his late residence, Ridgewood, Saturday, at twelve o'clock.

1860

Mr. L. J. IVES, having sold his fine dwelling-house on Middlebury Street to Mr. C. A. COLLINS, removes hence to Davenport, Iowa, in the vicinity of which city he owns a valuable tract of land. Mr. IVES has lived in Akron about twenty-three years, much of which time he has been actively engaged in business. Several stores,—the best in Akron at the time of their erection,—were built by him. It is not too much to say, on the occasion of his departure, that he has ever been an upright and respected citizen, such as we are sorry to lose, and such as the place of his new residsnce may be glad to gain.

He now casts his lot among, at least comparative, strangers, and to them we very cordially commend him as worthy their esteem and confidence.

We were in error in relation to the sale of the Leicester King lot upon High Street. The bargain was not consummated, we are told.

Mrs. Fidelia Ives had a very serious fall on Sunday, Aug. 3, resulting in a broken wrist and many bruises. She still suffers from its effect, although she has exhibited great strength of vitality to resist such a shock as well as she has at her age—almost fourscore. 1884

At her residence, No. 378 West Adams street, yesterday afternoon, LIDA A., daughter of L. J. Ives, of Newark, O., and beloved wife of C. C. Kellogg, in the 29th year of her age. Notice of the funeral hereafter.

FUNERAL NOTICE.

The funeral of Mrs. C. C. KELLOGG will take place at her late residence, 378 West Adams street, to-day, at 1 o'clock P. M. Friends of the family are invited to attend.

1869

MARRIED.

KIDDER—IVES—At Trinity Church, Newark, Ohio, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 23, by the Rev. William Bower, Wm. F. Kidder of New-York to Mary B., youngest daughter of Dr. L. J. Ives. No cards.

DIED. 1886

IVES—Entered into rest on Saturday, August 14th, FIDELIA E. IVES, wife of the late Leverett J. Ives, in the 82d year of her age.
Funeral services at the residence of her son-in-law, Wm. F. Kidder, East Orange, N. J., on Monday, August 16th, at 10 o'clock A.M. Interment at Woodlawn Cemetery, private.
Please omit flowers.

Mrs. Fidelia E. Ives, mother of Mrs. W. F. Kidder, died at Mr. Kidder's home, on Grove street, Saturday, at the advanced age of eighty-one years. Her funeral was attedned on Monday. Aug 16. 1886

1869

MR. WM KIDDER, well known to our druggists as traveler for Denis Barnes & Co., New York, while out riding with some friends at Newark, Ohio last Monday, the horses took fright, throwing Mr. Kidder out, and injuring him severely.

MATHEWS—KELLOGG.—On Thursday, June 7, at Christ Church, East Orange, N. J., by the Rev. H. E. Bishop, assisted by the Rev. L. W. Bancroft, WILLIAM EDWARD MATHEWS, of Brooklyn, to RUTH KELLOGG, niece of Mr. W. F. Kidder.

BISHOP.—At New Haven, on Wednesday, January 15, JEREMIAH A. BISHOP, in the 72d year of his age.
Funeral services at his late residence, 60 George st., New Haven, on Saturday afternoon at half-past two o'clock.

KIDDER.—Thursday, November 30, KATE MITCHELL, wife of Charles H. Kidder, aged 37 years.
Interment private.

KIDDER.—On Tuesday, July 20, EDWARD G. KIDDER, beloved husband of Sarah E. Kidder, in the 52d year of his age. Funeral from his late residence, 676 East 222d st., thence to St. Mary's Church, Friday, July 28, ten A. M.

LINSDALE.—July 20, 1909, MARY F. LINSDALE (née Badkin), widow of George

PARKER.—JOHN REID PARKER, 2d, son of James A. and Rebecca I. Parker, of Jersey City, N. J., June 26, 1909. Interment, private, at Freehold, N. J.

[illegible] EUNORA J. HART.

1885

St. Agnes' Guild has placed on the altar in St. Barnabas' Church, Roseville, a beautiful brass cross, commemorating Julia Edwards Appleton Flichtner, wife of the Rev. Mr. Flichtner, late rector of the church. The cross, when placed in position, was surmounted by fifty white calla lilies as a tribute. The rector, Rev. Mr. Granberry, made some appropriate remarks. Roseville N.J. 1886

GRAVES.—On Saturday, May 23, 1885, at the residence of his son-in-law, Dr. J. Allen Asmun, 588 Broad st., Newark, N. J., Rev. DAVID GRAVES, of the Newark Conference.
The funeral services will be held at the house, at half-past one, on Tuesday, 26th inst., and in the Central Methodist Episcopal Church, at two o'clock.

Obituary.

The wife of H. B. Kimball, for many years a resident of this city, died at Mooresburg, Montour county, Pa., of consumption, on Friday morning, the 18th of the present month. She was a woman of kindly nature, and possessed of many estimable qualities. While a resident of Newark she was the centre of a large circle of friends, who will regret to learn of her death.

MASON.—At East Orange, N. J., Jan. 12, MARY JANE MASON, aged 56.
Funeral services will be held at St. Barnabas's Church, Roseville, N. J., at 11 o'clock, Tuesday morning, the 15th. Trains leave Christopher and Barclay st. ferries at 10:10 A. M. from New-York side. Carriages will meet the train at Roseville. 1885

ACKERMAN.—On Thursday, Sept. 23, HENRY MORTIMER, second son of the late James M. and Louisa J. Ackerman, in the 40th year of his age.
Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral from his late residence, No. 879 Union-st., Brooklyn, on Monday, 27th inst., at 2 o'clock P. M. Kindly omit flowers. 1886
A. M.

BAKER.—At Noroton, Connecticut, July 16, CATHERINE J., widow of George A. Baker.
Funeral services at Trinity Chapel Monday, July 18, 2:30 P. M. 1887

BOGERT.—On Saturday, June 13, of pneumonia, CATHERINE MATILDA, wife of A. A. Bogert.
Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Tuesday evening, at eight o'clock, at her late residence, 167 8th av.

BOGERT.—On Tuesday, August 17, Mary Frances Bogert, youngest daughter of Stephen G. and Caroline O. Bogert.
Funeral from the Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street, on Friday, 20th inst., at 2:30 P. M.

GRANVILLE.—December 6, 1837, ARTHUR A. B. GRANVILLE, aged 61 years.
Interment private.

GRANVILLE.—On Sunday, January 15, CHARLOTTE A. GRANVILLE, widow of Arthur Granville, aged 53 years. 1888
Interred in Woodlawn, January 16. 1888

ACKERMAN.—Suddenly, on 24th inst., GEORGE E. ACKERMAN, eldest son of John E. Ackerman, of Harlem.
Funeral services at the Presbyterian church, West Farms, N. Y., on Sunday, February 28, at two o'clock.

The sudden death of Capt. Charles P. Pierce, last Monday morning, was a sad blow to his relatives and many friends. He went to Keene, N. H., on Saturday and intended to return on Monday. He was taken with convulsions at the Cheshire House, Sunday afternoon, and died about seven the next morning. Capt. Pierce was unmarried and lived with his sister, Mrs. Judah. He went to war as the Orderly Sergeant of Co. G, Tenth Regiment, and when at Williamsburg during the Peninsular Campaign was promoted to a po- [illegible] Judah's staff with the rank of [illegible]

FOR SALE,

My House, No. 28 Davis Street.

[illegible] 5 rods front, 6 rods deep. Both house and [illegible] pipe. For price and further particulars inquire of

L. J. GUNN, Greenfield.

Our ancestral frailties

—— The old story is revived concerning the baptismal silver bowl of the Centre Church, New Haven. This bowl was presented to the church a great many years ago by Jeremiah Atwater, and his name is engraved thereon. The story is that Mr. Atwater bought a keg of nails in Boston. When the keg was opened it was found that after taking off a top layer of nails the keg was full of silver dollars, and it was out of these dollars that the bowl was made. The late Leonard Bacon discredited the story, and perhaps the truth will never get into print.

1884

Death of Dr. Lyman H. Atwater.

The sad news has just been received that Dr. Atwater, Professor of Logic and Moral and Political Science in Princeton College, died at his home in that place this morning, after a lingering illness, and within a few days of the seventieth year of his age. He was prostrated by pneumonia during the Fall, and a complication of maladies followed, which defied medical skill and finally terminated his valuable life.

Lyman Hotchkiss Atwater, D.D. LL.D., was born Feb. 23, 1813, at Cedar Hill, then a part of the town of Hamden, since incorporated into the city of New Haven, Conn. He was descended from genuine Puritan stock, his parents on both sides having for their ancestors the original settlers of New Haven who emigrated from England. His father, Major Lyman Atwater, a leading citizen of the town, was in the line of direct descent in the sixth generation from David Atwater, who, with his brother Joshua, had been driven from the town of Lenham in Kent, England, of which they were prominent citizens, by the persecutions of Archbishop Land, and were among the first planters who settled New Haven, and founded the first church there in 1638. His mother was the daughter of Punderson Hotchkiss, Esq., a respected citizen and manufacturer of the same town. His father resided during his later years in Bennington, Vt., where he became an honored citizen of the town and officer of the church.

The subject of this sketch early gave signs of the intellectual capacity shown in his later years. He began the study of Latin in 1825, at the age of twelve; entered Yale College in 1827, at the age of fourteen, and was graduated in 1831 at the age of eighteen, with the second honor in a class of eighty-one members, including President Porter, his college and life long friend, the late Senator Polk, Bishops Kip, of California, and Clark, of Rhode Island, with many other eminent men. He spent the year following his graduation as head of the classical department of Mount Hope Institute, Baltimore. He then returned to New Haven, and entered the Yale Theological Seminary, of which Dr. Nathaniel W. Taylor, his pastor in infancy and boyhood, was the distinguished head. At the end of his first year in the Seminary he became tutor in mathematics in the college, in which office he continued for nearly two years, pursuing meanwhile his studies in theology. He was licensed to preach by the Association of New Haven, West, in May, 1834, and in the Summer of 1835 left the tutorship to accept a call to the pastorate of the First Church in Fairfield, Conn., one of the oldest, and at that time one of the most prominent in that State, over which he was installed July 29th, 1835, at the age of twenty-two.

In this responsible charge which had been presided over by a bright succession of pastors, including such names as Heman Humphrey and Nathaniel Hewit, and which had among its members such men as Roger Minot Sherman and the late Professor Thomas B. Osborne, of Yale College Law School, and the late Senator O. S. Ferry, he continued nearly twenty years, and had already become prominent among the clergy and theologians of his native State, and widely known beyond its limits as a theologian and philosophical writer.

—The widow of Samuel Williston, of Easthampton, Mass., died at the family homestead yesterday. She was the daughter of Elnathan Graves, and was born in Williamsburg, Mass., June 5, 1797. Her enterprise in experimenting with the making of buttons to devise means of helping to pay the family expenses laid the foundation of her husband's fortune.

THE SHELDON FAMILY.

The Sheldon family held its 16th annual gathering yesterday at North Reading, at the residence of Mrs. Lucinda Sheldon Howard, who on this occasion had attained to her 100th birthday. The centennial occasion rendered the gathering of more than usual interest, and drew together about 250 persons. A banquet was served beneath a large elm. The assembly was called to order by Mr. Lemuel Eames of Wilmington and Alderman J. H. Sheldon of Haverhill was president of the day. After the banquet addresses were made by Rev. D. D. Morch of Woburn, Hon. Charles L. Flint, Rev. G. B. Noyes of Wilmington, Mr. Horton of the Salem Gazette, and others. A poem was also read by Mr. Alfred G. Carter of Woburn. There were representatives present from Chicago, Worcester, Boston, Chelsea, Wakefield, Danvers, Salem, Wilmington, Woburn, Middleton, Lawrence, Haverhill and other places. There were four persons present whose united ages were 375 years.

1883

A BANQUET was given at the Vendome Hotel, Boston, last night, by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to the distinguished guests who were present at the opening of the Foreign Exhibition. President of the Senate Crocker presided. Complimentary speeches were made by Mr. Carter, Hawaiian Minister; T. J. Duval, M. C. Aubert, President of the Paris Municipal Council; John L. Graves, Turkish Commissioner; S. Aracawoa, of Japan, and Commissioners Donau, of Austria, and Haas, of Germany. General Norton stated that he had exhibits on hand from forty nations. Addresses were also made by M. A. Moreaux, who represents the city of Paris, and Speaker Marden of the Massachusetts House of Representatives.

1844

CENTENNIAL OF A MASSACHUSETTS TOWN.

Gill, Mass., Sept. 13.—This little town to-day celebrated the one-hundredth year of its organization, and patriotic citizens, prominent guests and her loyal sons and daughters, returning to their old homes once more, made the day one long to be remembered in Franklin County. The annual field day of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, whose valuable work in preserving the Indian relics of old Deerfield cannot be too highly appreciated, was held in connection with the celebration. At 10 o'clock a procession was formed on the village green, under the direction of Isaac Cheney, High Sheriff of Franklin County, and marched to the grounds where the exercises of the day took place. Professor H. Alden Pratt, whose home is in Gill, presided, and the Rev. Henry Hide, of Greenfield, offered prayer. Addresses were made by Francis Walker, son of President Francis A. Walker, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Register of Probate F. M. Thompson and others. Short speeches were made after dinner by Lieutenant-Governor Wolcott, Clerk of the Courts Lyman, of Greenfield, and others.

of Common Pleas.

awrence str... ...ppost to light a ... ...d him and shot him ... ...er, inflicting a wound ... the ... ...died in a short time. ... was arrested and ... he guessed the boy w... not bother him any ... He was indicted soon after for murder of ...rst degree, and on the 19th of January, 188... ...as placed on trial. His defence was insanity. ... ...convicted of murder of the first deg... ...23d, and on the 6th of March he wa... ...d to be hanged on April 13th. His case ...ken to the Supreme Court and there was de... ...some time, owing to the illness of Prose... ...el. It was finally decided against h... ...carried to the Court of Errors, wh... ...ded adversely. On the 24th of Novemb... ...as resentenced to be hanged January ... ...Court of Pardons refused to in... ...and on the 20th of December ... ...k place before the Court of O... ...an ap... ...on for a stay ... ...m... ...a sa... ...e m... ...wi... ...l physicia... ...nounced an... ...a ... ...and on Monday last application was ...e Court of Pardons, but they again ... ...grant him any relief ... ...being adverse to ...

A bea... ...of anatom... ...sciences rem...

...more of these signatures is que...

There are two boys, Field by name, living at Lysander, N. Y., who have some remarkable facts connected with their history. One of them will be a voter on the 4th of next November and will cast his first vote for Blaine. The second youth is the twin brother of the first, but cannot vote at this election, from the fact that he is six weeks younger than his brother. They are both strong, fine looking fellows, sons of a farmer, and follow their father's vocation.

The death is also announced in Jersey City, of Mrs. Benjamin Edge; and of Miss Caroline Graves, principal of the Hudson City Seminary, and in Englewood of Mrs. C. M. Gilmore.

...of James I... ...on January ... ...Bodep, and who, it ...

6 June 6. 1884

Golden Wedding.

The Fiftieth Anniversary of the marriage of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. PHILO HAWKES was celebrated at their residence in Barnstable on Thursday last, and was attended by citizens of this and neighboring villages, and by relatives from various parts of the country, and it proved a most enjoyable occasion to all concerned. Indisposition prevented us from accepting the very kind invitation to be present, but our Cotuit correspondent has furnished us with the following report: The presentation to the worthy couple of about $200.00 in gold and a pair of silver vases was done through an address by their son, Mr. P. P. Hawkes. An original poem by Mrs. Helen P. Bomeisler of Elizabeth, N. J., was read, and is subjoined. The only drawback to the complete happiness of the occasion was the absence of their son, Dr. Hawkes, of Washington, D. C., who on his way thither was telegraphed for to perform a surgical operation in Detroit. Mr. and Mrs. Hawkes, who thus happily experienced their 50th anniversary, are in good health, and might well expect to celebrate their *diamond* wedding.

THE POEM.

'Twas a shower of gold on Danae's tower,
And "Golden fleece that Jason sought,
But far more golden is the flower
That the love of fifty years hath brought.

From out the pearly dawn, Aurora comes,
And her gilded car is rolled
Thro' rosy-tinted morn, and ether blue,
In evening's glow of gold.

In the dawn of the year, when the blithe birds go nesting,
And the lightly plumed zephyrs come wooingly playing,
Fair nature awakens from her long winter resting,
And the bright shining hours, with glad children go Maying.

In the morning of life, when the "coleur de rose,"
Brightens the tints, that gently unfold,
Merrily, mirthfully, time onward flows,
And o'er all the gray, beams in splendor the gold.

But, when life's evening comes in, with its beautiful smile,
Its joys softly mellowed, 'mongst memory's leaves,
In the Autumnal amber, love lingers awhile,
And twineth choice garlands from the bright golden sheaves.

In the brilliant glow of long by-gone hours,
In the lustre of an age well spent in the fold,
In the shining love of fifty wedded years,
Are found life's richest and rarest deposits of gold.

No less beam the fruits of love, brightly in view,
Brave sons and daughters fair,
And children's children are clustering too,
With sparkling eyes and light brown hair.

Parental love, with tenderest care,
Aided by wisdom from Heaven's stronghold,
Has guided and nurtured these children fair,
And planted within them germs purer than gold.

All honor upon the noble heads and blessings bright!
May future golden suns and silver moons, moreover,
Beam o'er their paths with a softening light,
And gently guide them on, thro' rosier Junes than ever.

And when at last the dear Lord calls,
Life's mystery to unfold,
May He lovingly lead them over the shoals,
Into the Heavenly streets of eternal gold.

Sister Helen's Recipe given to Cousin Pamela 1884

Original Poetry.

[At the request of several persons who heard it, we have solicited and obtained the consent of Miss Goodwin to publish the following poetical valedictory, read by her upon the occasion of her graduation, at the close of the Summer Term of the Akron High School, on the 1st inst. Our readers, we are confident, will agree with us, in pronouncing it a beautiful thing, and thank us for its publication.]

HEAVEN'S OWN MOSAIC.

(Mosaic is a picture formed of compounds, gold, silver, precious stones, &c, so arranged in a ground work of stucco as to represent a painting.)

Heaven's courts were silent. Hushed were
Angel voices and their joyous songs.
Bright seraphs, wandering through Elysian bowers,
Or pluming their soft wings in crystal founts,
Upon their harp-strings gazed and inly felt,
As ne'er before: their joyous symphonies
Did not then harmonize. The brilliancy
Of Heaven's light seemed veiled in misty folds,
Perhaps the gathering dew of sympathy
That dimmed fair angels' and archangels' sight,
Who bending looked on the foundation dark
Of Heaven's own Mosaic. Calvary's mount
Was wrapped at noon in blackest midnight clouds
Across whose bosom forked lightnings played,
Where midst a swaying multitude with hearts
Of fiendish hate, that sinful man might live,
The bleeding Lamb of God was sacrificed.
Divinely fair that countenance, though marred
By deepest grief. Compassion infinite,
And love as vast, His anguished heart breathed forth—
"Father, forgive, they know not what they do."
But wilder, fiercer, mightier, rose the waves,
Of wrath divine for man's dark, heinous crimes,
Breaking around one soul, so pure, so good.
A cry was heard that faintly told of all
The heart's lone, bitter agony, and then
The life-strings [illegible] and the voice was hushed
The soul had sunk to triumph over Death.
To Heaven's vault that plaintive cry arose,
And passing by those silent harp-strings, woke
A minor strain of such strange melody
That angels veiled their brows, and, bowing, wept.
From the All-seeing Eye beamed justice, firm.
Supreme, yet softened by a Father's love.
Unto those bowed ones by His throne He spake;—
"Go forth! and gather rarest, brightest gems,
That on the background or Messiah's death
There may be formed the masterpiece of heaven."
They rose, and brushed their tears away, when lo—
Those falling tear-drops beauteous crystals formed,
The first bright offering to illuminate
The setting dark of Heaven's Own Mosaic.

'Twas a beauteous sight—that angelic band
Spreading their wings in that heavenly land.
Where ambrosial sweets were from nectar-cups flung.
Midst zephyr-fanned groves that with grand anthems rung.
Rejoiced that to them the blessed mission was given
Of gathering gems for the painting of Heaven.
Which with glory effulgent should burst on the sight,
Entrancing, ennobling those beings of light.
Vast systems of spheres in stateliness rolled
But on them did they no fitting jewel behold.
They could embellish the frame-work, but never might shine
In a picture that shadowed forth love *most* divine.
But they paused as they reached a world lost in despair.
For sin dire destruction had cast everywhere.
Can it be that this planet rare gems doth contain?
Aye, redeemed, they have worth thro' the blood of the slain.
Those gleaners stopped not as they sped on their way
Where the voice of loud revelry burst from the gay.
For in mansions of splendor, where earth's jewels shone
As the heart's cherished idols, no true gem was known.
But the still, curtained chamber, the lowly thatched cot;
The secluded leaf-arbor, the shadowy grot.
Where the lone heart retires for loved, contrite prayer
When its hopes have been scattered, or burdened with care,
With a yearning desire to conquer the sin
That is inwardly bred, and pureness to win.
To learn self-denial, for others to live,
To meekly bear injury, kindly forgive,
There, those spirits so bright lingered lovingly round,
And the sigh of submission, transformed by their wand,
With the faith that ascended, as bright amethysts lay
In their casket of gems for the climes far away.
'Twas a fierce, surging crowd that came gathering round
A roughly hewn stake, where a maiden was bound.
And why? Her young feet in the way long had trod
Of the ransomed cast up by the Son of God.
One offer they made her, "Recant and you live."
"Nay, rather, I choose the life you cannot give."
Midst cries of wild hatred the flames mounted high
And she writhed with the pain as their hot breath drew nigh;
"O, Father, be with thy frail child or I'm lost!"
And her dark eye gazed upward as death's stream she crossed.
An angel was passing in leisurely flight,
But paused as that vision sad fell on his sight;
"I was seeking for rubies, yet found them not,
But the martyr's pure blood hath the fair gems wrought."
Ah! many in Heaven's Mosaic will blaze
When completed, angelic bands rapturously gaze!
Night's mystical finger a dark mantle wove
Of the shadows that clustered around a lone grove,
Where branch enlocked branch of neighboring trees,
While Æolian murmurs sighed through the green leaves.
It was God's temple fair, with alcoves quaint and dim,
Winding aisles, and soft seats, with their moss velvet trim,
The shimmering moonbeams, its light—to behold
One worshiper only—a man of strong mold,
Yet weak to sustain the dark burden of sin
That still, solemn hour revealed unto him.

"Have mercy, O Lord, on a sinner so base,
Forgive me for Jesus' sake!" Pale was his face.
While glittering teardrops in flower cups fell
Trying faintly that heart's honest sorrow to tell.
Those green walls resounded that deep, fervent prayer,
Till its echo sweet music seemed gathering there,
And came softly breathing a message from Heaven—
"I have heard thy soul's vows—go! thy sins are forgiven."
O, Penitence, well in this valley of pain
May man seek thy aid to break sin's mighty chain,
And thy tears are thrice blest, since they form garnets bright
Which by angels are borne to the bright realms of light.
Was a gentle word spoken? 'twas pure burnished gold
Where the heart by the spirit of Christ was controlled;
Precious treasure, laid up in safes more secure
Than earth's elements, for as His word 'twill endure.

A willow tree drooped o'er a lowly, green mound,
With an orphan's cheek pressing the cold, damp ground,
And the breeze softly sighed, as a low, plaintive moan
From that stricken heart burst, "I'm alone, all alone!"
Oh! tis hard for the heart's fairest tendrils to lay
All bleeding and torn, from their staff swept away;
But 'tis well, if, when prostrate, they only entwine
For support round a heart whose love is divine.
A ministering spirit from Paradise fair
She knew not was kneeling beside her with care,
Fondly gathering those teardrops that mirrored the sky,
Forming saphires blue for the regions on high,
And the emerald, lucid, Benevolence brought
When it sprang from the heart and no human praise sought,
Giving solely to aid, with no wish of reward
Save the still voice of conscience, the smile of the Lord.—

'Twas night: and a storm with its fierce, howling blast
Beat upon a poor hovel, as onward it passed.
We would say it looked cheerless, that scant furnished room,
But those guardian spirits thought not of its gloom.
Two slight childish forms there lay sweetly at rest,
Knowing naught of the care that their mother's heart pressed:
And the widow was kneeling beside their low bed
In intense, holy prayer, thanking God for the bread
He daily vouchsafed her, and shelter secure,
The lives of those loved ones, His promises sure.
Not a murmuring thought caused the warm falling tear,
But a heart filled with gratitude, fervent, sincere.
And pearls, beauteous pearls, did such gratitude form
Which were gleaned from that cot midst the darkness and storm.
O, man, so dependent for all that thou art,
How much less canst thou give than a meek, grateful heart,
And our Savior accepts it with blessings as sweet
As Mary received when anointing his feet.
But the most lustrous gem, on earth found so rare,
The diamond brilliant doth sparkle, and where?
You will find it half hid midst the dross of the earth,
Fruit of the loveliest grace that the Spirit gave birth,
Thy acts, blessed Charity, unassuming and meek,
As the delicate lilies that quiet vales seek,
If reviled, answering not; if suffering, kind;
With no thought of envy, and humble in mind,
For iniquity sorry; rejoicing in truth,
Though all things else fail thou art still in thy youth;
O'er the failings of others a mantle is spread,
And encouragement given when blithe hope has fled;
No whisper of slander doth its breath pollute,
But, coming from Heaven, celestial its fruit.
Peerless Charity! well if thou dwell'st in man's heart
Will diamonds costly, into bright being start.
But one gem was gathered surpassing all worth,
And nameless, because on this beautiful earth
Naught exists which in value with this can compare,
Much less give its name to a jewel so fair,
The *lost soul*, which, *redeemed* by an infinite price
Those swift angels could waft to a blessed Paradise.

Earth's spacious halls were joyous. Music breath'd
Thro' them her sweet accords, and dancing feet
Kept time midst laughter's silvery cadences.
The wine foam sparkled as the cup was drained,
While bright smiles shone, and light hearts gaily beat.
The miser counted still his hoarded gold,
The student pondered o'er his massive tomes,
While Fame its eager worshipers deceived
With gilded phantoms, as was e'er its wont,
The inward watchman slept while at his post
Within too many hearts, yet not in all
Devotion's fires had died, or love grown cold.—
Ah! evening breeze, why didst thou not remind
That in an hour when man thinks it least
To judge the world the Son of God will come—
And Nature clad in loveliest attire
No warning gave that soon its very elements
Would be dissolved in fervent heat.
And with a mighty noise would pass away,
When, in the councils of the Eternal Three
Time's aged, tottering form its death doom heard.
Then blew the arch angel's trump its clarion peal
Until earth's every atom trembled with the sound
That woke the dead within its bosom into life.
The sea from coral depths its prisoners gave,
To join the swelling multitude that rose
From their long homes that startling summons to obey,
And then those radiant gleaners, fairer than
The noonday sun, or distant sparkling orb,
With swiftness that the winged lightning shamed,
Amidst the wreck of a consuming world
Secured those fairest gems that Christ's blood washed
With which was formed the master stroke of heavenly skill.
And when the great Alchemist the last doom
Pronounced, when through that mighty judgment hall
The final footstep's echo died away,
The curtain rose; and on the gaze of bands
Innumerable, of angels, seraphim,
And youthful cherubim, resplendent in
Its glorious beauty burst the wished-for sight
Of Heaven's Own Mosaic. Language!—well
If angel harps a moment paused for want
Of harmony to chant so grand a theme,
May thy frail powers palsied be to paint
That vision of exquisite loveliness!
The New Jerusalem, in vestments robed
Of Royal splendor, Bride of Heaven's King,
With walls embossed with precious stones, transformed
By Christ from holy thoughts and noble deeds,
The fitting guard of Heaven's purity.
Its streets pure gold, yet clear as dewy drops,
And every gate an orient pearl, that back
The floods of golden light in rainbows threw
That clasped those spangled walls in fond embrace.
Within, the tree of life, whose healing balm
No angel guarded now with flaming sword,
And by its side with gentle murmurings flowed
That sacred stream where weary souls may drink
And thirst no more, may bathe and never faint.
No sun its roseate hues refulgent shed
For then would shadows follow in its wake;
But that soft light, and all the glory, life,
And joy, shone from a source unfailing—
Christ the Crucified, encircled by a throng
Of souls redeemed, whose saintly brows were pressed
By starry diadems, while robes of white,
Ethereal as a summer's cloud, enshrined
The heart now pure as God's own holiness.
Oh! that were heaven, bright longed for home!
Well might they sweep their golden lyres,
Till wave on wave of melting rapture rose to join
The swelling anthem that from millions burst—
"Worthy the Lamb."

Loved teachers, on the threshold of this fane
To royal learning sacred, on whose shrine
I've laid the transient hours of sunny youth,
Ere I depart forever, would I pause.
A wayward, thoughtless child I entered this
Fair hall, impatient as a prisoned bird
But ye with tenderness my wanton mirth
Repressed, and spake of Science's worth,
Unlocked its sparkling treasures, and before
My eager gaze their wondrous beauty spread,
Until new life coursed through my sluggish veins.
And I to reach them sought, with impulse strong,
But found, alas! my childish arm was far
Too short to pluck that golden fruit, and with despair
I sank, and sighed that I could never gain
Those wished-for gems. Ah! then how kindly would
Ye speak of effort long continued, that
The path was an ascent, uneven, rough,
That toil and labor would be crowned at last
With sweet success. And ye would point to
Hidden steps and bear so patiently with
My mistakes, that rising hope my heart inspired,
And with a steadier zeal I onward pressed.
But Intellect alone ye didst not guide.
Immortal were the gems entrusted to
Your care, and guided by your skillful hand,
All Science's passing loveliness, seemed but
The veil that shaded the exceeding brightness
Of Jehovah's face through which we might behold
His majesty and live. * * * * *
Oh! faithful have ye been, and I have naught
To give you in return but gratitude,
A token frail and valueless, upon this earth,
But in the rich Mosaic of a heavenly world
The heart's warm gratitude forms glistening pearls.
And when your life's full sheaf is ripe, when on
Faith's staff you lean midst death's chill waves,
And music sweeter than clear water's chant
To tinted ocean shell, breaks on your ear
As angels waft you to that throng redeemed,
Ah, then will pearls won by your noble deeds
Their lustre blend with those bright gems
That form your regal coronet. * * *

I ask your parting blessing. Fare-thee-well.

Dear schoolmates, there are scenes of shade and light
Within the heart's deep sanctum, Time cannot destroy.
And in the twilight hour with pensive step
We ope the portals of that sacred spot
And wander midst the scenes of long ago.
There will I meet you all again, though now
Our paths diverge, here nevermore to blend.
Life's changing scenes await us, and ere long
Death's icy touch will still each beating heart.
Hear then my parting prayer: tho' you may quaff
From Joy's rich chalice, garlanded with flowers,
Or drink with shrinking lips Affliction's draught,
O, may you many jewels cast along
Life's path, which, with your blood-bought souls
May shine with never-ceasing brilliancy
In Heaven's Own Mosaic. Fare-thee-well.

PAMELA GOODWIN.

8 Room 4. Chicago High School 1861
Mr. George Adams Teacher

1884

Graduates class Summer School Chicago Graduated 1861 Principal of High School George 96 Mr Hedum Teacher

No.	Name.	School.
178	Anna A Osgood	Skinner
204	Ella F Moore	Skinner
158	Theodore J Elmore	Brown
224	Sarah J Babcock	Jones
180	Maria Scott	Skinner
95	Luther L Mills	Brown
185	J H Kingwell	Brown
54	Frederica Ginther	Foster
157	Frank Price	Brown
190	Hattie E Warner	Skinner
248	Jenny N Smith	Brown
159	John Creswell	Brown
21	James D. Reynolds	Dearborn
45	Wm S Mellen	Franklin
182	Fanny Louisbury	Skinner
92	Adelaide Butterfield	Scammon
242	Helen Waite	Washington
133	William Morse	Brown
280	Sarah Kirby	Skinner
202	Susie Scott	Skinner
23	Edward H Pitkin	Jones
54	Cornelia E Church	Jones
162	Sarah A Bradley	Brown
87	Jacob C Magill	Skinner
137	John Skelton	Brown
258	Emma J Atwater	Jones
48	Mary D Stevens	Foster
166	Sarah Robinson	Mosely
141	James K Boomer	Kinzie
212	Ellen R Malenda	Skinner
15	Charles J Furst	Foster
145	Paine Fitts	Skinner
155	Charles J Swasey	Brown
67	Louis Schram	Washington
3	Louis Lochliseler	Scammon
55	Francis H Carter	Dearborn
76	Mary J Eastman	Jones
156	Maggie B Everts	Mosely
288	Francis A Sharp	Jones
84	Lydia M Phelps	Jones
82	Hattie A Cook	Jones
71	Charles J Richberg	Washington
13	Frederick W Pullen	Foster
31	Albert J Hough	Jones
47	William J Fleming	Franklin
56	Arabella Brush	Jones
160	Grace Wingrave	Brown
161	James S Galloway	Moseley
168	Susan A Beardsley	Moseley
103	Charles T Moulton	Ogden
200	Julia A Warner	Skinner
50	Lisle Burnam	Dearborn
278	Emma Graffan	Skinner
154	Eliza Tayler	Brown
89	Charles O Boring	Skinner
63	Lizzie M McDonald	Dearborn
81	James Flint	Jones
214	Isabella M Smith	Jones
85	John C King	Ogden
33	Ada Dorsett	Dearborn
174	Jenny J Merriam	Skinner
107	Peter T Lang	Ogden
126	Roxanna Hazelton	Scammon
274	Mary G Adams	Skinner
6	Louisa D Kean	Newberry
222	Helen Osborn	Skinner
29	Arthur H Burnam	Jones
96	Frances Norwood	Scammon
33	Frederick B Perry	Jones
37	Thomas C Brewster	Jones
66	Mary A Grenell	Newberry
9	Hartwig Herbst	Foster
74	Eva Gage	Jones
75	Horatio Gardner	Scammon
115	Charles Brodie	Ogden
264	Carrie S Manchester	Skinner
57	Ferdinand W Peck	Dearborn
14	Mary A Allen	Newberry
101	Alexander T Loyd	Skinner
43	Lewis D Webster	Dearborn
163	Henry B Mason	Moseley
64	Rachel E Holbrook	Newberry
70	Anna S DeWolf	Dearborn
73	Dan Barnes	Scammon
86	Mary A Evans	Scammon
49	Daniel F Sullivan	Franklin
30	Frances A Speer	Dearborn
226	Jenny M Church	Jones
8	Jenny Shelby	Scammon
4	Jessie G Templeton	Ogden
2	Francis E Edwards	Ogden
220	Julia S Trimingham	Skinner
19	John Gillespie	Foster
176	Esther A Reese	Brown
188	Sarah E Wells	Skinner
149	Theodore F Carpenter	Skinner
68	Edward Brown	Jones
94	Clara M Harris	Scammon
105	William H Payne	Ogden
61	Owen H Smith	Dearborn
88	Maria L Dupuy	Kinzie
90	D E Holmes	Dearborn
98	Fanny A Lamb	Dearborn
124	Mary B Ives	Scammon
143	David Alston	Kinzie
65	Edward R Parker	Jones
119	Sarah H Franklin	Ogden
128	Mary E Gaffney	Scammon
281	Joseph L Stickney	Ogden
11	Armond Stone	Foster
27	James T Hoyne	Jones
120	Sarah J Revell	Dearborn
142	Georgia A Abbott	Mosely
1	William Beers	Washington
158	Carrie J Freeman	Mosely
102	Mary A T Schaeffer	Kinzie
50	Mary E Barney	Jones
127	William F Wilson	Ogden
284	Laura E Caster	Skinner
206	Mary Wilce	Skinner
232	Anna M Bradley	Skinner
182	Maria M Wicker	Skinner
10	Josephine M Cook	Scammon
28	Ellen A Granger	Kinzie
146	Emma Hart	Moseley
77	Edwin C Harmon	Jones
97	George Apfel	Kinzie
38	Anastasia Ennis	Franklin
114	Eleanor T Brodie	Ogden
72	Adella E Butler	Dearborn
240	Frances A Nichols	Jones
42	Mary E Grutendike	Dearborn
164	Mary Jackson	Mosely
53	Henry J D Wodrich	No 12
144	Nellie Tobey	Mosely
262	Bella A Kendall	Skinner
266	Laura J Boring	Skinner
104	Mary McNiel	Kinzie
210	Fanny McGrath	Skinner
236	Melvina Lock	Jones
78	Beulah T Childs	Newberry
100	Ella Alexander	Dearborn
111	Henry DeWolf	Ogden
118	Olive C Richards	Ogden
148	Sarah Copelin	Brown
165	Alfred A Axtell	Mosely
22	Jane Dougall	Ogden
284	Marilla Nash	Jones
246	Anna Mayberry	Jones
58	Cynthia A Bromley	Jones
12	Alice E Salisbury	Scammon
16	Mary T J Scheppers	Newberry
122	Lucy B Clayton	Kinzie
40	Katie A McSweenie	Franklin
170	Emma Loyd	Skinner
110	Emma J Farr	Scammon
184	Emma S Harring	Skinner
35	Benjamin Bellinger	Jones
39	Emidy Lewis	Washington
46	Frances O Kline	Scammon

Miss Clara Hart Graduated in Chicago

Miss Osborn then went on to refer in well-chosen sentences to the unknown life on which she and her sister students were now about to enter, now that their school days were over. She alluded to the tender ties now about to be sundered and to the fact that never again would they meet as a class. The valedictories were neatly composed. She thanked the Board of Education and the teachers for their care and kindness, and then spoke a few feeling words to her fellow graduates. As she retired a perfect shower of bouquets were thrown on the platform, and Miss Osborn walked off literally laden with sweet-scented flowers.

The band having played a piece of popular music, the interesting proceedings terminated.

Names of Graduates.

The following is a list of the graduates for the High School for the present year, with the averages of each, the number 100 being the standard:

GENERAL DEPARTMENT.

James G Alexander	93 9	H C Hammond	95 5
Helen S Barry	98 5	Albert McCalla	97 1
Lottie A Chatfield	93 6	Jno T McCarthy	94 6
Emily C Currier	99 0	H A A M McDonnell	97 2
Frances H Davis	98 6	Myra Miller	98 9
Hattie L Davis	99 (	Fannie E Osborn	99 7
Maggie Dougall	97 3	M E Pendergast	97 0
Maggie A Ellis	95 7	Carrie Rosenfeld	99 0
D L Evans	96 2	P W Snowhook	93 9
Lottie A Foley	98 3	Louise C Sterling	97
Nettie Freeman	95 2	Marshall Watt	98 7
E L Halienbeck	99 4	Wm H Warrington	98 8

NORMAL DEPARTMENT

Anna M Amesbury	94 6	Frances B McGrath	92 6
Emma J Atwater	98 7	Anna B McKay	98 4
Sarah A Brooks	98 1	Josephine E Miller	97 6
Adella E Butler	94 7	Isabella Patterson	99 2
F Ellen Carter	93 4	Laura Reed	96 3
Frederika E Coss	97 6	Mary T Schaefer	96 6
Julia M Davis	99 2	Jennie Shelby	93 7
Sarah E Drake	97 1	Carrie B Skeer	94 0
Emmh J Farr	96 3	Elizabeth Smith	97 6
Mary E Gaffney	95 5	Emma H Smith	95 1
Nancy A Helm	98 1	Frank E Sutherland	93 5
Almira S Jennings	90 8	Emily L Trimingham	95 2
Annah B Jennings	96 5	Hattie N Winchell	96 4
Mary J Kendall	96 9	Emma K H Wright	96 7
Sarah J Kirby	92 6		

The Geologic Wonder.

Thousands of people from Orange and the surrounding towns took advantage of the beautiful weather of last Sunday to visit the great geological wonder at O'Rourke's quarry on the mountain. The evidences of an extinct volcano with the centre of its crater just under the Summer house on the crest of the mountain, are unmistakable. Here the strata all converge to a common centre and are very broken and irregular, owing to the longer continued and fitful upheavals of the melted rock and its subsequent irregular and interrupted cooling.

But to the right and left of this central point, where the final puddling or sealing of the crater, so to speak, took place, the cooling and crystalizing occurred in a more regular and orderly manner, perfect perpendicular columns being formed from thirty to fifty feet in height and about four feet thick. These columns have been laid bare for a hundred feet or more in each direction. The whole face of the quarry, and now exposed, seems to be a section cut right through the centre of the crater. It is truly a wonderful sight, and will undoubtedly attract the attention of both scientists and curiosity hunters from all parts of the world.

The New England Society, with its usual enterprise, is the first in the field for the preservation of this remarkable geological display. A committee of the society, Messrs. Frazar, Heald and Ropes, met Mr. O'Rourke, the owner of the quarry, on Saturday night, and made arrangements with him to suspend work on the columns pending an investigation by experts and the arousing of public sentiment. Their report will be made at the next meeting of the Society.

There is much talk in the community as to the outcome of this geological "craze" as some call it. For the time it almost overtops the political excitement But it is certain that there is solid ground for belief that Orange has right at her back door, one of the most unique and surprising curiosities known to the geological world. It has taken Mr. O'Rourke 13 years with a large gang of men, to hew down the face of the mountain so as to bring this wonder to complete view. It has been thoroughly done. There is no instance on record where the secrets of volcanic action have been laid bare in such a perfect manner as they have here. And it would indeed be a pity not to have such a picture preserved for the admiration and wonder of future generations.—*Orange Journal.*

John C. Calhoun's Remains.

John C. Calhoun was buried in St. Phillip's Church yard, in Charleston, S. C., in 1850, where his remains have since laid in undisturbed repose. At the last session of the State Legislature $5,000 was appropriated to etect a sarcophagus as a permanent mark of the resting place of the great statesman. The sarcophagus was built of Vermont granite. In design and execution it is one of the handsomest monuments in the South. It is now erected in Charleston. The grave of Calhoun was opened yesterday morning and his remains removed to their receptacle. Mayor Courtenay, ex-Judge Magrath, who acted as Marshal of the day at Calhoun's funeral more than thirty years ago; Gen. McCrady and several others were present. The casket was well preserved, as well as a wreath of laurels and cypress placed on the casket when it was buried. The casket was placed in the new tomb, which was then sealed up. The disinterment of the remains yesterday was known to but few, and excited no popular demonstration. The sarcophagus is erected on the precise spot where the old tomb stood.

Sister of W. F. Wilson (Centre St. Tie)

N. J. It contains local and State items of interest, bright sketches of prominent people, interesting miscellany, theatrical news, fashion notes, etc.

From the Philadelphia Evening Item.

Mr. J. Marion Pollock is the editor of THE NEWARK HERALD, a weekly newspaper published every Thursday at Newark, N. J. It is handsome, able, patriotic and successful and has a large and increasing circula-

THE BLUEJAY AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

BY LOTTIE ALLEYNE GRANVILLE.

"Krake, krake," screamed the Bluejay, from a high branch of the old cherry tree, that grew near the back door of "Ivy Bank Cottage." "Krake, krake," repeated the bird. "Ah, I flatter myself that there are few birds with so fine a coat and so beautiful a voice as mine;" and he plumed himself with great care and vanity, after having lunched very heartily upon Farmer Wilson's fine marrowfats, that he had planted near the old cherry tree.

"Bluejay" was quite an epicure, in his way, and disdained from eating more than *two* pease from one pod, so the havoc he made at every meal was very annoying to the farmer and his wife, who could scarcely get any early fruit or pease through the depredations of the Bluejay.

"Krake, krake," he reiterated; "now I'll be off to the white plum tree, and see if those plums are *ever* going to ripen. I have had very shabby meals since the cherries and strawberries were over, and I've got a surfeit of currants and raspberries. My dinner today has been very poor—only a couple of fat caterpillars, a crum of bread, with a few green pease, which good Farmer Wilson planted, no doubt especially for my benefit. Dear me, how sleepy I feel. I was *so* disturbed in my rest. I wonder who the fellow was? He must have had a late supper and bad dreams, for he was whistling and gurgling in a queer way all night. Why there he is, perched on a bough of the elm, near little Nellie's window—quite a common looking fellow in his dirty brown coat—some relation to the low Sparrows, who live in the fir tree. Why, as I live, he is still asleep! A pretty time of day for a well-conditioned bird to be snoozing, when he should have been up long ago, looking for his 'early worm.' It is like his impudence to dare venture among 'our set.' I'll fly this minute, and tell Cousins Green and Goldfinch of this low intruder;" and with another indignant "Krake, krake," he flew to the white mulberry tree, where his cousins, the Finches, resided in great style.

"John, I think your marrowfat pease, that the Squire gave you for seed, will soon be all devoured by one of those thieving Jays, who has taken up his quarters in the cherry tree at the back door. He has got his eye on the white plums, as well, unless I am much mistaken, as I see him often fly to the tree—those plums that you are saving for Miss Emily's birth-day, I mean," said Mrs. Wilson to her husband, after they had finished dinner.

"Indeed!" said the farmer. "Well, I'll soon settle him, the beggar, I'll shoot him this very day. Nell shall have his gay wings for her new hat, and mouser will make a fine meal from off his fat sides," and taking his gun down from its rack over the fire-place, he was proceeding to put his threat into execution, when a timid little hand was laid on his arm, and the pleading blue eyes of his golden-haired little belle, begged mercy for the naughty bird.

"Father," she urged, "I heard such lovely singing last night, near my window, I think one of those beautiful Nightingales, grandmother used to love so, has come to live in the elm tree. If you should fire at the poor Bluejay, would it not frighten away the lovely 'song bird?'"

"Why, Nellie, my girl, that it would; so we will spare the thief's life, for the sake of the Nightingale's songs and my little daughter; but I must frighten him away my darling, or I shall not have a pea to plant next spring. The Squire will think that I did not care enough for the seed to take care of it. Mouser, my cat, you must catch your supper for yourself and little Nell wear her hat without the gay feather. Come, wife, let us get some old rags to make up a 'scare-crow;' that old red coat of the young Squires' is just the thing, with the help of one of my old hats," said the farmer, and they hurried out to commence operations at once.

Little Nellie took some crumbs of bread from the table, carried them up to her room and laid them on the window sill, for her little neighbor, before she returned to bed. The bird was sleeping yet, in the leafy bed it had chosen, and, with a glad lightness, little Nellie hurried back to tell her playmates of the wonderful song she had sung.

After having had a long chat with her cousins and their friend Throstle, concerning them a morning call in their new brown coat, and a fresh rum (or throat) about the "increasing insolence of the lower classes," and the "shocking necessity" of their being "put down," they, with a profound respect for his own family, flew toward his favorite plum-tree to continue his investigations, as to their ripeness, when, lo! he was stopped in his rapid flight by the terrifying figure of our friend the "scare-crow," who, with a threatening attitude, drove him back to the mulberry tree.

"Oh, cousins!" whimpered the Bluejay, "I am nearly dead with fright. There is the most horrid-looking creature, with its arms extended and a gun in one hand, dressed in a red coat, standing beneath the white plum tree. I am afraid to pass it, and it is just on my road home; what shall I do?"

"You had better remain with us awhile," said the Goldfinch, politely; "I am expecting a few friends to lunch—my friend, Sir Robin Red-breast, Lord and Lady Bullfinch, Lord Wood-pigeon, and Aunt Magpie. They will be all pleased to meet you, no doubt."

"Ah! thank you, Goldfinch (for, in polite bird society, they never put the prefix of Mr., they simply using the surname alone); I shall be most happy to make their acquaintance." And, pecking at a fine mulberry, he made himself quite at home.

After they had scandalized all their particular friends and neighbors, complimented each other upon their own high birth and good breeding, they had naturally exhausted all the topics of interest, and a dearth of ideas and *ennui* fell upon them all; so they began to feel cross and quarrelsome.

"Who is this brown-coated stranger who has dared intrude upon us, cousin Jay?" the Goldfinch inquired, with a yawn.

"I really don't know the fellow's name, but he is some low, radical leveler, you may be sure, keeping folks of my *ton* awake all night with his chatter." And the Bluejay shrugged his shoulders in the latest French fashion, and stretched his wings, with an air.

"Well, I am glad he had the good sense not to intrude upon me; for I am so delicately constituted that I cannot endure even the proximity of the common people—the *herd*, in fact," said the Goldfinch, with a conceited twitter.

"Hor'ty! tor'ty! Mr. Goldjacket;" cried the cross and quarrelsome Jay, "how are you so much better than the rest of us, I should like to know?"

By my high connections, both at home and abroad, the Finch family is large, and then these are my cousins, Canary and Yellowbird, on the mother's side, they are very high bred people, and noted for their beautiful voices (amatures of course.) Then there are Lord and Lady Canary (she was a Green Finch on the mother's side) up at the Hall they reside in the best of style and have the utmost consideration shown them by all people of good *ton*. There are Lord and Lady Waxbill, from the colonies, and the Hon. Mr. Kingbird, from Boston our "American Cousin" as I may say, who most certainly protects his flag in the bravest manner."

"The kings are related distantly to the Kingfishers, and to us on the father's side," cried the Greenfinch pertly.

"Well, well, and what of that? Am I not first cousin to my Lord Parrot and nephew to King Crested Cokatoo from Australia, to say nothing of Aunt Magpie; they all live at the Hall and have more to say than all your Canaries put together, you conceited, little nobody," and the angry Bluejay, forgetting that good breeding and high birth entails self-control upon their possessor, flew at the smaller bird, and if the the Woodpigeon had not opportunely arrived to protect his friend, he would have soon killed the little Finch. The Bluejay, like all bullies was a coward, and feared to fight birds of his own size, so he took refuge in the elderberry bush that grew by the kitchen window, till night-fall would allow of his sneaking past his enemy, the scare-crow. There he sat swelling with baffled rage, and spite—hungry and thirsty, but disdaining the green elderberries, and gazing with envious eyes at the nice crums of bread on the kitchen table.

"Trill-il-il-la, trill-il-il-la," rang forth the clear, soft notes of the Nightingale from her bower, by Nellie's window. "True-lu-lu-il-il-br-r-r"—and such a gush of song came from her little throat, that the drowsy bumblebee looked out from his hole and Herr Bat stopped in his mazy waltz to listen. Madam Nightingale had had quite a reception, all day. All her most intimate friends had called immediately; they knew of her arrival. Mrs. Thrush and her four unmarried daughters, from Larch Grove; Mr. Lark, from Up Meadow; Mr. Blackbird, who people did say, took too much elderberry wine; Messrs. Swift and Marten, from Barn Castle, accompanying Sir Robin Red-breast, who still wore his last winter's vest of scarlet, as he was afraid of the easterly winds, and like all tenors, had a delicate organ.

They chatted over all the new songs; the want of *native talent*, the new bird organ, lately invented by a *Frenchman* to teach *German* Bullfinches dance tunes. The flute, that Signor long breed Canary had adopted for teaching birds. They discussed, in fact, all that had occurred in fashionable musical bird society for the past season, when, fearing to tire "Madam" by a protracted meeting, they made their adieux, and left her to her usual vesper hymn.

"John, I am very glad we did not frighten Nellie's favorite away," said Mrs. Wilson; "I am sure I would prefer suffering from the Jay's thefts than lose such lovely melody."

They were sitting at supper in the kitchen, with the window open, so as to hear the Nightingale more distinctly, when suddenly, with a growl and bound, Mouser came dashing in with a bird in her mouth.

"Look, John! take it away from her; she has caught the Bluejay, and she will spoil the wings! Drop it, pussy—good cat!" said Mrs. Wilson, as her husband succeeded in getting the fluttering, panting bird from the talons of the cat.

A gleam of hope darted through the Jay's cowardly heart at Mrs. Wilson's interference, but it was of short duration, for the farmer, with a jerk, broke his neck, and cutting off his wings, nailed them on the back door to dry for Nellie. Alas! for his vaunted greatness, what did his grand connections do for him now? No voice was raised in his behalf, no praises sang in his favor. He had lived a selfish, dishonest existence, and died an ignominious death, unlamented and detested.

When his cousins, the Green and Goldfinch, heard of his death from a friendly

cricket who lived under the kitchen door-sill, they expressed themselves as perfectly satisfied with his fate. "For my part," said Goldfinch, "I am not sorry; he was always a bumptious, presuming fellow, talking everlastingly of his own doings and sharpness; so quarrelsome and pretentious, he is rightly served, in my estimation." And so the "low intruder," as he called her, is the great singer, "Madame Nightingale." She will think it's very remiss on my part that I have not called before, but it really was that stupid Jay's fault. He spoke so slightingly of her appearance. Well, certainly, after this "we must never judge a man by his coat," and though "fine feathers may make fine birds," they cannot *give* talent nor true worth, and the Goldfinch sat eating his lunch with an air of grave abstraction, a wiser if not a sadder bird.

VANDERBILT—WHEELER.—On Tuesday, November 30, at Haledon, N. J., by Rev. George Hall, AARON VANDERBILT, of Staten Island, to LILLIE L., daughter of the late John Wheeler, Jr., of Brooklyn. No cards.

Quite the event of the season in our best society transpired this evening, in the marriage of W. B. McComb to Miss Clara, only child of Hon. J. W. Baldwin. Among the three hundred guests present were General W. T. Sherman, uncle of the bridegroom; Governor Hayes, the Judges of the Supreme Court, and others in official station. The marriage ceremony was pronounced by Rev. Mr. Hogue, of Cincinnati. A chorus of music, and rare flowers, added to the delight of the occasion, which was altogether the most elegant and enjoyable wedding party assembled in Columbus within the recollection of those present.

1869

OVERAKER—STROBRIDGE—On Monday evening, 21st inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. John F. Wright, D. D., Charles W. Overaker, to Mary Adelaide, daughter of Hines Strobridge, and granddaughter of the officiating clergyman, all of Cincinnati.

1868

MILLER—TOWERS.—On the 23d instant, by Rev Geo. D. E. Mortimer, at the residence of the bride's parents, Newport, Kentucky, Henry L. Miller, of Gallipolis, Ohio, to Julia A., eldest daughter of J. C. Towers, Esq.

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1868

REPPERT—FELL—In Marietta, Ohio, Tuesday morning, December 1, 1868, at the residence of the bride's father, Captain George L. Reppert, of steamer St. Charles, to Grace, daughter of C. G. Fell, Esq. f

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STAIR—CAFFEE—At Trinity Ch., on Tuesday evening, Dec. 29th, 1868, by Rev. William Bower, SAMUEL G. STAIR, of Cleveland, Ohio, to ALICE H., youngest daughter of the late Amos H. Caffee, of this place.

JEWETT—RYANT—In Troy, New York, on the 12th day of May, 1869, by Rev. Geo. H. Walsh, Rector of St. John's Church, Mr. CHARLES A. JEWETT to Miss MINNIE E. RYANT, both of Newark, Ohio.

CHAMPLIN—HYDE—In St. Louis, on the 22d instant, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. S. M. Morton, Mr. Harry C. Champlin, formerly of Chicago, Illinois, to Miss Susie Belle Hyde, only daughter of E. C. Hyde, Esq., of St. Louis, Missouri.

1869

THAYER—MILLS.—In this city, on Thursday, February 9, by Rev. Dr. Stratton, WALTER M. THAYER, of Detroit, Mich., to LILLIE G. MILLS, of this city. No cards.

MEDLICOTT—DOYLE.—On Thursday, November 19, 1868, in Hagerstown, Washington County, Md., by the Rev. C. R. Haines, Rector of St. John's Episcopal, Mr. J. J. Medlicott, M.D., of Cincinnati, to S. E. Doyle, daughter of the late Samuel Shuman, M.D., of Hagerstown, Md.

[Marietta (O.) and Hagerstown (Md.) papers please copy.]

JORDAN—GALE.—On Wednesday evening, November 11, 1885, at St. James' Church, by Rev. Cornelius Smith, Mr. WILLIAM B. M. JORDAN to Mrs. V. W. GALE, daughter of Mr. A. L. Bogart, all of this city.

1884

WEDDED SEVENTY-SIX YEARS.

DOWNSVILLE, N. Y., Aug. 9.—Probably the oldest married couple in this State, if not in the Union, are Peter Bogart and wife, of this village. They are almost of an age to a day, each being nearly 96. They have been married almost 76 years. Mrs. Bogart is in excellent health, but her husband is not physically strong. A sister of Mr. Bogart lives with the couple. She is in her seventy-ninth year. Mr. and Mrs. Bogart celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of their marriage, when their descendants to the fifth generation were present. Delaware County seems to be conducive to longevity. A few weeks ago Aunt Polly Larkin, of Pease Eddy, died at the age of 107 years, and Cook St. John, of Deposit, was 103 when he died, two or three years ago. Mr. Bogart's sister mentioned above was not yet 4 years old when her brother was married, but she remembers the occasion. Mrs. Bogart walks a mile daily to see her oldest child, who is ill, a daughter 73 years old.

1877

Died.

SWIFT—On Christmas Eve, Helen W., daughter of William C. and Mary W. Swift, aged 5 years, 7 months. The funeral services will be held to-morrow (Friday) morning, at eleven o'clock, from the residence of her parents, Evergreen Place.

A NEW-BEDFORD WEDDING.

NEW-BEDFORD, Mass., June 3 (*Special*).—Miss Clara A. Wing, the daughter of W. R. Wing, of the firm of J. W. R. Wing & Co., ship owners and agents, and Charles M. Hussey were married. The wedding took place in Grace Church, which was crowded with people. Among the ushers was F. Hussey, of New-York, cousin of the bridegroom.

1885

WEDDING BELLS.

The marriage of Miss Laura Saltonstall, niece of Mr. Leverett Saltonstall, the Collector of the Port, and Mr. W. G. A. Pattee, a well known lawyer of Quincy, Mass., took place at Newton, on Wednesday. Mr. Henry Saltonstall, treasurer of the Pacific Mills, gave the bride away. Leverett Saltonstall, Jr., was one of the ushers. A breakfast and reception followed the ceremony. The young couple will live

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E. J. Wetherell, the husband of Emma Abbott, died yesterday in Denver, Colorado, of pheumonia. He was well known to many in this city.

MATHEWS.—On Wednesday, May 14, 1890, REBECCA, widow of Edward L. Mathews.

Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, from her late residence, 474 Henry st., Brooklyn, on Friday, May 16, at two P. M. Kindly omit flowers.

KIDDER.—At Hot Springs, N. C., on Christmas morning, MARY L., wife of Edward H. Kidder and daughter of James L. Hathaway, Esq., of Brooklyn, N. Y.

KIDDER—BLISS.—On Thursday, Dec. 13, 1888, at Englewood, New Jersey, by the Rev. Geo. W. Flichter, WILLIAM M. KIDDER to EMILY FIELDER, daughter of Delos and Emily Bliss.

Wales—Morse.

The wedding of Miss Lucy Cary Morse, daughter of Prof. Moses Morse of 171 West Seventy-third Street, to George Wales of Boston was celebrated at 8 o'clock last evening in the Lenox Avenue Unitarian Church, One Hundred and Twenty-first Street and Lenox Avenue. The bride entered the church unattended on the arm of her father. She wore a handsome gown of white satin, trimmed with point lace. Her veil was of tulle, and she carried a bunch of lillies of the valley. She was met at the altar by the groom and the Rev. Merle St. Croix Wright, pastor of the church, who performed the ceremony. Ernest Wales, son of the groom, was best man, and the ushers were Dr. Benjamin Sharpe of Philadelphia, Hazen Morse of New Rochelle, Dr. Safford G. Perry of New Jersey, Dr. Morrison Hutchingson, James G. Wentz, and Edward Lee Young of this city. There was no reception, the couple starting immediately on their wedding trip. They will make their home in Beacon Street, Boston. Among those who attended the ceremony were Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hoffman, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Wentz, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Perry, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Martin, Col. J. F. Ackerman, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Curtiss, and Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Clowes of Boston.

FIFTY YEARS OF WEDDED BLISS.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus L. Bogart Celebrate Their Golden Wedding.

After fifty years of married life Mr. and Mrs. Augustus L. Bogart celebrated their golden wedding at their residence, 158 West 128th street, last evening. Although both are in their 70th year they would readily be taken for a couple at least twenty years younger, so hale and hearty is their appearance. They were married on March 14, 1838, by the Rev. Daniel Smith, on the corner of East Broadway and Rutgers street. The lady's maiden name was Elizabeth Oldrin. Nine children were born to the couple. Those living are Mrs. Emma Hazeltine, Mrs. Anna Blackwell, Miss Mary and Jennie Bogart, and Mr. Frank Bogart. The daughters, son, their eleven grandchildren, their only great-grandchild, George Leonard Weaver, and other relatives were present last evening to congratulate the aged couple and wish them many more wedding anniversaries.

Among others present were:

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Fanning, Mr. and Mrs. Harris, Mr. Wm. Fanning, Mr. John J. Salter, Messrs. Abraham and Welles Bogart, Mr. H. Sadler, and the Rev. G. W. Sampson of Rutgers Female College.

Mr. and Mrs. Bogert were the recipients of a number of valuable presents. Mr. Bogert is connected with the Auditor's Department of the Comptroller's office.

BOGERT.—At Hackensack, N. J., on Monday, 24th September, LYDIA, widow of the late Peter Bogert.

Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of her sister, Mrs. Jane Demarest, corner of Terrace av. and Essex st., Hackensack, N. J., on Wednesday, two P. M. Train leaves New York, foot of Chambers st., on the New York and New Jersey Railroad, at 1 P. M.

THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1890.

ELMWOOD.

DEATH OF MRS. LAURA IVES.

Another of Holyoke's oldest residents passed away last night at about twelve o'clock, after a few days' illness. The energetic figure of Mrs. Ives moving about the street was a familiar sight. Her eighty-nine years had treated her very kindly, and no one would have guessed when in conversation with Mrs. Ives, that she had left far behind the limit at which mortal life ends. Her interest in public affairs continued to the last and newspapers were always read with avidity. Yesterday morning Mrs. Ives dressed herself as usual, though suffering from a severe cold, which took the form of influenza. Through the day she grew weaker, and at night was in a critical condition. The J. B. Ives family came to this city from Southampton 34 years ago, and have lived on Northampton street. Mr. Ives died some years ago. One daughter married S. B. Gladden of Fair Haven, Connecticut, and removed to that town. Miss Mary Ives lived with her mother at home. Mrs. Ives was a member of the First Congregational church, and was respected for her firm principles and character. The funeral will be held Saturday.

Benjamin Harrison Kidder.

EDGARTOWN, Mass., Oct. 27.—Medical Director Benjamin Harrison Kidder, U. S. N., retired, of Malden, Mass., died at his Summer home here last night. Dr. Kidder was a native of Massachusetts and entered the United States Navy from that State as an Assistant Surgeon in September, 1861. He was first attached to the gunboat Marblehead in the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron from 1862 to 1864, and then went to the frigate Colorado, the flagship of the North Atlantic Squadron, on which he served throughout the remainder of the civil war. He afterward served on the De Soto, Terror, Ossipee, New Hampshire, Wyoming, Wabash, and the Powhatan. He was promoted to the rank of Surgeon in 1868 and became a Medical Director of the Navy in 1893. Five years later he was placed on the retired list with the rank of Rear Admiral.

Hawkes.—Rev. Philo Hawkes was born in Charlemont, Mass., June 5, 1810, and died in Barnstable, Mass., June 7, 1891.

In his childhood his parents removed to New York State, where at the age of eighteen he was converted. He soon heard and obeyed the call to preach the Gospel. His first license to preach was given in 1830 by the church in Gill, Mass. In 1831 he was received on trial by the New England Conference, and for twelve years filled appointments in the Connecticut Valley in Massachusetts and Connecticut. In 1843 his anti-slavery convictions had become so strong that they outran the church which had developed them, and he withdrew from it and united with the Wesleyans, with whom he labored for twenty-four years and till after the death of slavery. In 1868 he returned to the old church and was received into the Providence — now New England Southern — Conference, and with the exception of four years spent in Rhode Island, his work has been within the New Bedford District. In 1882 he took a superannuated relation and settled in Barnstable. He continued in that relation till his death, with the exception of two years, when he was returned supernumerary. He continued to preach, however, as he was able, and in 1883-'84 supplied the church in Barnstable.

Father Hawkes was a man of large yet symmetrical stature, and of great benignity of character, of which his genial countenance ever gave expression. His whole bearing was that of a Christian gentleman, and those who knew him best esteemed and loved him most. Early in his ministry he was called to be a defender of the faith. At one place he was so assailed by a Universalist preacher that he was forced in self-defence to preach a sermon against Universalism; and so effectually did he do this, that the Univers-[illegible] a well-known Wall Street man, served in the war and has the right to the title of General. He entered the Union army as an adjutant when only 20 years of age, became a captain of infantry, a major and at 22 or 23 commanded a cavalry regiment, under Gen. Sheridan, attaining the full rank of colonel at 24 and ultimately becoming a brevet brigadier general on the recommendation of the hero of Winchester. Gen. Ives served nearly through the war and was mustered out in 1864. He came from Connecticut, the land of wooden hams and nutmegs, and is a graduate of Yale. I refer to him partly because of his successful financial career and partly because he possesses an exceptionally fine library of 5,000 to 6,000 volumes. It includes the Guttenburg Bible, the first printed book which goes back to about 1455; the fourth book with a date, 1460, a Latin lexicon; the Cicero de Officials, bearing date of 1460; the first arithmetic ever printed, the first Euclid, Iliad, Odyssey, Virgil, St. Augustine, Cæsar and Plutarch, the Pembroke Missal or manuscript book of prayers on vellum made about 1440 for the first Earl of Pembroke, and for which it is said he has refused $10,000, not to mention other rare works. Gen. Ives makes a specialty of the earliest volumes printed in the Fifteenth Century.

Col. Graves, the speaker of the Minnesota House, first met his wife on a Southern battlefield. She is the daughter of Gen. Tatman, and she was the wife of another man the day she first saw Col. Graves. Their meeting was both sad and romantic. Her husband had been fatally shot, and while she stood, by his side in anguish, waiting for the last heart throb she knew must come very soon, Col. Graves was brought in. He was insensible from a fearful wound in the left breast. Thus Col. Graves and the lady who is now his wife became acquainted under circumstances most terrible, but later on the friendship ripened into love.

Frederick F. Bishop, secretary and treasurer of the New Haven Ice Company died in New Haven on Wednesday evening. He was born in a house near East Rock, which is still standing and in which six previous generations of his ancestors had lived and died. He was a lineal descendant of the immigrant David Atwater, who was one of the youngest incorporators of the New Haven plantation with Eaton and Davenport in 1638. He was a director of the United States Casket Hardware Company and also of the Coach Lamp Company. He leaves a widow and two chil-

LAST HONORS TO MR. FIELD.

Funeral Services in Calvary Church This Afternoon, and Many Distinguished Citizens as Pall Bearers.

There has been a constant stream of callers at No. 22 Gramercy Park since the death of David Dudley Field was announced. The body was embalmed yesterday morning and prepared for the funeral, which takes place this afternoon.

Among those who called at Mr. Field's residence were Chief Justice Fuller, of the United States Supreme Court; Chief Justice Andrews, of the Court of Appeals; ex-Judge Dillon, Benjamin R. Silliman, Henry H. Anderson, Joseph H. Choate, R. A. Deyo and William M. Evarts. The cards, letters and telegrams received would almost fill a bushel basket.

The funeral services will commence at half-past four o'clock. The body will be taken from the residence to Calvary Episcopal Church, at Fourth avenue and Twenty-first street. The members of the Alumni Association of Williams College resident in this city will act as an escort.

The pallbearers will be Chief Justice Fuller, John Bigelow, Charles Butler, Joseph H. Choate, William M. Evarts, Abram S. Hewitt, ex-Judge Charles A. Peabody, Chancellor MacCracken, of the University of New York; R. E. Deyo, R. M. Gallaway, Judge Abraham R. Lawrence, Henry H. Anderson, Sir William Lane Booker, ex-Judge John F. Dillon, Judge Charles P. Daly and General Wager Swayne.

The services at the church will be conducted by Bishop Potter, assisted by the rector, the Rev. Dr. Satterlee. The casket containing the body will rest in the church overnight and to-morrow morning will be taken to Stockbridge, Mass., on the train leaving the Grand Central Station at nine o'clock.

Justice Stephen J. Field, of the United States Supreme Court, arrived in this city yesterday afternoon from Washington and went direct to the home of his deceased brother.

A large gathering, among whom will be many of the most distinguished citizens of this country, will attend the funeral services. The church will be open to all, but it will hardly accommodate one-half of those who desire to attend.

Mr. Tracy C. Becker, president of the New York State Bar Association, who is in Buffalo, yesterday appointed by wire the following committee to attend the funeral of Mr. Field:—J. N. Fier, Albany; E. J. Whittaker, New York; William B. Hornblower, New York; Attorney General Hancock and M. W. Cooke, Rochester; Nicholas E. Kernan, Utica; Porter Norton, Buffalo; Secretary L. B. Proctor, Albany, and ex-President Becker.

LAST OF FAMOUS FIELD BROS. DEAD

Well-Known Editor of the "Evangelist" Passes Away at Stockbridge, Mass.

Stockbridge, Mass., Jan. 26.—The Rev. Henry Martyn Field, well-known clergyman and author, and for forty-four years editor of the "Evangelist," of New York, died at his home here early to-day from breakdown incident to old age.

Mr. Field was born in Stockbridge April 3, 1822, and was graduated from Williams college in 1838. After studying theology he became pastor of a Presbyterian church in St. Louis in 1842. Five years later he went abroad, and on his return in 1850 became a pastor in West Springfield.

[illegible] A public meeting in the interest of Hampton Institute will be held next Tuesday evening in Carnegie hall. The pro-[illegible] New York city [illegible]

HAMPTON SCHOOL

[illegible] Public Parochial Schools also contributed their share to the names of families [illegible]

PROFESSOR WHITNEY DEAD.

Was a Man of Untiring Industry and Acquired Worldwide Fame as a Philologist.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

NEW HAVEN, Conn., June 7, 1894.—Professor W. D. Whitney, of Yale, died at his home in Whitney avenue shortly after ten o'clock this morning. He was first taken ill a week ago last Friday and had been gradually sinking ever since. Hope, however, was not abandoned by either his physician or his family until last night, when it was discovered that his original ailment had been complicated by an attack of pneumonia.

William Dwight Whitney was born in Northampton, Mass., February 9, 1827. He was the second surviving son and fourth child of Josiah Dwight and Sarah (Williston) Whitney. He was graduated at Williams College in 1845. For three years after leaving college he was a clerk in a banking house at Northampton. He was undecided what studies to occupy his leisure time with, and during the first year he took up the study of medicine. This study he abandoned and commenced the study of natural history and languages.

SCHOLARLY ATTAINMENTS.

He went to Germany in 1850 and studied at the University of Berlin and at the University of Tübingen. Before leaving Germany he began the preparation of an edition of the text of the "Attharva Veda Sanhita," which appeared in 1856 at Berlin. In 1854 he was appointed professor of Sanscrit at Yale and in 1870 of comparative philology also. He was also teacher at Yale of the junior optional classes in modern languages until 1864, when a regular professor of modern European languages was appointed. He organized the department of modern languages in the Sheffield Scientific School in 1862 and was continuously connected with that department on "Language and the Study of Language."

He was elected a member of the American Oriental Society in 1850. He was its librarian in 1855-73, its corresponding secretary in 1857-84 and since then its president. Nearly one-half the contents of its journal, from volume 6, 1857, to the present time, was contributed by him. He also aided in founding the American Philological Association in 1869 and was its first president.

Professor Whitney was in 1878 selected by German scholars to prepare a Sanscrit grammar.

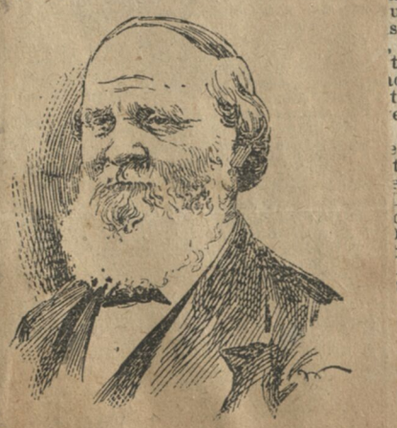
MARVELLOUS INDUSTRY.

Although he paid chief attention to old Sanscrit and to Hindoo astronomy, yet his writings treat almost every subject open to the student of language. He lent assistance to the edition of Webster's Dictionary published in 1834, and was editor in chief of the Century Dictionary.

He received the honorary degree of doctor of philosophy from Breslau University in 1861; the degree of doctor of laws from his Alma Mater in 1868, from William and Mary College in Virginia in 1869, from St. Andrew's University in Scotland in 1874, and from Harvard in 1876.

As a scientific philologist he belonged to the school that ascribed the development of speech to the acceptance of conventional signs, its origin imitative rather than an intuitive concomitant of thought.

Professor Whitney married Elizabeth Wooster, daughter of Roger Sherman and Emily (Perkins) Baldwin, of New Haven, in 1856. They have had



WILLIAM DWIGHT WHITNEY.

six children, three sons and three daughters. His widow, three daughters and one son, Edward B. Whitney (Yale '78), of this city, now First Assistant Attorney General of the United States, survive him. One son was drowned many years ago when skating on Lake Whitney, near

OBITUARY.

Death of J. H. Ackerman.

The death of Mr. J. Hervey Ackerman, Esq., occurred at his residence in Plainfield, N. J., yesterday afternoon. Mr. Ackerman was born in New Brunswick, in this State, about fifty years ago. After the death of his father, the late Jonathan C. Ackerman, the family removed their residence to New York city. He graduated from the New York University and received his legal education at the Albany Law School. Upon his admission to the Bar of New York he began the practice of the law in New York city in the office of Boardman & Boardman. He subsequently formed a partnership with a son of ex-Mayor Opdyke and the firm of Opdyke & Ackerman continued in business for several years.

Mr. Ackerman was interested along with his brother, Mr. Warren Ackerman, and Dr. Coles, ex-Governor Ward, General Halstead, Amzi Dodd and other Newark gentlemen in the management of the Newark India Rubber Manufacturing Company, and he held the position of counsel for that corporation for many years, during which time he was actively engaged in some very extensive suits relating to patents held by the company.

Mr. Ackerman was admitted to the Bar of New Jersey in November, 1871, having already taken up his residence in Plainfield. He was much interested in local matters, and was elected City Judge of Plainfield in 1873. He also served for several terms as a member of the Common Council. In 1876 he opened a law office in Newark, being associated with the Hon. Amzi Dodd, and he continued this connection until last year, when failing health compelled him to abandon active work.

Mr. Ackerman was married about twenty-four years ago to a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Morgan, of Fordham, N. Y., and his widow and four children survive him. He was a sincere and devout Christian, and at the time of his death was an Elder in the Reformed Church at Plainfield. His last sickness was long and painful, and though he died in his prime, his life will show a record of usefulness.

ACKERMAN.—Friday, at his residence, 89 Vandam st., JAMES G. ACKERMAN, in the 75th year of his age. Funeral Sunday, 23d, at half-past two P. M. Relatives and friends are invited to attend.

The Late John R. Ackerman.

The following obituary of the father-in-law of Mr. Alfred H. Ackerman, of this city, is copied from the Army and Navy Journal:

Mr. John R. Ackerman, who died at his residence in Brooklyn, Saturday, April 16th, was a gentleman well known to many officers of the army and navy through his connection with the house of I. R. Ackerman & Son. This house was founded over a century ago, and the firm preceding Mr. Ackerman was Mapes & Waldron. Mapes was a major general of the New York militia and Waldron was an army paymaster. It was through this connection that they established relations with the army and navy, which have continued until the present time. Mr. Ackerman succeeded Mapes & Waldron over sixty years ago, and retired from business in 1866, transferring it to his son, Orville Ackerman, who has been in turn succeeded by a grandson, Howard Ackerman, who, like the original founder of the house, is an officer in the New York state national guard, major in the ordnance department. The grandfather of the deceased Mr. Ackerman was Abram Ryckman, an aid-de-camp to General Washington and among Mr. Ackerman's cherished memories was the recollection of his participation in the labor of throwing up earthworks at Fort Greene when a boy of only ten years of age, during the war of 1812, and his service as first lieutenant in a battery of New York city artillery. We doubt whether there was any man out of the army who had a larger acquaintance with it, and he was held in high respect by all who knew him for his sterling qualities. He left a fortune of half a million of dollars.

The senior proprietor of the MORNING EXPRESS was an acquaintance and personal friend of the late Mr. Ackerman no less than thirty-seven years ago, and in connection with the above tribute to Mr. Ackerman's memory, he desires to add his own testimony to the many admirable traits and the high character of the deceased. 1887

— "The following letter," says the Hartford *Times*, "was written by an old friend of Mrs. Julia E. Smith Parker to a friend in Glastonbury. The little picture she gives of Julia Smith in her younger days is unique and picturesque. To those who knew her only in her old age this description seems to open a new chapter in her life—a life that spanned almost a century. The lady who wrote the letter is the mother of the legatee—Mary Avery—in her will, to whom was given the book called 'The Rosetta Stone':

"WHITEWATER, Wis., March 16.—I look back to the summer of 1830, when at Oak Hall I first met Miss Julia. It seems more natural to call her by that name. I was then about twenty years of age, and she something past thirty. She was then a teacher in Mrs. Willard's school; I was at home for the vacation. At that time she dressed well, was very gay and animated in conversation, and I greatly admired both her looks and manners. During my stay at Oak Hall I went in company with Julius Hubbard and his sister Pamela to attend a college commencement held in Trinity Church, Hartford. All the Smiths were there, and as we were driving through the city on our return, we saw Miss Julia standing on the top step, about to enter a fashionable city residence. We stopped and had a momentary conversation with her. Her attitude, dress, face, and form rise distinctly before me. She was very fair, with blue eyes, and light brown hair. On her head she wore a bonnet of the Dunstable type, high in the crown and very deep, and narrow in front. Her dress was of changeable silk, red and green, with a brilliant lustre, short waisted, with leg-o'-mutton sleeves, broadened out at the shoulders by immense stiffeners; the skirt scarcely reaching to the ankles, and stiffened and made to stand well out around the bottom by means of a cable-cord inserted in the bottom. Under this dress her trim little feet and ankles, encased in rose-colored silk stockings, with bronze-kid slippers, laced *en sandal* up the ankles, showed to good advantage. Around her waist, which was small and trim, was a broad belt, buckled in front, and in one hand she carried a fringed green parasol, while swinging from the other was a bead-bag of vivid color. L. AVERY."

YALE'S GRAVE.

Elihu Yale, founder of Yale University, lies buried in a little church at Wrenham, Denbighshire, Wales. His monument bears the following inscription:—

"Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Africa travelled, in Asia wed;
Where long he lived and thrived,
And at London died;
Much good, some ill he did; so hope's all's even
And his soul through mercy is gone to Heaven;
You that survive and read this tale, take care
For this most certain event to prepare;
When blest in peace, the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the silent dust."

Haytian Consul Bassett.

Mr. Eben Bassett, who was removed from the office of Consul for Hayti in New York, yesterday, is a colored man. His father was a slave in the family of Samuel Bassett, grandfather of Mr. A. L. Bassett, of this city, near New Haven. He was made free under the general law for that purpose. Consul Bassett was educated at the same school with Mr. Bassett, of this city. The name was taken from the Bassett family.

LACKS ONE YEAR.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

NEW HAVEN, Conn., August 14, 1891.—The ninety-ninth birthday reception of Mrs. Grace Munson Wheeler was held to-day at the residence of her grandson, Stephen W. Glenny, No. 87 Wooster street. Her father, Major William Munson, was a Revolutionary soldier and was in command of Dobbs Ferry when Major André was hanged. He was a prominent Free Mason.

To-day a committee of Masons from Hiram Lodge, F. and A. M., consisting of Past Master James D. Dewell, ex-Mayor Henry G. Lewis and others, presented her with an elegant plush rocking chair. Mrs. Wheeler had many callers during the day. She possesses her faculties remarkably for her age, although she is nearly blind.

Mrs. Rebecca Morse, the First Vice-President of Sorosis, has held office in that club from its incipiency. From childhood the spirit of the reformer has been strong within her and has grown with her growth. Descended from a long line of Knickerbocker ancestry Mrs. Morse bears the unmistakable stamp of good blood and thorough breeding in face and manner. A slight, fragile physique that somehow does not suggest weakness, a face with small, perfect features as delicately fine and clear cut as a cameo, a quantity of silver hair of satiny softness—this is Mrs. Morse as well as she can be put on paper.

At Nantucket, where for twenty years Mrs. Morse has had her summer home, she has founded the Nantucket Soro is. Nantucket air and soil seem to breed clever women. It was here Lucretia Mott was born, you know, and the Rev. Phœbe Hanaford, and Benjamin Franklin's mother, if I need take you back so far, to convince you of what I assert. Mrs. Morse, who has long been an authority on matters of art, has done much and admirable work as an art critic. A younger sister of hers is the widow of that fine artist, George A. Baker. Mrs. Morse was one of the most prominent organizers of the Women's Congress, and was appointed its first Chairman on Papers, an office that was no sinecure. She is a woman of deep and broad culture, of warm and far-reaching sympathies and has an eager desire to elevate, ennoble and help women in all ways.

One of Mrs. Morse's most striking and pleasing characteristics is her voice, which is clear, rich and full, with that bell-like vibration that carries for a low spoken word and that is as rare as it is admirable. Mrs. Morse has been prominent at all Sororis discussions and she is perhaps the best extemporaneous speaker the club contains. She has a rapid flow of words and ideas, that together with her admirable voice and graceful manner make her a most interesting speaker. 1886

Another of Holyoke's oldest residents passed away last night at about twelve o'clock, after a few days' illness. The energetic figure Mrs. Ives moving about the street was a familiar sight. Her eighty-nine years had treated her very kindly, and no one would have guessed when in conversation with Mrs. Ives, that she had left far behind the limit at which mortal life ends. Her interest in public affairs continued to the last and newspapers were always read with avidity. Yesterday morning Mrs. Ives dressed herself as usual, though suffering from a severe cold, which took the form of influenza. Through the day she grew weaker, and at night was in a critical condition. The J. B. Ives family came to this city from Southampton 34 years ago, and have lived on Northampton street. Mr. Ives died some years ago. One daughter married S. B. Gladden of Fair Haven, Connecticut, and removed to that town. Miss Mary Ives lived with her mother at home. Mrs Ives was a member of the First Congregational church, and was respected for her firm principles and character. The funeral will be held Saturday.

Benjamin Harrison Kidder.

OGARTOWN, Mass., Oct. 27.—Medical ctor Benjamin Harrison Kidder, S. N. retired, of Malden, Mass., died is Summer home here last night. Dr. der was a native of Massachusetts entered the United States Navy n that State as an Assistant Surgeon September, 1861. He was first attached the gunboat Marblehead in the South antic Blockading Squadron from 1862 1864, and then went to the frigate Colo- o, the flagship of the North Atlantic adron, on which he served throughout remainder of the civil war. He afterd served on the De Soto, Terror, Ossi- New Hampshire, Wyoming, Wabash, the Powhatan. He was promoted to rank of Surgeon in 1868 and became Medical Director of the Navy in 1893. e years later he was placed on the red list with the rank of Rear Ad- ral.

An Old Family.

Mr. E. R. Fairchild, of Malapardis, died at his home there on the 4th inst., in the eightieth year of his age. Mr. Fairchild was proprietor of the woollen mill there, and conducted the same business which was founded in Whippany by his grandfather, Captain Abraham Fairchild, in 1755, it having continued in the family over 130 years in this country. Captain Abraham was an officer in the Revolutionary army, and took part in a number of its battles. After him, his son, John F., conducted it, and later, Edward R. took it and for a short time carried it on at Millbrook, and also at Ralstontown, near Mendham. In 1844 he went to Malapardis and continued in it until his death. For a number of years his son, Aaron K., had been his partner, and it will be continued by him at the old place. About 1840, the mill was sold to John F. and E. R. Fairchild to Potter Thomas, but he was not successful, and in three years it fell into the hands of Edwin Ford, from whom the Fairchild family soon repurchased it. The deceased had been helpless for two years previous to his death, and was ready and willing to go. His widow, eighty-two years, survives him.—*Morris-*

Dropped Dead in the Vaults.

Joseph S. Ives, 695 East One Hundred and Sixty-fourth street, dropped dead this morning at the Mercantile Safe Deposit vaults in the Equitable Building. He was a retired merchant, without family, seventy-four years old. His nephew, Elbert J. Millbank, of 131 East Thirty-eighth street, deposed at the Coroner's inquest that his uncle had been in feeble health for some time.

Mr. Ives called at the storage vaults at 11 o'clock and had just locked his box after examining it, when he fell back dead.

Gen. Brayton Ives.

It is not generally known Mr. Brayton Ives, the well-known Wall street man, served in the war and has the right to the title of General. He entered the Union army as an adjutant when only 20 years of age, became a captain of infantry, a major and at 22 or 23 commanded a cavalry regiment, under Gen. Sheridan, attaining the full rank of colonel at 24 and ultimately becoming a brevet brigadier general on the recommendation of the hero of Winchester. Gen. Ives served nearly through the war and was mustered out in 1864. He came from Connecticut, the land of wooden hams and nutmegs, and is a graduate of Yale. I refer to him partly because of his successful financial career and partly because he possesses an exceptionally fine library of 5,000 to 6,000 volumes. It includes the Guttenburg Bible, the first printed book which goes back to about 1455; the fourth book with a date, 1460, a Latin lexicon; the Cicero de Officials, bearing date of 1460; the first arithmetic ever printed, the first Euclid, Iliad, Odyssey, Virgil, St. Augustine, Cæsar and Plutarch, the Pembroke Missal or manuscript book of prayers on vellum made about 1440 for the first Earl of Pembroke, and for which it is said he has refused $10,000, not to mention other rare works. Gen. Ives makes a specialty of the earliest volumes printed in the Fifteenth Century.

Col. Graves, the speaker of the Minnesota House, first met his wife on a Southern battlefield. She is the daughter of Gen. Tatman, and she was the wife of another man the day she first saw Col. Graves. Their meeting was both sad and romantic. Her husband had been fatally shot, and while she stood by his side in anguish, waiting for the last heart throb she knew must come very soon, Col. Graves was brought in. He was insensible from a fearful wound in the left breast. Thus Col. Graves and the lady who is now his wife became acquainted under circumstances most terrible, but later on the friendship ripened into love.

in France.

Frederick F. Bishop, secretary and treasurer of the New Haven Ice Company died in New Haven on Wednesday evening. He was born in a house near East Rock, which is still standing and in which six previous generations of his ancestors had lived and died. He was a lineal descendant of the immigrant David Atwater, who was one of the youngest incorporators of the New Haven plantation with Eaton and Davenport in 1638. He was a director of the United States Casket Hardware Company and also of the Coach Lamp Company. He leaves a widow and two chil-

A Mysterious Suicide.

In a richly furnished room of the eight-floor flat of the big double house, No. 80 Madison avenue, New York, Theodore Houston, once Vice-President and General Manager of the New York, Ontario and Western Railroad, committed suicide yesterday. In the morning at the breakfast table he was bright and smiling and joked with his wife. After finishing the meal he went to his study in the adjoining room, where Mrs. Houston found him shortly after lying on the sofa. From his head was trickling a small stream of blood, and as she stooped over him he moaned as if in pain. Mrs. Houston summoned assistance, and Dr. Charles S. Allen was sent for. Mr. Houston recovered consciousness for a few moments, and on being asked what he had been doing replied in a weak voice: "I shot myself." On being asked his reason he replied: "I don't know." Then, being asked where the pistol was, Mr. Houston nodded his head toward a closet in the corner of the room where a 32-calibre revolver was found.

Dr. Allen found that the ball had entered Mr. Houston's right temple and that he was bleeding from the left ear. He whispered to his wife that he did not know why he shot himself, and tried to comfort her. After telling her the number of his vault in a safe deposit company and giving some minor directions about his affairs he lapsed into unconsciousness. He never again spoke and died about 1:30 o'clock.

No intelligence of the affair was given to the police or the Coroner, and it was not until 3:30 o'clock that the authorities accidentally learned of the suicide. Coroner Nugent visited the house and held an investigation. Mrs. Houston said that although in the next room, she had not heard the report of the pistol. She knew no reason whatever for her husband's action, and expressed a conviction that the shooting was accidental. This theory rests on very slender foundation, the police and Coroner think. The inquest will be held later.

The deceased was well known. He was born in Middletown, N. Y., in 1839. He went into the railroad business when a young man. He was Secretary of the old Oswego and Midland Railroad. In 1883 he was appointed one of the Receivers of the West Shore Railway. Mr. Houston was a member of the Lotus Club. He had two brothers, Colonel D. C. Houston, of the United States Engineer Corps, stationed in New York city, and Alexander H. Houston, who is engaged in business in Milwaukee. His son is in a scientific college in Pennsylvania and a daughter is in a convent.

Bought as Waste Paper.

Many of the private papers and letters of the late Judge Sutherland, of New York, have been purchased by Mr. Lent B. Merriam, of Hartford, Conn., in a quantity of old paper stock. He obtained the lot a few days ago from a New York dealer. The correspondence includes the letters written by the Judge to his son, who was in the war, and also letters written to his daughter when she was a student here in the seminary founded by Catherine Beecher. One of the letters is from the late Samuel J. Tilden, written in 1856 and treating of personal political interests. The letter is an exceedingly creditable one, showing the unwillingness of Mr. Tilden to engage in a political intrigue of thirty years ago. There are also letters from the junior member of the firm of Field & Sluyter, the old California firm, in which Judge Field was the leading spirit.

Captain Stephen G. Sluyter, of Hartford, who was in command of one of the vessels engaged in laying the first Atlantic cable, was a brother of the Judge's partner, and one of the letters has been given to him by Mr. Merriam. The old Livingstone papers, of interest historically to New York, figure in the collection. An opinion by Aaron Burr, bearing his signature, has also been found. State Librarian Charles J. Hoadly, of Hartford, who is familiar with Burr's autograph, says the paper is genuine. In the assortment was also discovered several bills issued by the New Haven State Bank forty years ago. The bank is now the First National, of New Haven. Mr. Merriam sent the bills for redemption and has just received a check for fifteen dollars for them. One five-dollar bill

The Case of Admiral Luce.

SUDDEN DEATH OF A WAITER.

Tony James Stricken with Paralysis.

One of the most familiar figures for the past fifteen years at all the first-class receptions, weddings and parties in this city, was "Tony" James, the old reliable head waiter of the Messrs. Davis. He was one of the best-known colored men in the city, and those who have been accustomed to seeing him at the various entertainments will regret to learn that he died this morning at St. Barnabas' Hospital. He was in attendance upon the dinner of the Twentieth Century Club, at Davis', last night, when he was stricken with paralysis. Mr. Davis caught him as he was falling. A physician was summoned who pronounced it paralysis. The stricken man was placed in a hack and taken at once to St. Barnabas' Hospital. He did not recover consciousness and never spoke after the attack.

Tony was born in this city nearly seventy years ago. He was given a very good common school education, and at the age of fifteen took up the occupation of a barber. After working at his trade in this and other cities for several years, he finally secured a position on the Albany boats, and followed his calling, plying between New York and Albany for more than thirty years. While engaged on the boats he had a varied experience. He had shaved all the great men and distinguished statesmen of this country—Webster, Clay, General Scott, Fillmore, Seymour, and all the Governors of the State of New York for a quarter of a century. Some of the most distinguished foreigners have passed under his hands. He shaved Kossuth and brushed the hair of the Prince of Wales. For some years he sailed from New York to the West Indies and back, and to California, when the gold fever was at its height. His constant association with the best society had given him grace and polish, and this, combined with his native intelligence, made him an accomplished waiter. He was a pleasing talker, and the scenes through which he had passed, and the many noted people whom he had met, supplied him with a fund of anecdote which made his reminiscences very interesting. Some of the most exciting and thrilling events connected with the emigration to California, when hordes of adventurers were continually going and returning, occurred under his observation. Tony was reserved and modest in his demeanor and disposition, and never volunteered or intruded his conversation on anyone. It was only when two or three gentlemen were together in the privacy of a club that he could be induced to narrate the incidents of his life.

James Mathews, of Albany, the colored lawyer whose name was presented to the Senate for Register of the District of Columbia by President Cleveland is Tony's adopted son. Having no sons of his own, and finding Mathews a bright intelligent lad he adopted and educated him. It can be said that Mathews honored his foster father's trust and confidence, as his career shows. Tony's wife survives him. He had one child, who married Ellis, the barber, and died some years ago. A house entirely clear of encumbrances on New York avenue is the result of his thrift and economy. Messrs. Davis this morning telegraphed the news to Mr. Mathews, and no arrangement for the funeral will be made until he arrives.

Death of Captain Sluyter.

HARTFORD, Conn., Dec. 28.—Captain Stephen G. Sluyter died about midnight. He was engaged for several years in preliminary soundings for the Atlantic Cable, and in command of the steamer Victoria, laid the main cable in 1858. During the war he was in command of a gunboat, and at the time of the New York draft riots was anchored off Wall street to protect the United States Sub-Treasury. In early life he was associated in business in California with Hon. Stephen J. Field, now a United States Supreme Court Justice, and a brother of Mr. Cyrus W. Field. For the past fifteen years Captain Sluyter has lived in this city.

14

KING HUMBERT, of Italy, in grateful acknowledgment of the comfort in travelling that he has derived from Mr. Pullman's palace cars, has bestowed the honor of knighthood upon that gentleman. This is certainly very kind of the King and doubtless Mr. Pullman will appreciate the unsolicited compliment at its full worth, although it will be somewhat puzzling, however, to use the title effectively. The constitution of the United States peremptorily declares that no American citizen shall sport a title of nobility. If, therefore, Mr. Pullman is ambitious of being addressed as Sir George he must consent to drop his citizenship in this glorious Republic. But he is too patriotic and sensible a man to give up the substance for the shadow, and King Humbert's inappropriate diploma of knighthood, with its accompanying insignia, will be relegated, doubtless, to the cabinet of curiosities in the Pullman household to serve as a reminder of the vagaries of royal minds.

Throwing Dice on an Altar.

A curious custom was yesterday observed in the parish church of St. Ives, Hunts. Dr. Robert Wilde, who died in August, 1678, bequeathed £50 ($250), the yearly interest of which was to be expended in the purchase of six Bibles, not exceeding the price of $1.87 each, which should be "cast for by dice" on the communion table every year by six boys and six girls of the town. A piece of ground was bought with the £50, and is now known known as "Bible Orchard." The legacy also provided for the payment of 10s. yearly to the vicar for preaching a sermon on the occasion, "commending the excellency, the perfection and divine authority of the Holy Scriptures."

This singular custom has been regularly observed in the church since the death of the testator, but representations having been made to the Bishop of the diocese, the practice of throwing the dice on the communion table was discontinued some years ago, and the raffling now takes place on a table erected at the chancel steps. The highest throw this year, three times with three dice, was thirty-seven, by a little girl. The vicar, the Rev. E. Tottenham, preached a sermon from the words "From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures."—*London Standard.*

Memory or Judgment.

Dr. Levi Ives is an old practitioner and still in the harness. He began away back in the cholera times, more than fifty years ago. He is noted for his genial disposition, and his patients say that he brings the sunshine with him wherever he comes. Once he was summoned to consult with a country physician who had studied medicine under him. The course of treatment was described to Dr. Ives and he found fault with some remedy. "Why, doctor," remonstrated the other, "when I was studying with you, you gave that remedy in every case." "My son," quoth Dr. Ives, "you remind me of my horse. Once when I was driving along a country road I came to a pool of water at which my horse shied and I had some difficulty in getting him to pass. The next Summer I drove over the same road. When I came to the place where the pool had been, there was no pool to be seen. But the horse remembered the place and shied again. Now that shows that the horse had a good memory, but mighty poor judgment."—*New Haven Palladium.*

The Rev. Dr. Daniel P. Kidder, formerly of Asbury Park, N. J., died yesterday in Evanston, Ill. He was a member of the New Jersey Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was formerly editor of the Methodist Episcopal Sunday school publications, and a missionary to Brazil for many years. He was seventy-six years old.

THE FIRST WOODEN CLOCK.

Growth of an Industry That Was Started by an Indolent Youth.

E. A. Fenn, in the Allegan (Mich.) *Journal*, says: "About the year 1800 there lived a sort of indolent, thriftless, unpromising young man by the name of Eli Terry. His birthplace was the same as mine, Plymouth, Conn. He sought the hand and heart of a Miss Warner, and was bitterly opposed by her friends on account of his inability to support her. Miss Warner was either a sister or a cousin of the late Mrs. Friend Ives, an old resident of Gun Plains, and grandmother of Leon and Fred Chichester. The Warners were solid old Puritan stock and despised laziness, but, notwithstanding all opposition, they were married, set up housekeeping, and soon destitution and want was about all that seemed visible for future days.

Eli had no visible means of support, but spent his time sitting on a stump or block, whittling out a circle he struck with an old compass or sawing off bits of wood from some dead trees, and thus, day after day, his time was spent, and the general opinion was he was crazy. Want pressed so hard in the home that the wife, by urgent entreaty of her friends, had about made up her mind to return to her parents' home, when the fruits of Eli's whittling and sawing materialized in the first wooden clock ever made in America, and I believe, in any country. It was readily sold to a neighbor for $30 and paid for in pork, flour, potatoes, other family necessities and a little money, with which he bought tools to facilitate his work in further prosecution of clock making.

Another and another was made that sold readily as soon as completed. The foot lathe and small circular saws were added, then men were employed, clocks more readily made and eagerly sought after, and Eli Terry began to accumulate. In the meantime he made application for letters patent upon his clock, and about 1802 or 1803 built a small shop and commenced improving on his clock and construction of machinery and tools, and the foundation for a vast fortune was made which materialized in after years.

Notwithstanding his unbounded benevolence he became very rich. He died about 1845, at the advanced age of eighty-five years, beloved and respected by all who knew him, leaving a large family of grown-up boys and a number of grandsons, all very wealthy and all living in Terryville, Conn., controlling nearly all the wealth of the place, which was invested in large manufactories for clocks and locks. It is worthy of note that not one Terry is left in that region, and all their interests and investments have scattered or gone into other hands.

A BRIDE'S MAUSOLEUM.

A new church edifice, the princely gift of a Pennsylvania iron king, says a correspondent of *The New York Sun* at Lebanon, Pa., was consecrated in this quiet back-country borough to-day. There is quite a romantic story of love and sorrow connected with it. The new edifice cost a very large sum of money, and it is generally known that every dollar was paid by Mr. Robert Coleman, one of the leading members of the "house of Cornwall," founded upon three mountains of iron ore here in Lebanon county, about one hundred and forty miles west of New York. The church is in the borough proper. Cornwall, a few miles distant, is the home of the Colemans, the richest iron family in the state. Monday, being the festival of St. Luke, was chosen for the consecration of the magnificent edifice, and it was dedicated with all the rites and ceremonies of the Episcopal church.

Several years ago Mr. Robert Coleman met a young lady of very prepossessing appearance in a tour he made of New England. She was the daughter of a respectable family of Connecticut in moderate circumstances. A mutual attachment followed, and not long afterward the couple were married. A short time after the marriage the young bride was suddenly taken ill, and a trip on the continent was arranged by her husband. It was thought that the climate of the south of France, Italy, or Spain would be best for her. All that love and boundless wealth could give was furnished with a most liberal hand. The husband was compelled to remain at home by business engagements. It was confidently believed that the bride would soon be restored to good health, and very soon after her departure the husband set about preparing a surprise for her. He supposed that she would be abroad about a year, and he determined to erect one of the most costly residences she had ever seen and have it all finished and furnished in time for her arrival home. She was to know nothing about it until the carriage should drive her to the door from the railway station. Mr. Powell, a Philadelphia architect, was instructed to prepare the plans. The structure was to be in the Scottish baronial style, and Mr. Coleman cared very little about the cost. A fine site was chosen, broad and level and elevated, with a commanding view of a long stretch of the beautiful Lebanon valley.

The Coleman estate comprises about five thousand acres. In one part of it is a brown stable containing some thirty thoroughbred horses. The most valuable animals are quartered in rooms having mirrors on the walls and Brussels carpet on portions of the floor. Five monstrous furnaces are smelting ore night and day on the estate. Three hills contain an inexhaustible supply of ore. These furnaces have made millionaires of a dozen families or more. Robert Coleman is the youngest of the iron kings of the present line of owners. Interested parties and heirs are scattered in many climes, but Mr. Coleman remains in complete charge of the vast estate. Everything is conducted in princely style. Every employé lives on the place, rent free. The cottages are models of neatness, cleanliness, and convenience. A church, store, Sunday school, and other necessary wants are fully supplied. The great farm supplies employés with wheat, corn, potatoes, and vegetables at far below market price. Splendid family mansions occupy prominent places. Tally-ho coaches, drawn by four-in-hands, convey the members of the Coleman family and their many visitors to the neighboring towns and railway stations. Hence the new mansion that was to be erected by Mr. Robert Coleman as a surprise to his bride, it can readily be imagined, was to be something exceedingly grand. The foundations were massive, and built of granite and limestone. The underground divisions were commodious, and finished in the most modern style. A hard cement floor was laid. The frames of the large bay windows for the first floor weighed several tons apiece. The superstructure was to have been of marble, iron, and granite. The interior was to be finished in hard wood. The work was proceeding splendidly, and some fifty men were steadily employed. Car load after car load of material was arriving and being put in place. All efforts were made to rapidly push on the completion of the work. Every detail of furniture and upholstery had been decided upon. The gardener had received his special instructions. In fact, everything had been fully arranged looking to the rapid completion of the mansion when a telegram came over the sea that the young bride was very ill in Paris. Quickly followed another dispatch that she was dead. Every tool in the new house was dropped. The young husband, stricken with grief, was for a time not to be consoled. He ordered the workmen on the new mansion to go to the office and draw their pay, and then to remove their tools and other property. In a few days orders were given to tear down what had been put up; to throw in the excavations, and plough the place over. All that remained of what was to have been a palace was ordered to be obliterated.

The construction of the beautiful church dedicated here to-day concludes the story. The remains of the dead bride were embalmed and brought back to America, and were then placed in a vault until the construction of the church walls had been sufficiently advanced to receive them. The new edifice is cruciform, 96x75 feet. The floor is of Spanish tile from Valencia. The woodwork is of oiled oak. A massive tower twenty-four feet square rises one hundred feet in the air. The structure is of gray stone, even to the window sills. A hydraulic engine in the basement supplies the air for the organ. The style of finish is old English, with massive granite columns. The leading Episcopal clergymen of the eastern section of the state were present at the consecration, including M. A. De Wolf Howe, bishop of this diocese, who was consecrator; the Rt. Rev. Dr. Elliott, of Texas; the Rt. Rev. Dr. Hare, bishop of Niobrara, Indian Territory; the Rev. Dr. Oliver, of Nebraska; the Rt. Rev. B. Wistar Morris, missionary bishop of Oregon, and other distinguished clergymen from the Episcopal convention in session last week in New York. The Rev. Chandler Hare is the rector of the parish. The new church has a seating capacity of about five hundred. It was filled to overflowing today by the leading citizens of this section of the state.

The Coal Fields and Iron Mountains of Pennsylvania.

The Ore Hills of Cornwall, Lebanon County.

The immense coal fields of Pennsylvania, both anthracite and bituminous, may justly be regarded as the source of the great wealth of the State. Since the discovery of the anthracite fields in the eastern part of the State, the manufacturing establishments have spread from the western slope of the Alleghenies towards the Atlantic Coast. The valleys of the Schuylkill and Lehigh are studded with manufactories, rivalling in their extent those of the Allegheny and Monongahela, and surpassing them in number. This, however, is not due only to the coal, but to the extraordinary iron deposits of the two slopes of the South Mountains. This hidden wealth is not sufficiently appreciated, and even deposits, which are surpassed by none in the whole world, are known by comparatively few persons. Everybody has heard of the iron mountains of Missouri; yet, if we tell them that Pennsylvania can show iron mountains with an equal if not a greater quantity of ore in them, they listen to the statement with incredulity. Such however, is the fact. The ore hills of Cornwall, Lebanon county, Pennsylvania, which are owned principally by the two branches of the Coleman family, and the Grubbs's, are not surpassed by any known continuous iron deposit in the world, and a short description of these hills will doubtless prove of interest. The Cornwall ore hills are situated at the foot of the northern slope of the South Mountain, in the Lebanon Valley, and within six miles of the town of that name. There are three hills formed of solid iron ore, one of a height of 328 feet, the second of 150 feet and the third of 130 feet. These hills are surrounded on the northern, eastern and western sides with a wall of trap rock, the two arms of which, east and west, run parallel to each other in a southern direction, and are covered over by the more recent formations of the South Mountains, thus hiding this iron deposit to an unknown extent. It is, therefore, impossible to give an accurate estimate of its size, but for the present let us look only at the amount of ore actually exposed to daylight, and we must confess that it exceeds all our expectations. The whole space between these walls of trap rock is filled with a solid mass of iron ore, reaching down to an unknown depth, probably several hundred feet below water level. From accurate measurements, it has been ascertained that the quantity *above* water level exceeds the enormous sum of thirty millions of tons. The ore is a black magnetic oxide of iron, of very rich quality, containing occasional veins of copper. This latter is collected as the quarrying of the iron ore is progressing, and amounts to about three hundred tons per annum, averaging 15 per cent. of good copper ore. The amount of iron ore shipped from these hills exceeds 200,000 tons per annum, and is carried to many furnaces in the neighborhood, sometimes even as far as Pittsburgh. For centuries this may be continued without exhausting the supply, such is the extent of the deposit. The owners of the ore hill, who formerly quarried their supply in separate openings, have, within a few years, formed themselves into a company, so that now the mining is going on under one direction, and under the excellent superintendency of Mr. Boyd, who is an adept in his business. Instead of hauling the ore in wagons from the top of the hills to the foot, where a railroad has been built to take the product to market, they have adopted a system of railways, designed and constructed by William Lorenz, Esq., resident engineer of the Lebanon Valley Railroad, at Lebanon, by which they are enabled to reach any part of the hills by means of locomotive power, to have the cars loaded directly at the place where mining is going on, and without the expensive hauling by wagons, and without rehauling the ore, have it taken to market. This system of railways offers some very unique features, the most interesting one of which is the mode of ascending the big hill of three hundred and twenty-three feet in height. This is done by a locomotive pushing as many as thirty cars with ease and depositing them in the different branches or sidings constructed on different elevations on the hill—the mode of quarrying to advantage in terraces having been apopted. The big hill connects with an adjoining ridge by a low summit, and Mr. Lorenz has taken advantage of this peculiarity in the construction of his railway system. Commencing at the foot, on the south side of the big hill, he winds around it by a regularly ascending railroad, and reaches the above summit, which he traverses with a cut, through which he emerges again to the south side at a higher elevation, and continues winding around the hill until a second time he reaches the south side at a still higher elevation, and crosses the face of the hill the third time. Here then is a railroad having the shape of a spiral, or rather of a cork screw, circling around the immense iron deposits of that big hill. Sidings are so constructed as to divide the face of the ore hill in terraces, on which the cars are loaded, and then taken down to the foot of the hill by locomotive power. Other railroads are extending to the other two hills, all centering in such a manner that a single locomotive can distribute the empty cars, hauled to Cornwall, to any part of any one of the hills, collect them again after they are loaded, and deposit them after they are weighed, in sidings, ready to be taken to market. The working of this system of railways has proved, after a full year's experience, to be all that can be desired; and the saving of expense, compared with former years, is not inconsiderable.

We are astonished that this wonderful iron deposit of Cornwall is not more generally known, as it certainly may be considered one of the greatest natural curiosities of Pennsylvania, covering an area of ground which, in absolute value, far exceeds the richest placers of California and the most valuable mines of Golconda.

A JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRAT.

John Bishop, of New-London, Conn., announces by advertisement that he is a candidate for Collector of the Port. Part of his card is as follows: "The undersigned would say to his Democratic friends of the city of New-London that he desires to be considered an aspirant for appointment as Collector of Customs at the port of New-London, when the term of office of the present Collector expires. He claims for himself the qualification that Thomas Jefferson required, which was, 'Is he honest; is he capable?' And further offers as a reason that he should have the appointment an untiring fidelity to the Democratic Party for 50 years, and that he never held an office of profit under the State or National Government."

A GOOD STORY GREATLY MODIFIED.

From the Albany Journal, Jan. 9.

The romance about the return of Charles R. Bishop, the reputed Grand Chamberlain and son-in-law to the King of the Sandwich Islands, to his native home at Sandy Hill, bringing with him millions on millions, is exploded by Mr. Bishop himself in a letter to a relative. He says: "I need hardly tell you that Sandy Hill was not my birthplace; that I left there early in 1846, not 1848; came around Cape Horn to Honolulu; did not visit California until 1866; was not a lawyer; did not go with the King to Washington; was never Grand or any other Chamberlain; did not marry the Princess Ruth, (she was my wife's cousin;) have not inherited millions, and have not thought of returning to Sandy Hill to reside. I have lived too many years in this pleasant climate, and am now too far along in life to think of going back to a cold climate to reside. I know of no other place so favorable to old people as this. Here is my home, my largest interest, my proper field of labor, and here is the grave of the one who was dearest to me of all the earth. By and by I may travel for a while, but my hopes and plans have been so sadly and suddenly changed that I am still unable to say just what I will do."

DIED AT ONE HUNDRED AND ONE.

From the Gloucester (Mass.) Advertiser, Dec. 2.

Mrs. Mary H. Gilbert, Gloucester's well-known centenarian, passed away at 2:15 o'clock yesterday afternoon, at the advanced age of 101 years 2 months 23 days. For the past three weeks she had been quite sick and unable to take but little nourishment, but her death was comparatively easy. For many years, on account of her extreme age, Mrs. Gilbert has been the centre of much local interest. Her home on Western-avenue has been the resort of whatever distinguished strangers have visited the city, and local processions have usually arranged to pay her the compliment of a salute. Her one hundredth birthday, Sept. 8, 1886, was observed by a reception and public exercises at the old homestead. Mrs. Gilbert entered heartily into the pleasures of the occasion, receiving her guests with graceful courtesy, and was not greatly fatigued by the excitement of the day.

Mrs. Gilbert was born Sept. 8, 1786, in the old Ellery House on Middle-street, the site of which is now occupied by the residence of Mrs. William Parsons, second. She was the sixth child of James and Abigail Hayes, and on her mother's side descended from the Warner, Sargent, and Prince families of early settlers, all of which furnished instances of marked longevity. Her father, James Hayes, was a native of Waterford, Ireland. He died June 8, 1834, aged 85 years. His wife, mother of the centenarian, died at the age of 81. Mrs. Gilbert's grandfather, Col. Daniel Warner, died in 1810 at the age of 79. Her grandmother Warner reached the age of 86; her great-grandfather, Philemon Warner, the age of 81; her great-great-grandfather, Capt. John Prince, the age of 90; and her great-great-great-grandfather, William Sargent, the eminent early settler, the age of 93. Mrs. Gilbert was educated at the Atkinson (N. H.) Academy, which celebrated its centennial a few months after she had passed her hundredth year. In March, 1812, she married Samuel Gilbert, a Gloucester merchant, who died June 29, 1860, at the age of 78 years. The only well-attested instance of any native of Gloucester who has reached so great an age as Mrs. Gilbert was Mrs. Deborah Saunders, who died April 12, 1868, aged 101 years, 6 months, 8 days. Her oldest living survivor in Gloucester is Mrs. Sarah Somes Mackay, who was born March 8, 1789.

HORACE GILBERT.

Horace Gilbert, the aged father of Linda Gilbert, the "prisoners' friend," died suddenly on Thurs-

[illegible] 59th street. He

[illegible] SMALL SAFE. BAR REGISTER. STORM DOO[illegible]

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

[illegible] PUBLISHER, 286 CHURCH

ONE HUNDRED AND THREE YEARS.

THE HALE OLD AGE OF MRS. CLARISSA RAYMOND, OF WILTON, CONN.

Mrs. Clarissa Davenport Raymond, of Wilton, Conn., completed the one hundred and third year of her age yesterday. When a reporter of THE TIMES called and was presented to the old lady she shook his hand cordially, and was as ready to talk as the reporter was to listen. She remembered all about an interview with the writer last year, and although another year had been added to her remarkable age there was no perceptible change in her appearance. She wore a black cambric dress, a small light-colored shawl was thrown carelessly over her shoulders, and a white lace cap set off her features to advantage. During the interview Mrs. Raymond was seated in her old armchair, while she grasped the long birch staff which she uses when walking. The staff is fully 6 feet long. Mrs. Raymond is a ready and fluent talker, and nothing pleases her more than to narrate reminiscences of her early life to a patient listener. She is a member of the Congregational Church, but the last time she attended service was on the communion Sunday following her one hundredth anniversary. She has not been able to ascend the stairs during the last four years. Her sleeping apartment is on the first floor. Up to a year ago she insisted on taking care of her room and dressing herself without assistance. Last Fall she was able to walk around the yard assisted by her grandson, but during the Winter the old lady has remained indoors. She eats with relish three meals a day, and retires to bed and rises with the regularity of clockwork. Mrs. Raymond never drinks anything stronger than tea or coffee and has scarcely been sick a day during her long life. Within the past year her sight has become dim and her hearing has failed. The beginning of her one hundred and fourth year finds her mind as clear, her memory as distinct, and her physical strength apparently as good as when, three years ago, she celebrated her one hundredth birthday. Up to a year ago Mrs. Raymond was able to read coarse print, but she has abandoned the custom, and her children now read to her.

Mrs. Raymond was born in Stamford. When Washington died she was 17 years old, and she frequently relates incidents which occurred during his lifetime, of the war of 1812, and of the several wars later on. In 1804 she was married to Samuel Raymond, and removed to Poundridge, Westchester County, in this State. During the war of 1812 she removed to Hester-street, in this city, which was then little more than a country lane, and was considered outside the city. Mr. Raymond died in 1816, and his widow removed to Wilton, where she has since resided, making her home with her only daughter, Mrs. Comstock. Mrs. Raymond was the mother of five children, of whom the younger, aged 79 years, and widow of the late Nathan Comstock, is the only one living. In 1882 the family group, including five generations, was photographed, Mrs. Raymond forming the central figure. In that year also she did considerable knitting, repaired her own clothes, and wrote her name very legibly. Mrs. Raymond is a lineal descendent of the Rev. John Davenport, who was born at Coventry, England, in 1597, and who preached the first sermon ever delivered in New-Haven. This was on April 16, 1638, under an old oak tree which stood at the corner of George and Church streets. The tree was cut down by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and was used for firewood in his shop, on George-street. Mrs. Raymond is of a genial disposition and rarely forgets a face. When asked recently as to her health she said: "Well, I believe I am getting old." The esteemed lady has no lack of visitors, many persons calling simply from motives of curiosity. She has a pleasant word for every one and appears to enjoy life.

PROFESSOR ROBERT H. BISHOP.

Professor Robert H. Bishop died yesterday at his residence in Oxford, Ohio, from paralysis. His father was one of the early presidents of Miami University, and the son was professor of Latin in that institution from 1852 until 1873. He was professor emeritus and secretary of the Board of Trustees until his death. Few men in a like calling had a wider circle of friends. The alumni of Miami University—among whom are President Harrison and Secretary Noble—were accustomed to hold a yearly meeting under the walnut trees on the lawn of Professor Bishop's residence.

AN ANCIENT BUILDING.

A writer in the Boston *Herald* tells the story of one of the oldest houses in New-England. It stands in Quincy, Mass., on the old turnpike leading to Boston. In it has lived for 30 years Peter Butler, who has filled it with articles of historic interest and antique fashion. It is supposed that a part of the house was built about 1635. The building was enlarged in 1685 by Edmund Quincy, son of the first Edmund Quincy, who came over in 1633 with John Cotton. The second Quincy was a prominent man and a magistrate. The town was named after his grandson, John Quincy. Judge Sewell, "the last of the Puritans," tells in his diary of sleeping in this house, and the appearance of the room he occupied is much the same to-day as in 1712. The oaken timbers still show the marks of the axe, and one room, the parlor, has on its walls the French paper, hung in squares, which is said to have been put on in honor of Dorothy Quincy's marriage to John Hancock. Another room was occupied by Henry Flynt, a brother-in-law of Edmund Quincy, and for 55 years a tutor in Harvard College. The old house passed out of the hands of the Quincys just after the Revolution. Three other families owned it before it became the property of its present possessor.

Monument to a "Witch."

At Salem, Mass., on July 19, 1692, the grimly orthodox adherents of Cotton Mather hanged Rebecca Nourse as a witch who dealt in black arts and "nefarious crimes." The character and memory of the poor old woman were vindicated even in the lifetime of her persecutors, and her descendants have multiplied and prospered. They have just erected above her grave at Danvers a monument which is to be formally unveiled and dedicated on the coming anniversary of her burial. Well, the world does move. The witchcraft of our day finds its dwelling place in bright eyes and rosy cheeks, and the practitioners are caressed instead of being ducked, hanged or burned. On the modest shaft above the grave of Rebecca Nourse are engraved these lines by John G. Whittier:

"O Christian martyr, who for truth could die,
When all about you owned the hideous lie;
The world redeemed from Superstition's sway,
Is breathing freer, for thy sake, to-day."

The sentiment of the inscription is historically accurate, for the Salem atrocities created so rapid a revulsion of popular feeling and conviction that even Cotton Mather himself modified his teachings and deplored the excesses they had helped to precipitate.—*The Graphic.*

John Rogers' Bible.

"There is in the possession of the Potter family of Rhode Island," said a distant relative of that family living in this city, "a Bible which is not only notable for its antiquity, but for the history connected with it. It belonged to John Rogers, the martyr. During the persecutions of the early martyrs he hid it to keep it from falling into the hands of Gardiner and Bonner or their spies. John Rogers was burned at the stake more than three centuries and a-quarter ago. After his death the Bible fell into the hands of his eldest son, descendants of whom came to America in 1635, bringing the book with them. This was the family of James Rogers, who, in travelling through the New England wilderness, carried the Bible in his bosom and used it for a pillow. It was believed that it was an amulet that kept off the devil and the Indians. It descended through three generations of the Rogerses in this country to Judith Rogers, who married Thomas Potter, of Hopkington, R. I., in 1753. The Bible has been in possession of the Potter family every since. It is Matthews or Cranmer's Bible, and it is not divided into verses. Its arrangement of chapters differs materially from that of the King James version. It contains the liturgy of the English church in the freign of Edward VI. It was printed about the year 1520."—*New York Sun.*

Emma Abbott's Benefactor.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Record relates this reminiscence of "honest little Emma" Abbott's best friend:

Miss Emma Abbott has lost her best friend in the death of George G. Lake. Mr. Lake was not a man of musical taste, but he was a hard-headed, practical business man. He came across Miss Abbott when she was singing in the choir of Dr. Chapin's church, of which he was a member. He heard the story of her early struggles, and, having just retired from business, and wanting something to amuse as well as interest him, he took up Miss Abbott for this purpose, and if he had been her own father he could not have done more for her. He not only put her on her feet, but he helped her to run. He not only showed her how to make money but he took care of her money for her after it was made. His house was her home, and she and her husband had almost as much to say about its affairs as had either Mr. Lake or his wife. There was a room set apart in the house, known as "Little Emma's room." And this was fitted up in the most attractive style for her, and it was really her only home. Mr. Lake admired Miss Abbott because she is an American girl, and because she fought her own way with so much pluck. "Honest little Emma" he called her in perfect good faith and in a spirit of admiration, but the name got to be a by-word and a joke, and the general public would say. "Honest little Emma" with a smile. Not but what she is honest and little too, for that matter, but it is the combination and the continued use of it that makes the phrase ridiculous. I have seen enormous "floral tributes" passed over the footlights to Miss Abbott, the contribution of Mr. Lake, with "H. L. E." worked conspicuously in the flowers, and I have seen Mr. Lake pacing the lobby in excited enthusiasm and giving his opinion of Miss Abbott in flattering words and loud tones: "She is Honest Little Emma, she is; and she has made her own way in the world. She's been a poor girl, she has; and she has got as much money as any of them Eyetalian singers. I have been poor myself, I have; me and my wife began life on $10 a week, and we get a good deal more than that now. We worked our way up, we did; and Honest Little Emma has worked her way up, and this thing is going to be a success if George Lake is going to pay for it." This was in the lobby. In the proscenium box sat Mrs. Lake, with large diamonds in her ears and bouquets of roses on the cushions in front of her. The diomonds stayed where they were put, but the roses were thrown to Miss Abbott, who picked them up with true Abbottarian favor, and kissed her hand to the box in which Mrs. Lake sat smiling and Mr. Lake sat applauding. Mr. Lake was genuinely proud of what Abbott had accomplished and of what he had accomplished for her, and Miss Abbott owes quite as much to him as to her voice. He was a shrewd business man, and he invested her money with the greatest care. He told a friend of mine that he had put $250,000 away for her, and all her own earnings. As he was a millionnaire and his family is small, it is very likely that Miss Abbott will come in for a handsome legacy, for all of which she can thank Miss Kellogg, for it was Miss Kellogg who found her somewhere in the far West, and brought her to New York and set her going. Died 1890

Some Old Plantation Melodies.

"Oh, for the songs of my youth, that never grow old." We don't know who said it. If it was not said it ought to have been. We love to think of those good old plantation melodies we heard the darkies sing when we were a barefooted boy on a south Georgia farm.

Among our first musical recollections was the good song of "Old Uncle Ned."

Dar was an ole darkey,
And his name was Uncle Ned.
An' 'e died not bery long ergo.
An' 'e had no har on de top ob 'is hed,
De place whar de wool orter gro.

Chorus:

Den lay down the subbel and de hoe,
And hang up de fiddul and de bow.
Dar's no more wurk fer poor old Ned,
He's gone whar de good darkies go.

And then there's that happy old negro-minstrel song which we first heard as a boy-sung by the amateur minstrel corps of Bainbridge, led by that genial soul, now postmaster and editor of the Bainbridge Democrat, Ben. Russell. About all the words to the song were:

Pickyune er Butler am er comin' and er comin',
Pickyune er Butler am er comin' to de town.

The melody was quick and spirited, and before every chorus Ben., who was the leader, delivered a spoken part.

And at the "log rollin'" we heard the happy negroes sing:

Oh, stump Tony,
Down below,
I knowed yer raisin',
Down below,
Yer daddy named Tony,
Down below,
Yer mammy named Lindy,
Down below,
Yer raised in de backwoods,
Down below,
Yer raised on literd knots,
Down below.

And so on, and so on, the leader singing the lines and the balance of the crowd joining in the chorus.

But, ah, what a sweet old song is that we heard many times float up to the big house from the "quarters" after supper and frequently after we went to bed:

Down in dat cornfiel'
Yer hear dat moanful soun',
All de darkies am er weepin',
Old massa's in de cold, cold groun'.

Massa lubbed dem darkies dearly,
And de darkies lubbed him,
Now he's gone away and left dem,
De'll neber see his smilin' face agin.

Down in dat cornfiel', etc.

And there was another sweet and plaintive song of "Old Jesse." It was sung by a now-sainted sister, with whom it was a great favorite. One of the verses ran thusly:

Old Jesse's hair was gray and long,
Like de moss upon de tree;
His tooffies would drop out er de old jawbone,
But soon he will be free.

Chorus:

Den pity old Jesse an' wipe dat tear drop from your eye,
Old Jesse's goin ter leeb us now,
An' in de groun' ter lie.

Among the songs that we have never grown old with us is that of "My Dear Old Cabin Home." We have heard it since childhood, but more then than we do now. It was once a great favorite with vocal serenaders:

I am going far away, far away to leeb yer now,
To de Mississippi riber I am goin',
I'll tek ~~me~~ old banjo an' I'll sing yer er little song,
Way down in my old cabin home.

Chorus:

Here lies my old cabin home.
Here lies my sister an' my brudder,
Here lies my wife, she's de joy ob my life,
An' de child in de grave wid its mother.

Old age am comin' on and my hair am turning gray,
And I'll hang up de banjo all alone,
And we'll sit by de fire an' we'll pass de time away,
Way down in me old cabin home.

Chorus: Here lies me old cabin home, etc.

There is nothing better in music than a full chorus of voices singing this grand old song.

And that song the negro banjoist used to sing:

Ef I had er scoldin wife,
Whip 'er shores yer born.
Tek 'er down to New Orleans,
Trade 'er off fer corn.
Trade 'er off fer corn,
Trade 'er off fer corn.

Wish I wus in Alabam,
Sittin' in a big arm cheer,
Great big boka by my side,
An' er whoopin' ter my dear.
Er whoopin' ter my dear,
Er whoopin' ter my dear.

And that hop-skip-and-a-jump song of the little negro before the cabin door:

Wheel about, turn about,
Do jess so;
Ebery time I wheel about,
I jump jim crow.

These melodious reflections carry us back to the good old days of childhood when we felt as free as a bud and as happy as a shiny day.

It is pleasant, and sad, too, to think of those days, and while we were on the south Georgia farm the breath of war was on our fair land and soon the hand of desolation laid in waste the future hopes and prosperity of our county.

But all this doesn't take away the sweet melodies of the past—the old songs that are always pure and good.—*Talbottom (Ga.) Era*

For the Beacon.

Akron Literary Association.

At 7 o'clock P. M., the Association was called to order, Dr. D. A. Scott presiding. The election of officers was announced by the President to be first in order, whereupon the following officers were elected.

President—D. C. Carr.
Vice President—S. C. Williamson.
Secretary—A. F. Bartgess.
Treasurer—H. W. Ingersoll.

Then followed the discussion of the following question, "Should military schools be encouraged." Aff. Wm. Bowan and W. F. Sanders; Neg., S. C. Williamson and Thos. Brownless; before Messrs. Lane, Ingersoll and Battles, judges, and decided by a majority of the judges in the Affirmative. Under the rule an appeal was taken to the audience and again decided in the affirmative. On motion the Society adjourned to Wednesday evening Feb. 13th.

The Society desire to give notice, that they have secured the services of Mr. Geo. W. Pettes, a popular lecturer, who will present a poem on "Appearances false and true," in this city on the evening of the 18th, inst.

D. A. SCOTT, Pres.
H. W. Ingersoll, Sec. pro tem.

Received by the Chaplain
Library Committee
1860. Smoking Parlor
Presented February 1, 1861

QUAINT TOASTS.

[A new lot of rhymes for the table gathered by London Truth.]

Here's a health to all on shore, and a health to all at sea,
A health to all who wish us well, wherever they may be;
A health to those who, in ill-health, for health must ever pray,
And a health to all the absent ones who think of us to-day.

May we kiss whom we please, and please whom we kiss.

Here's tae ye! Health, pith, pluck and plenty!
Here's tae ye and your folk,
Here's tae me and ma folk,
And if ye and your folk
And me and ma folk
Are aye freenly,
Ye and your folk
And me and ma folk
Will ne'er fa' oot!

To forgetfulness of past pains, enjoyment of present pleasures and anticipation of future felicity.

Fill to youth and joyous mirth, sturdy lads and bonnie lasses!
Fill to lovers so demure; men and women, how time passes!
Fill to friends now "settled down"—middle age knows many a pleasure!
Fill to old folks we revere, smiling on us now at leisure!
Fill to every creed and class, in this blessed, happy season!
Brothers all, we join in love, and skeptics bow to godly reason.

All wool Cheviot Checks.
ches, 54 inches wide.
DEP'T. VERY CHOICE.
LEGH'R, MASTIGUH,
DEP. FONGRAV,
PTS. ABSYNTHE, CHARTREUSE.
PORTATION OF
ESS GOODS
in Plain, Corded and Lace Stripe, PRINTED VE-
INES, &C.
DRAKE,
Broad St.,
N. J.
ms-Dks

A JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRAT.

John Bishop, of New-London, Conn., announces by advertisement that he is a candidate for Collector of the Port. Part of his card is as follows: "The undersigned would say to his Democratic friends of the city of New-London that he desires to be considered an aspirant for appointment as Collector of Customs at the port of New-London, when the term of office of the present Collector expires. He claims for himself the qualification that Thomas Jefferson required, which was, 'Is he honest; is he capable?' And further offers as a reason that he should have the appointment an untiring fidelity to the Democratic Party for 50 years, and that he never held an office of profit under the State or National Government."

A GOOD STORY GREATLY MODIFIED.

From the Albany Journal, Jan. 9.

The romance about the return of Charles R. Bishop, the reputed Grand Chamberlain and son-in-law to the King of the Sandwich Islands, to his native home at Sandy Hill, bringing with him millions on millions, is exploded by Mr. Bishop himself in a letter to a relative. He says: "I need hardly tell you that Sandy Hill was not my birthplace; that I left there early in 1846, not 1848; came around Cape Horn to Honolulu; did not visit California until 1866; was not a lawyer; did not go with the King to Washington; was never Grand or any other Chamberlain; did not marry the Princess Ruth, (she was my wife's cousin;) have not inherited millions, and have not thought of returning to Sandy Hill to reside. I have lived too many years in this pleasant climate, and am now too far along in life to think of going back to a cold climate to reside. I know of no other place so favorable to old people as this. Here is my home, my largest interest, my proper field of labor, and here is the grave of the one who was dearest to me of all the earth. By and by I may travel for a while, but my hopes and plans have been so sadly and suddenly changed that I am still unable to say just what I will do."

DIED AT ONE HUNDRED AND ONE.

From the Gloucester (Mass.) Advertiser, Dec. 2.

Mrs. Mary H. Gilbert, Gloucester's well-known centenarian, passed away at 2:15 o'clock yesterday afternoon, at the advanced age of 101 years 2 months 23 days. For the past three weeks she had been quite sick and unable to take but little nourishment, but her death was comparatively easy. For many years, on account of her extreme age, Mrs. Gilbert has been the centre of much local interest. Her home on Western-avenue has been the resort of whatever distinguished strangers have visited the city, and local processions have usually arranged to pay her the compliment of a salute. Her one hundredth birthday, Sept. 8, 1886, was observed by a reception and public exercises at the old homestead. Mrs. Gilbert entered heartily into the pleasures of the occasion, receiving her guests with graceful courtesy, and was not greatly fatigued by the excitement of the day.

Mrs. Gilbert was born Sept. 8, 1786, in the old Ellery House on Middle-street, the site of which is now occupied by the residence of Mrs. William Parsons, second. She was the sixth child of James and Abigail Hayes, and on her mother's side descended from the Warner, Sargent, and Prince families of early settlers, all of which furnished instances of marked longevity. Her father, James Hayes, was a native of Waterford, Ireland. He died June 8, 1834, aged 85 years. His wife, mother of the centenarian, died at the age of 81. Mrs. Gilbert's grandfather, Col. Daniel Warner, died in 1810 at the age of 79. Her grandmother Warner reached the age of 86; her great-grandfather, Philemon Warner, the age of 81; her great-great-grandfather, Capt. John Prince, the age of 90; and her great-great-great-grandfather, William Sargent, the eminent early settler, the age of 93. Mrs. Gilbert was educated at the Atkinson (N. H.) Academy, which celebrated its centennial a few months after she had passed her hundredth year. In March, 1812, she married Samuel Gilbert, a Gloucester merchant, who died June 29, 1860, at the age of 78 years. The only well-attested instance of any native of Gloucester who has reached so great an age as Mrs. Gilbert was Mrs. Deborah Saunders, who died April 12, 1868, aged 101 years, 6 months, 8 days. Her oldest living survivor in Gloucester is Mrs. Sarah Somes Mackay, who was born March 8, 1789.

HORACE GILBERT.

Horace Gilbert, the aged father of Linda Gilbert, the "prisoners' friend," died suddenly on Thurs-

WANTED TO PURCHASE.
A SMALL SAFE, BAR REGISTER, STORE DOOR, Sixty-fifth street. He

ONE HUNDRED AND THREE YEARS.

THE HALE OLD AGE OF MRS. CLARISSA RAYMOND, OF WILTON, CONN.

Mrs. Clarissa Davenport Raymond, of Wilton, Conn., completed the one hundred and third year of her age yesterday. When a reporter of THE TIMES called and was presented to the old lady she shook his hand cordially, and was as ready to talk as the reporter was to listen. She remembered all about an interview with the writer last year, and although another year had been added to her remarkable age there was no perceptible change in her appearance. She wore a black cambric dress, a small light-colored shawl was thrown carelessly over her shoulders, and a white lace cap set off her features to advantage. During the interview Mrs. Raymond was seated in her old armchair, while she grasped the long birch staff which she uses when walking. The staff is fully 6 feet long. Mrs. Raymond is a ready and fluent talker, and nothing pleases her more than to narrate reminiscences of her early life to a patient listener. She is a member of the Congregational Church, but the last time she attended service was on the communion Sunday following her one hundredth anniversary. She has not been able to ascend the stairs during the last four years. Her sleeping apartment is on the first floor. Up to a year ago she insisted on taking care of her room and dressing herself without assistance. Last Fall she was able to walk around the yard assisted by her grandson, but during the Winter the old lady has remained indoors. She eats with relish three meals a day, and retires to bed and rises with the regularity of clockwork. Mrs. Raymond never drinks anything stronger than tea or coffee and has scarcely been sick a day during her long life. Within the past year her sight has become dim and her hearing has failed. The beginning of her one hundred and fourth year finds her mind as clear, her memory as distinct, and her physical strength apparently as good as when, three years ago, she celebrated her one hundredth birthday. Up to a year ago Mrs. Raymond was able to read coarse print, but she has abandoned the custom, and her children now read to her.

Mrs. Raymond was born in Stamford. When Washington died she was 17 years old, and she frequently relates incidents which occurred during his lifetime, of the war of 1812, and of the several wars later on. In 1804 she was married to Samuel Raymond, and removed to Poundridge, Westchester County, in this State. During the war of 1812 she removed to Hester-street, in this city, which was then little more than a country lane, and was considered outside the city. Mr. Raymond died in 1816, and his widow removed to Wilton, where she has since resided, making her home with her only daughter, Mrs. Comstock. Mrs. Raymond was the mother of five children, of whom the younger, aged 79 years, and widow of the late Nathan Comstock, is the only one living. In 1882 the family group, including five generations, was photographed, Mrs. Raymond forming the central figure. In that year also she did considerable knitting, repaired her own clothes, and wrote her name very legibly. Mrs. Raymond is a lineal descendent of the Rev. John Davenport, who was born at Coventry, England, in 1597, and who preached the first sermon ever delivered in New-Haven. This was on April 16, 1638, under an old oak tree which stood at the corner of George and Church streets. The tree was cut down by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and was used for firewood in his shop, on George-street. Mrs. Raymond is of a genial disposition and rarely forgets a face. When asked recently as to her health she said: "Well, I believe I am getting old." The esteemed lady has no lack of visitors, many persons calling simply from motives of curiosity. She has a pleasant word for every one and appears to enjoy life.

PROFESSOR ROBERT H. BISHOP.

Professor Robert H. Bishop died yesterday at his residence in Oxford, Ohio, from paralysis. His father was one of the early presidents of Miami University, and the son was professor of Latin in that institution from 1852 until 1873. He was professor emeritus and secretary of the Board of Trustees until his death. Few men in a like calling had a wider circle of friends. The alumni of Miami University—among whom are President Harrison and Secretary Noble—were accustomed to hold a yearly meeting under the walnut trees on the lawn of Professor Bishop's residence.

AN ANCIENT BUILDING.

A writer in the Boston *Herald* tells the story of one of the oldest houses in New-England. It stands in Quincy, Mass., on the old turnpike leading to Boston. In it has lived for 30 years Peter Butler, who has filled it with articles of historic interest and antique fashion. It is supposed that a part of the house was built about 1635. The building was enlarged in 1685 by Edmund Quincy, son of the first Edmund Quincy, who came over in 1633 with John Cotton. The second Quincy was a prominent man and a magistrate. The town was named after his grandson, John Quincy. Judge Sewell, "the last of the Puritans," tells in his diary of sleeping in this house, and the appearance of the room he occupied is much the same to-day as in 1712. The oaken timbers still show the marks of the axe, and one room, the parlor, has on its walls the French paper, hung in squares, which is said to have been put on in honor of Dorothy Quincy's marriage to John Hancock. Another room was occupied by Henry Flynt, a brother-in-law of Edmund Quincy, and for 55 years a tutor in Harvard College. The old house passed out of the hands of the Quincys just after the Revolution. Three other families owned it before it became the property of its present possessor.

Monument to a "Witch."

At Salem, Mass., on July 19, 1692, the grimly orthodox adherents of Cotton Mather hanged Rebecca Nourse as a witch who dealt in black arts and "nefarious crimes." The character and memory of the poor old woman were vindicated even in the lifetime of her persecutors, and her descendants have multiplied and prospered. They have just erected above her grave at Danvers a monument which is to be formally unveiled and dedicated on the coming anniversary of her burial. Well, the world does move. The witchcraft of our day finds its dwelling place in bright eyes and rosy cheeks, and the practitioners are caressed instead of being ducked, banged or burned. On the modest shaft above the grave of Rebecca Nourse are engraved these lines by John G. Whittier:

"O Christian martyr, who for truth could die,
When all about you owned the hideous lie;
The world redeemed from Superstition's sway,
Is breathing freer, for thy sake, to-day."

The sentiment of the inscription is historically accurate, for the Salem atrocities created so rapid a revulsion of popular feeling and conviction that even Cotton Mather himself modified his teachings and deplored the excesses they had helped to precipitate.—*The Graphic.*

John Rogers' Bible.

"There is in the possession of the Potter family of Rhode Island," said a distant relative of that family living in this city, "a Bible which is not only notable for its antiquity, but for the history connected with it. It belonged to John Rogers, the martyr. During the persecutions of the early martyrs he hid it to keep it from falling into the hands of Gardiner and Bonner or their spies. John Rogers was burned at the stake more than three centuries and a-quarter ago. After his death the Bible fell into the hands of his eldest son, descendants of whom came to America in 1635, bringing the book with them. This was the family of James Rogers, who, in travelling through the New England wilderness, carried the Bible in his bosom and used it for a pillow. It was believed that it was an amulet that kept off the devil and the Indians. It descended through three generations of the Rogerses in this country to Judith Rogers, who married Thomas Potter, of Hopkington, R. I., in 1753. The Bible has been in possession of the Potter family every since. It is Matthews or Cranmer's Bible, and it is not divided into verses. Its arrangement of chapters differs materially from that of the King James version. It contains the liturgy of the English church in the freign of Edward VI. It was printed about the year 1520."—*New York Sun.*

Emma Abbott's Benefactor.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Record relates this reminiscence of "honest little Emma" Abbott's best friend:

Miss Emma Abbott has lost her best friend in the death of George G. Lake. Mr. Lake was not a man of musical taste, but he was a hard-headed, practical business man. He came across Miss Abbott when she was singing in the choir of Dr. Chapin's church, of which he was a member. He heard the story of her early struggles, and, having just retired from business, and wanting something to amuse as well as interest him, he took up Miss Abbott for this purpose, and if he had been her own father he could not have done more for her. He not only put her on her feet, but he helped her to run. He not only showed her how to make money but he took care of her money for her after it was made. His house was her home, and she and her husband had almost as much to say about its affairs as had either Mr. Lake or his wife. There was a room set apart in the house, known as "Little Emma's room." And this was fitted up in the most attractive style for her, and it was really her only home. Mr. Lake admired Miss Abbott because she is an American girl, and because she fought her own way with so much pluck. "Honest little Emma" he called her in perfect good faith and in a spirit of admiration, but the name got to be a by-word and a joke, and the general public would say. "Honest little Emma" with a smile. Not but what she is honest and little too, for that matter, but it is the combination and the continued use of it that makes the phrase ridiculous. I have seen enormous "floral tributes" passed over the footlights to Miss Abbott, the contribution of Mr. Lake, with "H. L. E." worked conspicuously in the flowers, and I have seen Mr. Lake pacing the lobby in excited enthusiasm and giving his opinion of Miss Abbott in flattering words and loud tones: "She is Honest Little Emma, she is; and she has made her own way in the world. She's been a poor girl, she has; and she has got as much money as any of them Eyetalian singers. I have been poor myself, I have; me and my wife began life on $10 a week, and we get a good deal more than that now. We worked our way up, we did; and Honest Little Emma has worked her way up, and this thing is going to be a success if George Lake is going to pay for it." This was in the lobby. In the proscenium box sat Mrs. Lake, with large diamonds in her ears and bouquets of roses on the cushions in front of her. The diomonds stayed where they were put, but the roses were thrown to Miss Abbott, who picked them up with true Abbottarian favor, and kissed her hand to the box in which Mrs. Lake sat smiling and Mr. Lake sat applauding. Mr. Lake was genuinely proud of what Abbott had accomplished and of what he had accomplished for her, and Miss Abbott owes quite as much to him as to her voice. He was a shrewd business man, and he invested her money with the greatest care. He told a friend of mine that he had put $250,000 away for her, and all her own earnings. As he was a millionnaire and his family is small, it is very likely that Miss Abbott will come in for a handsome legacy, for all of which she can thank Miss Kellogg, for it was Miss Kellogg who found her somewhere in the far West, and brought her to New York and set her going. circa 1890

Some Old Plantation Melodies.

"Oh, for the songs of my youth, that never grow old." We don't know who said it. If it was not said it ought to have been. We love to think of those good old plantation melodies we heard the darkies sing when we were a barefooted boy on a south Georgia farm.

Among our first musical recollections was the good song of "Old Uncle Ned."

Dar was an ole darkey,
And his name was Uncle Ned.
An' 'e died not bery long ergo.
An' 'e had no har on de top ob 'is hed,
De place whar de wool orter gro.

Chorus:

Den lay down the subbel and de hoe,
And hang up de fiddul and de bow.
Dar's no more wurk fer poor old Ned,
He's gone whar de good darkies go.

And then there's that happy old negro-minstrel song which we first heard as a boy-sung by the amateur minstrel corps of Bainbridge, led by that genial soul, now postmaster and editor of the Bainbridge Democrat, Ben. Russell. About all the words to the song were:

Picky une er Butler am er comin' and er comin',
Picky une er Butler am er comin' to de town.

The melody was quick and spirited, and before every chorus Ben., who was the leader, delivered a spoken part.

And at the "log rollin'" we heard the happy negroes sing:

Oh, stump Tony,
Down below,
I knowed yer raisin',
Down below,
Yer daddy named Tony,
Down below,
Yer mammy named Lindy,
Down below,
Yer raised in de backwoods,
Down below,
Yer raised on liferd knots,
Down below.

And so on, and so on, the leader singing the lines and the balance of the crowd joining in the chorus.

But, ah, what a sweet old song is that we heard many times float up to the big house from the "quarters" after supper and frequently after we went to bed:

Down in dat cornfiel'
Yer hear dat moanful soun',
All de darkies am er weepin',
Old massa's in de cold, cold groun'.

Massa lubbed dem darkies dearly,
And de darkies lubbed him,
Now he's gone away and left dem,
De'll neber see his smilin' face agin.

Down in dat corfiel', etc.

And there was another sweet and plaintive song of "Old Jesse." It was sung by a now-sainted sister, with whom it was a great favorite. One of the verses ran thusly:

Old Jesse's hair was gray and long,
Like de moss upon de tree;
His tooffies would drop out er de old jawbone,
But soon he will be free.

Chorus:

Den pity old Jesse an' wipe dat tear drop from your eye,
Old Jesse's goin ter leeb us now,
An' in de groun' ter lie.

Among the songs that we have never grown old with us is that of "My Dear Old Cabin Home." We have heard it since childhood, but more then than we do now. It was once a great favorite with vocal serenaders:

I am going far away, far away to leeb yer now,
To de Mississippi riber I am goin',
I'll tek me old banjo an' I'll sing yer er little song,
Way down in my old cabin home.

Chorus:

Here lies my old cabin home,
Here lies my sister an' my brudder,
Here lies my wife, she's de joy ob my life,
An' de child in de grave wid its mother.

Old age am comin' on and my hair am turning gray,
And I'll hang up de banjo all alone,
And we'll sit by de fire an' we'll pass de time away,
Way down in me old cabin home.

Chorus: Here lies me old cabin home, etc.

There is nothing better in music than a full chorus of voices singing this grand old song.

And that song the negro banjoist used to sing:

Ef I had er scoldin wife,
Whip 'er shores yer born,
Tek 'er down to New Orleans,
Trade 'er off fer corn,
Trade 'er off fer corn,
Trade 'er off fer corn.

Wish I wus in Alabam,
Sittin' in a big arm cheer,
Great big boka by my side,
An' er whoopin' ter my dear.
Er whoopin' ter my dear,
Er whoopin' ter my dear.

And that hop-skip-and-a-jump song of the little negro before the cabin door:

Wheel about, turn about,
Do jess so;
Ebery time I wheel about,
I jump jim crow.

These melodious reflections carry us back to the good old days of childhood when we felt as free as a bud and as happy as a shiny day.

It is pleasant, and sad, too, to think of those days, and while we were on the south Georgia farm the breath of war was on our fair land and soon the hand of desolation laid in waste the future hopes and prosperity of our county.

But all this doesn't take away the sweet melodies of the past—the old songs that are always pure and good.—*Talbottom (Ga.) Era*

For the Beacon.

Akron Literary Association.

At 7 o'clock P. M., the Association was called to order, Dr. D. A. Scott presiding. The election of officers was announced by the President to be first in order, whereupon the following officers were elected.

President—D. C. Carr.
Vice President—S. C. Williamson.
Secretary—A. F. Bartgess.
Treasurer—H. W. Ingersoll.

Then followed the discussion of the following question, "Should military schools be encouraged," Aff. Wm. Bowen and W. F. Sanders; Neg., S. C. Williamson and Thos. Brownless; before Messrs. Lane, Ingersoll and Battles, judges, and decided by a majority of the judges in the Affirmative. Under the rule an appeal was taken to the audience and again decided in the affirmative. On motion the Society adjourned to Wednesday evening Feb. 13th.

The Society desire to give notice, that they have secured the services of Mr. Geo. W. Pettes, a popular lecturer, who will present a poem on "Appearances false and true," in this city on the evening of the 18th, inst.

D. A. SCOTT, Pres.
H. W. Ingersoll, Sec. pro tem.

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And a health to all the absent ones who think of us to-day.

May we kiss whom we please, and please whom we kiss.

Here's tae ye! Health, pith, pluck and plenty!
Here's tae ye and your folk,
Here's tae me and ma folk,
And if ye and your folk
And me and ma folk
Are aye freenly,
Ye and your folk
And me and ma folk
Will ne'er fa' oot!

To forgetfulness of past pains, enjoyment of present pleasures and anticipation of future feilcity.

Fill to youth and joyous mirth, sturdy lads and bonnie lasses!
Fill to lovers so demure; men and women, how time passes!
Fill to friends now "settled down"—middle age knows many a pleasure!
Fill to old folks we revere, smiling on us now at leisure!
Fill to every creed and class, in this blessed, happy season!
Brothers all, we join in love, and skeptics bow to godly reason.

Patience and procrastination to our credulous creditors;
Probity and promptitude to our dilatory debtors.

Come, fill up your glasses with red wine and white,
And hurrah for the New Year that enters to-night!
Drink! Drink!
Then lay down your glasses and lower your head,
With a thought and a sigh for the year that is dead.
Think! Think!

Here's a health to the landlord who asks for his rent,
And here's to the one who hates fifty per cent.;
And a bumper to him none at all does demand,
For, bedad, he's the boy will be paid for his land;

Here's health to all,
And wealth to those
Who know best how to use it;
Health means wealth.
Wealth can't buy health,
So pray we don't abuse it.

Let us drink a health to our kith and kin on earth;
To those far off and those at home;
To atoms pre-Adamite who have had their birth,
To atoms yet to come.
And all new atoms yet to come.

Let us drink to our friends, let us drink to our foes;
Let us drink to our sweethearts and lovers!
Hurrah!
With a cheer for the friends and a groan for our foes!
And a kiss on our lips for the others!
Hurrah!

To you and to me and whoever we be;
To his and to hers; to them and to theirs;
To those and to these; to all, if you please,
Be prosperity, health, happiness, wealth.

Here's a health to all fishermen true!
Here's a health to the life-boat's crew!
Here's a health to all those that helped them that loved those that loved them that loved those that went down when the wild winds blew.

Here's a health to the friends who are near us;
Here's a health to the friends far away,
Here's a health to all those that we love,
Whilst we bid them God-speed on their way.

BATTLE ABBEY.

A SPOT THAT IS INTERESTING TO HISTORIANS AND ANTIQUARIANS.

The Abbey Built by William the Conqueror—Ruins of a Monastery—Changes of Centuries.

Brilliant sunshine poured over the beautiful abbey and the stately ruins, bringing out the marvellously delicate tracery and the exquisite moulding of the pillars and the arches of the windows, as I wandered early in the morning through the grounds of Battle. I could scarcely have believed that such a chorus of birds would have been singing at this season; sweet notes echoed from every tree and bush, wood pigeons cooed, and the ravens croaked from the tall towers. Golden crocuses were springing from the turf on several sheltered banks; snowdrops, and the still more beautiful snowflakes, a large variety, nestled beneath the magnificent cedars. The great laurestinus bushes looked almost pink, as they were covered by a mass of buds just bursting into flower; purple hepaticas and blue scillas starred the ground in many places. Here stood the abbey built by William the Conquerer in fulfilment of the vow he made after the battle where Harold was slain. The place where Harold's body was found is now a beautiful dell and the high altar erected on the spot is covered with turf, while beautiful pines and shrubs overshadow the resting place of the Saxon hero. A magnificent minster and a monastery once covered this fair garden, and some portions of them remain in great beauty.

FASCINATING SURROUNDINGS.

The refectory still stands, though it is roofless, its grand proportions and its beautiful architecture filling one with reverence. Even on a morning so bright as this the vast hall underground looked somewhat gloomy, though to the eye of an ardent lover of antiquity it possessed wonderful charm, the slender pillars supporting the roof and the mouldings being perfect. I wandered into the orchard, where the aged apple trees belonging to the monastery are still standing, and its gray walls, the little postern gate, must have remained unchanged. Then I walked to the terraces of the beautiful domain, which are most interesting. Bay trees, trimmed like the orange trees at Versailles, spring from thick, tall holly hedges; they give a quaint and most picturesque character to the scene. Enormous walls of solemn yews keep off any blast that might sweep down from the sea, of which distant gleams may be caught beyond the gently swelling wooded hills and the peaceful pastures. On the wall of the lower terrace, beyond which stretches the field of the battle of Hastings, grow innumerable delicate creepers. They were hidden under boughs of fir, and bracken had been carefully spread over the flower garden, in which flourish many rare plants. I saw, however, growing in a niche of the old wall, without any protection, a beautiful lapageria, which had been out all the winter. There is a walk lined with camellias and myrtles grew all over the grounds.

AMONG THE RUINS.

From the upper terrace I saw the beams of the morning sun stream over the magnificent gateway built by Abbot Retlynge, in 1338. Its turrets, postern and wall are most picturesque. The golden light fell on the Abbots' Lodge, restored by Sir Anthony Browne, to whom this grand domain was given by Henry VIII. at the period of the dissolution. The Abbots' Hall is still preserved, and is splendid, with its high pitched roof and its beautiful accessories. Mediæval monsters grin from buttresses and battlements of this building—grotesque creatures that seem to laugh at us.

I have been permitted by the Duchess of Cleveland to see her wonderful history of Battle Abbey, of which only a *few* copies were printed for private circulation. In its pages she has given minute details, embracing many centuries, of the history of Battle Abbey, interesting alike to historians, antiquarians and people like myself who are anxious to learn, and from that source I have gathered the facts I am trying to record. Sir Anthony Browne built the library wing in the time of Edward the Sixth, intending it for a residence for the Princess Elizabeth, but he died before it was finished. Sir Anthony Browne's son, the first Viscount Montague, completed the building, which joined a stately house that occupied the whole of the upper terrace. It was a noble manor house, and I read that the double range of windows resembled in character those of Haddon Hall, in Derbyshire. Haddon belongs to the Duke of Rutland, and the exterior is, I believe, but little changed since its completion. Only two tall, graceful, slender towers remain of Lord Montague's manor house. They stand like sentinels at one end of the beautiful upper terrace.

ITS HISTORY AND CHANGES.

The eighth Viscount Montague was drowned in the Rhine in 1793, when only twenty-four years old. He and his friend, Mr. Sedley Burdett, attempted to shoot the falls of Laufenberg, and both perished. The Duchess of Cleveland mentions that the messenger who was bearing this sad news to England crossed another, carrying to the young Viscount the news of his magnificent possession, Cowdray House, being burned to the ground. It is said that the Monk of Battle foretold flood and fire would be the doom of the descendants of sacrilegious Sir Anthony, and thus the prophecy was fulfilled; but, as the Duchess points out, it was only after two hundred years of honor and prosperity. On the death of the young Viscount the estates passed to his sister, Mrs. Poyntz. She had two sons and three daughters. She and her husband were staying at Bognor in 1815 with their children and two young ladies, Misses Parry. Mr. Poyntz took them and his sons on the water one fine calm morning. Mrs. Poyntz was watching their return in the evening at the window of her house, when the boat was upset by a sudden gust of wind, and her two sons, the two Misses Parry and the son of the boatman, who was managing the boat, were all drowned. The three daughters, on the death of their parents, inherited the estates as co-heiresses; one married first the eighteenth Lord Clinton, secondly Sir Horace Seymour, K. C. B.; the second sister married the fourth Earl Spencer, the youngest was the wife of the second Marquis of Exeter. Had Lady Exeter been ready in time to accompany her brothers she would also have been drowned, but she was unpunctual, and her sister, Lady Clinton, stayed with her to share their father's displeasure. He did not wait for them, so they escaped.

THE PRESENT OWNER.

Sir Thomas Webster became possessed of Battle Abbey in 1719. His eldest son pulled down much of it, and does not seem to have had very reverential feelings toward the ruins of the monastery. The fifth baronet—Sir Godfrey, who came into possession in 1810—did a great deal to the abbey; but, unfortunately, he found it necessary to cut down a good deal of timber.

The present Duke of Cleveland bought the properts from Sir Augustus, the seventh baronet, in 1857, and it is to the Duke and to the Duchess that England owes the wonderful restoration and the preservation of the abbey, the remains of the monastery, which rise from gardens and a pleasaunce that seem most fitting setting for such gems of antiquity. While part of the abbey has been converted into a most cheerful dwelling, we can still trace, in addition to the buildings I have mentioned, the Abbots' Parlor, the Abbots' Oratory, the east front of the abbey, the site of what must have been a magnificent chapter house, 100 feet long, and nearly forty feet broad. The Cloister garth can also be traced, and the site of the Holy Well, whence the name of Selnac was applied to the place. The Duchess mentions that in later times young girls used to make pilgrimages to this spring, which was then called the Wishing Well. The Minster Church has disappeared, only one pillar remaining, but there is no doubt it was of great size and splendor. It stood, to quote the Duchess own words:—

"On the very ground where stood the royal standard of England, and Harold and his two brave brothers laid down their lives in defending it; beside it was unfurled his own banner of the Fighting Man (afterward sent as a trophy to the Pope), and here, when the battle began, he dismounted, and, praying to God for help, took his place on foot, in token that where a King of England fought there could be no retreat. It was not till these ensigns were captured that the victory was won; and at this central point, decisive of the fortunes of the day, the conqueror ordered his tent to be pitched, and, after having given thanks to God and taken off his armor, dented with many a heavy blow, had his supper brought, and ate and drank among the dead."

CONSECRATED BUILDINGS.

I think only in England could the venerable ruins and the ancient trees, the grand yew hedges, the stately cedars, even the orchard trees and the form of the prim box borders have been so religiously preserved as in this most interesting domain; myrtles, camellias, plants from distant climes add their charm to the scene; wall flowers, ivy, rare and beautiful creepers grow on the mouldering walls; every relic of the past has been reverently cared for and many a page of the history of our country is illustrated by the ruins of Batle Abbey. It is pleasant to reflect that the beautiful Norman church in the town of Battle, close by, has been restored by the pious liberality of the present generation; so that, although the minister church and the monastry have crumbled away, prayers and praises still ascend to Heaven from the immediate neighbourhood of the site where the Norman Conqueror dedicated those consecrated buildings to the service of God.—*London Queen.*

Nearly a Century Old.

Miss Mary DeHart celebrated the ninety-first anniversary of her birth, at the residence of Mr. Francis Barber, No. 1149 Elizabeth avenue, yesterday. There were numbers of her old friends and acquaintances present, and one of those good, old-fashioned occasions was enjoyed. A bountiful collation was served and hastily partaken of. Miss DeHart received many presents and several lovely floral pieces. We are informed that it has been her custom of late years to have her friends assemble with her on her birthday and enjoy in such a manner, as only they know how, the happy occasions. She is never forgotten by them in the way of presents as tokens of their great esteem for her.

Miss DeHart was born in Rhinebeck, New York, on August 8th, 1795. She was the daughter of Cyrus DeHart, one of the heads of the old DeHart family of Revolutionary days. She was a sister of the late Captain DeHart, well known in his time and by most of our old residents now living. When a young girl Miss DeHart came to this city, and for some time resided with her aunt, her mother's sister, who was Mrs. Ogden, wife of Governor Ogden. Her mother was the daughter of Judge Chetwood. Miss DeHart has resided in this city three-quarters of a century, and she has witnessed its growth from corn-fields and orchards to its present size. She comes from one of the first families in this portion of the country, and she can claim her ancestors from among the highest ranks of English nobility. She has been a member of Christ Church ever since its organization, and in her younger days was a very active and zealous worker in the church. For the past eleven years she has resided with Mr. Barber, who is related to her. She enjoys excellent health and has all her faculties, except that her hearing is impaired and her memory is beginning to get poor. She lives in perfect contentment and may live to celebrate the centenary of her birth.—*Elizabeth Herald, 9th.*

PEEPING TOMS.

Three Traveling Agents Caught in the Act of Peeping at Lucille Western En Dishabille—The Actress Sees Them Peering Over a Transom and Runs Behind a Screen—Arrest of the Miserable Fellows.

[From the Columbus Statesman of Yesterday.]

On last Friday three solicitors for wholesale houses in the East came to this city and put up at the American Hotel. Two of them, Benjamin Bruce, jr., and Charles L. Stewart, represented respectable houses in New York city, and Benjamin B. Peck was from Springfield, Massachusetts. They were put into a room adjoining the one occupied by Miss Lucille Western, the popular actress, now playing an engagement at the opera-house. After Miss Western had retired to her room, and, *en dishabille*, was kneeling with her child at her bedside in the act of prayer, with her head elevated, she observed a face peering over the transom of the door leading from the room into that occupied by the three men. She immediately sprang behind the clothes-press to shield her person from their observation, but could not leave her position to reach the bell without exposing her person. In this situation she was compelled to remain for nearly an hour, until her husband came and relieved her. A policeman was immediately called, who succeeded in arresting one of the parties, B. B. Peck, but the others fastened their door, where they remained until morning, when they were also arrested. Peck was taken to the calaboose, where he had the extreme pleasure of sleeping on a board behind bolts and bars until morning.

They all appeared before his Honor the Mayor, in the morning, and two of them, Peck and Stewart, were identified by Miss Western as being guilty of the act—but it was found that there was no ordinance which would reach their case, and were consequently discharged with a *striking* admonition from the Mayor. It is said that Bruce was not engaged in the scandalous transaction.

Subsequently the husband of Miss Western met Peck at the American, and walked up to him and spat into his face three different times, and he slunk away, too much of a cowardly dastard to resent it.

Deacon Cleveland's Clock.

The watch and clock shop of Daniel B. [illegible]r, Shetucket street, Norwich, is the reg[illegible]r that Deacon William Cleveland, Grover [illegible]eland's grandfather, made and used in [illegible] silversmith's trade when he tinkered [illegible]ks and watches for the Norwich town [illegible]s in his little Bean Hill shop, which is now [illegible]ams' Tavern, in that historic village. The [illegible]ulator is six feet tall, and it has a square, [illegible]nted pine case, which is not orna[illegible]nted. On the steel face, whereon [illegible]tached hands note the passing of [illegible]ne in seconds, minutes and hours, is [illegible]graved the name William Cleveland. On [illegible]e back of the case, inside, is pasted a colored [illegible]thograph of Grover, and the heavy brass [illegible]endulum slashes the air so close to it that the President appears to wink as it goes by. Dan Potter got the timepiece from the late George P. Brigden, of whom he learned his trade, and Mr. Brigden got it from Deacon Cleveland, to whom he was apprenticed. The regulator keeps good time yet in its dark corner, but its tick is hoarse and puritanical.

The renomination of the President has led Col. George L. Perkins, 99 years old, of Norwich, to think of the ancient Clevelands, who dwelt at Bean Hill. He remembers Aaron, the great-grandfather, who preached in the old Congregational Church on the cliffs at Norwich town, and was well acquainted with Deacon William, to whom he used to pay $1 a year, Mr. Cleveland to keep the Colonel's watch in repair for that price, whether it needed tinkering or not. Deacon William lived in the wide, old-fashioned dwelling, under stately elms, ten rods south of the Bean Hill Church, which to-day looks much as it did when he dwelt therein. The Gabrielles owned it until lately. The building is unchanged in appearance, except that it glistens in new paint. It is one story tall, with a sloping, gambrel roof. Green vines clamber over its outside walls. It has a big chimney, and the premises are as neat as a pink. Nobody knows how old it is. Colonel Perkins, who knew the President's uncles, father, grandfather, great-grandfather, aunts, and other relatives, says that he would like to meet Grover.—*Boston Herald.*

The Bowles Family.

The corner-stone of the new Republican building at Springfield, Mass., contains the records of four generation of the Bowles family—Samuel the first, who founded the paper; Samuel the second, who gave it its fame and power; Samuel the third, who is now the manager of it, and Samuel the fourth, a baby of three years, who will sometime be its head if he lives long enough.—*Waterbury American.*

An Oakland, Cal., engineer seeks information in regard to the genealogy of the Tompkins family. It appears from certain Connecticut records that Micah Tompkins moved from Milford, Conn., to Newark, N. J., in 1666, and died here.

THE BURTS WILL CELEBRATE.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., June 11, 1890.—The descendants of Henry Burt, who came from England to Salisbury in 1640 and settled in this city, are to celebrate the 250th anniversary of that event by a meeting in this city October 3. Among those who expect to be present are Colonel Silas W. Burt, late Naval Officer at New York; Wellington R. Burt, late Democratic candidate for Governor of Michigan; Sawyer Bradley B. Burt, of Oswego, N. Y., and others.

"JOHN BROWN'S BODY."

How the Song Originated.

In the song "John Brown's Body" we have an example of a melody and a set of words which seem never to have been written or composed by anybody. It is a genuine "folk song," growing out of a widespread sentiment, as many old folk songs have done, which far more closely respond to the musical wants of the common people than any carefully prepared and cleverly composed song could be. In the case of this song, however, it[illegible] most instant growth i[illegible] us an opportunity t[illegible] and development in a[illegible] ble with older songs.

The tune of "John [illegible] origin before the wor[illegible] or remembered in co[illegible] sung before the war [illegible] ago at least, as 1856, [illegible] now remain in use, a[illegible] camp meetings and [illegible]

Two members of th[illegible] pany called the "Ti[illegible] at a camp meeting i[illegible] Hampshire, heard th[illegible] words, and remembe[illegible] of one of these men [illegible] other John Brown.

Not long after this [illegible] the "Tigers" were in [illegible] Twelfth Massachuse[illegible] teers, which rendezv[illegible] in Boston harbor. H[illegible] named, Purrington[illegible] with two others, nam[illegible] leaf, a quartette, a[illegible] among its other songs, an sorts or words of their own "getting up" to this tune.

John Brown was a good-natured Scotchman, and the members of the quartette say they sang "John Brown this and John Brown that" to the tune until, by an almost unconscious change, the hero of them was changed from John Brown, of the "Tigers," to John Brown, of Harper's Ferry, and the grand and simple verse came into existence:

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground,
But his soul is marching on.

Before this time the masses of the North had not been in exact sympathy with the purposes of John Brown, but the excitement of the early days of the war called out a sentiment which these words exactly fitted. Whenever the soldier quartette were in Boston they were called upon to sing this song. The Twelfth Regiment took it up. Samuel C. Perkins, of Brockton, a member of Maitland's band, which was stationed with the regiment at Fort Warren, wrote down the air while a soldier whistled it. Then the band played it every day.

When Edward Everett formally presented the set of colors of the Twelfth Regiment on Boston common, the speech of acceptance being made by Col. Fletcher Webster, of the regiment, the tune was played, and the multitude fairly went wild over it. The band played the tune going up State street in June, 1861, and the soldiers sang it as they marched along. The crowd along the sidewalk took up the air and joined in the chorus:

Glory, glory, hallelujah,
His soul is marching on!

Soon after the regiment sang it in marching through New York, on the way to Baltimore, with the same effect. It spread at once through the army and throughout the country, and became the anthem of the union.

In December, 1861, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe wrote for the air the words beginning,

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,

which was called "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," which soon became immensely popular, but never supplanted in common use the old simple words.

This is the story of the origin of "John Brown's Body," as told by the members of the band and the regiment with whom it had its use as a popular song.—*Youths' Companion.*

Historic Grav[illegible]

The Eagleswood property at Perth Amboy contains three historic graves. In two of them lie the bodies of Aaron D. Stevens, the lieutenant of John Brown at the fight at Harper's Ferry, and Wm. Haslitt, his brother-in-law, both of whom were hanged at Charleston, and taken from the gallows by the former owner of Eagleswood, Marcus Spring, and buried in "free soil," according to their last wish. The third myrtle-covered mound is the grave of Nathaniel Peabody.—*New York Tribune.*

UNPATRIOTIC cynics who sneer at the de[illegible] "which Americans [illegible] in the thrilling in[illegible] stars and stripes on [illegible], in Samoa harbor, [illegible] the Trenton was slow[illegible] Vandalia when the [illegible] was manned with sea[illegible] massed bodies might [illegible] gale and serve in lieu [illegible] tinent to the occasion, [illegible] was run up to the [illegible] men-of-war drew [illegible] the hurricane, and, [illegible] me and sea-rack, the [illegible] saw the only colors [illegible] and the band of that [illegible] with "The Star [illegible] all this in the midst of [illegible] fusion dire. It was the [illegible] to die gave to their [illegible] emblem in a foreign [illegible] who can read or hear [illegible] of this incident without emotion must be a very stolid sort of a man.

From the embraces of the [illegible]

Taken at the age of twenty,
Too pure to live, too young
Grace, beauty in her youthfu
The love light bright within

Beneath the spoiler's cold ec
She bowed and bade the wo
Then fled the freshness from
The lustre from her eyes s

We saw those eyes once full
Fast sealed in death's eter
We saw those lips refuse to
We felt the change and co

But sorrow's tears like show
From gentler eyes than ou
For mid the throng of lovely
She had been most beloved

We hoped that she might liv
Fond friends on whom her
By deeds or guileless tendern
And blissful accents from

For she was one of gentle hea
Cold now beneath the grave
Whose soul's meek goodness c
Its semblance un o all are

BOGERT'S BAKERY,
Broadway and Cortlandt Street, 1801. (Present site of Benedict Building.)

MATHEWS—KELLOGG.

The marriage of Miss Ruth Kellogg, neice of William F. Kidder, to William E. Mathews which was solemnized at Christ church at 7 o'clock on Thursday evening, was a notable event, not only on account of the prominence of Miss Kellogg in Orange society, but also as it was the first time in the Oranges that a wedding has been celebrated with a vested boy choir for the musical part of the service. Over 1,000 invitations had been sent out, and before 7 o'clock, the hour named for the ceremony, arrived the church was completely filled with a brilliant and fashionable assemblage. It was not, however, until 7.30 that the bridal procession assembled in the vestibule of the church, when the doors of both the church and sacristy were thrown open and the bridal party entered the church simultaneously with the choir, clergy and groom, with his best man at the other end. The choir, vested in surplices, filed into the stalls, singing the bridal chorus from Lohengrin, while the procession passed up the aisle, led by the six ushers: Douglas H. Schneider and Thomas Firth of Orange; Charles Simmons and William Mathews of Colorado, and W. H. Bjorkman of New York. Then came the bridesmaids, Miss Mame Jenkins, of New York, with Miss Louise Hubbard, of Montclair, and Miss Marian Schneider, with Miss Julia Stocking, both of Orange. They were followed by the maid of honor, Miss Hallie Kellogg, a sister of the bride. Next came the bride leaning on her uncle's arm. At the foot of the chancel steps the party were met by the groom with his best man Charles F. Whiting, Jr., of West Orange. The bride was given away by her uncle, and at the close of the betrothal service the choir sang the hymn "The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden," while the bride and groom advanced and knelt at the chancel rail. The marriage service was then solemnized by the Rev. Horace S. Bishop, rector of the church, assisted by the Rev. Dr. A. L. Bancroft, of Brooklyn. Miss Kellogg's bridal dress was a beautiful one of white faille fraincaise, cut low, with pearl trimmings. It was made with a full court train, and was trimmed with old point lace. She wore pearls and diamonds. Her veil of white tulle was one of unusual beauty. She carried a bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley. The bridesmaids and the maid of honor were all dressed in white silk point d'esprit, with v-corsage both back and front and carried bouquets of red and pink roses. As the young couple rose to their feet after the ceremony the wedding march pealed out, and after the bridal procession reached the door the choir sang the hymn "Deign Their Union to Approve," as a recessional. The young couple left an once for the Windsor Hotel, where a reception for intimate friends and relatives only was held. After the reception Mr. and Mrs. Mathews left on a two weeks' wedding trip to the Great Lakes, Thousand Islands, Canada and the White Mountains.

THE wedding of Orange which collected the whole social contingent within reasonable reach, was that of Miss Ruth Kellogg to Mr. William E. Matthews, of Brooklyn. It was an evening wedding at Christ Church, East Orange, with the full boy choir in tuneful attendance. The Church was crammed to suffocation and the churchyard dotted with men in evening dress and women in full toilette. Orange had not been kept awake so late by any similar event in its social history, and thoroughly enjoyed it. Next to the Kellogg-Matthews wedding, the event of Orange last week was the *fête champêtre* on the Lawn Tennis Club grounds. A delightful day assisted in a delightful occasion, and the wedding guests enjoyed the double pleasure of the festival of charity by day and that of cupid in the evening. Town Topics -

The eighth Viscount Montague was drowned in the Rhine in 1793, when only twenty-four years old. He and his friend, Mr. Sedley Burdett, attempted to shoot the falls of Laufenberg, and both perished. The Duchess of Cleveland mentions that the messenger who was bearing this sad news to England crossed another, carrying to the young Viscount the news of his magnificent possession, Cowdray House, being burned to the ground. It is said that the Monk of Battle foretold flood and fire would be the doom of the descendants of sacrilegious Sir Anthony, and thus the propheey was fulfilled; but, as the Duchess points out, it was only after two hundred years of honor and prosperity. On the death of the young Viscount the estates passed to his sister, Mrs. Poyntz. She had two sons and three daughters. She and her husband were staying at Bognor in 1815 with their children and two young ladies, Misses Parry. Mr. Poyntz took them and his sons on the water one fine calm morning. Mrs. Poyntz was watching their return in the evening at the window of her house, when the boat was upset by a sudden gust of wind, and her two sons, the two Misses Parry and the son of the boatman, who was managing the boat, were all drowned. The three daughters, on the death of their parents, inherited the estates as co-heiresses; one married first the eighteenth Lord Clinton, secondly Sir Horace Seymour, K. C. B.; the second sister married the fourth Earl Spencer, the youngest was the wife of the second Marquis of Exeter. Had Lady Exeter been

FLICHTNER—THAYER—At Mountain Station, N. J., on Thursday, June 7, 1888, by the Rev. Roland Cotton Smith, assisted by the Rev. Dr. J. E. Rankin, Harriette Appleton, daughter of the late Robert H. Thayer, to Rev. G. F. Flichtner, of Englewood, N. J.

MATHEWS—KELLOGG—On Thursday, June 7, at Christ Church, East Orange, N. J., by the Rev. H. E. Bishop, assisted by the Rev. L. W. Bancroft, D. D., William Edward Mathews, of Brooklyn, to Ruth Kellogg, niece of Mr. W. F. Kidder.

retary.

BARTHOLOMEW.—Saturday, February 8, HARRIET L., widow of Edward W. Bartholomew, aged 70. Funeral services, ten A. M., Monday, February 10, at her late residence, 481 3d av., Long Island City. Interment in Kensico Cemetery. Aunt Maggie

GRIEVOUS LOSS.

ATH OF ANOTHER OF OUR CITY BUILDERS.

lliam Renwick, Manufacturer and Capitalist, Taken Hence—His Life of Forty-three Years in Davenport—A Merchant, Manufacturer and Large Employer, Who Advanced the City's Welfare Well His Business Interests—His Social tanding and his Home—His Aged ather a Mourner with the Bereaved Wife.

Davenport is suffering grievously in loss of its capitalists and city ilders. In the past three months s paper has recorded the death of n. George H. French, W. H. Decker d Hon. Harvey Leonard—and to-day e death of

WILLIAM RENWICK

announced. He expired in his home fter several weeks of illness, at 8½ clock yesterday morning. The cause death was failure of the heart ith kidney troubles. The first mptoms of the ailment manisted themselves several years ago, nd gradually weakened him, ith occasional respite, until the last onfinement, which commenced in De-

member of the Davenport Academy of Sciences, and an annual contributor to its maintenance. The Academy will feel his loss keenly.

In April, 1861, Mr. Renwick was elected alderman in the Sixth ward. He served for two years. In '61, during an absence of Mayor French, he served as acting mayor three or four months.

He was largely interested in the Davenport woolen mills—and was president of the company.

He was director in the Lindsay land and lumber company.

He was a member of the Business Men's Association, elected recently His loss is sincerely deplored by that body. The counsel of a business man of his sagacity and foresight would have proved valuable, indeed, to the purposes of the association.

Mr. Renwick was reared in the Presbyterian faith. For many years he was member of the board of trustees of the first First Presbyterian church.

SOCIALLY

Mr. Renwick was a valuable member of society. His was an hospitable home—the scene of many a pleasant party and attendant pleasures. The family residence was on Charlotte street for more than 20 years; and in '79 there was removal to the very handsome and sightly mansion on the heights above it—a residence which evidences taste in art and love of nature which are inspiring and elevating. It is one of the most stately and beautiful homes in Iowa.

Mr. Renwick has been an extensive traveler in the past 15 years—in his country as well as Europe. He

his first tour on the continent n the British dominion in the early and gratified his taste in art. A rears later he crossed the sea again made his new home rich in works ry eminent painters and sculptors l some from the masters in other aries. His habits of close observa- his discriminating taste, his fine ory, his stores of valuable informa- afforded entertainment to his ds that was highly prized.

. Renwick was twice married—in h, 1855, to Miss Cynthia Seymour is city, who presided over his home 2 years. She died in '77. In '79 he united with Miss Helen P. Goodwin kron, Ohio, an accomplished lady, se acquaintance he made in Europe. survives him with a son three years ge. Her sense of irreparable loss, deep sorrow, is shared by her la- ted husband's father, the Hon. es Renwick, who, at the age of 84 rs, is bereft of his only son. Three ers are also involved in this great row. Wife, father, sisters, have the p sympathy of all this city's people. he funeral takes place Monday ernoon at 2 o'clock, with services at family residence. Interment in kdale.

The January number of Our Little

Mr
ex
Scotch blood, and in creed is a liber
mation living in Boston. She is
John Ward, Preacher, is a young
eek
Margaret Deland, the author
at
but you know nothing about men."
Saint-Beuve once said to Taine in th
heat of an historical discussion
"Taisez-vous, Taine! You know book
Christian Herfiage, in the hands o
his publishers.
Cardinal Gibbon's has placed th
manuscript of his new book, On
000 the first two years of its publicity.
Home, Sweet Home brought it
author nothing, but its publisher $10
ply to some of her English critics.
The author of Robert Elsmere is go
ing to talk back. She has written a re
LITERARY ITEMS.
Inebriety as a Disease are the othe
tion? Are Workingmen Uniris? and
A Possible War, Restriction or Prohibi
E. Gladstone discuss Robert Elsmere
Joseph Cook, Julia Ward Howe and W
Everett Hale, Marion Harland, Rev
symposium consisting of Rev. Edward
Lucien Sanial the Two New Yorks. A
ers The Next National Reform and
Erastus Wiman, Editor Rice consid
cussed by John B. Hamilton, and The
Greater Half of the Continent by
Contagion of Yellow Fever is dis
discussed by Edmund Kirke, and The
Secretary of State. Wit and Humor is
Richmond gives Parting Words to the
The Stage and Society, and Arthur
Mary Anderson presents the case o
considers Naval Wars of the Future
tinguished writers. Admiral Porte
timely papers from very able and di
sents a large number of strong ar
upon the new year with vigor, and pla

IN MEMORIUM.

DIED.—In Glenwood Iowa, Sept. 16th, 1862, Typhoid fever, CLARA F. FAIRCHILD, late of Greenfield Mass., aged 20 years, 1 month and 22 days.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF CLARA F. FAIRCHILD

BY J. A. B.

Nay, never more may we behold
Those sunny smiles in years to come,
Those cheeks that wore them once, are cold,
The lips that murmured love are dumb.

For she is dead, the young, the fair,
Affection's hand could only save
The ringlets of her soft brown hair,
From the embraces of the grave,

Taken at the age of twenty,
Too pure to live, too young to die.
Grace, beauty in her youthful mein,
The love light bright within her eye.

Beneath the spoiler's cold eclipse,
She bowed and bade the world adieu;
Then fled the freshness from her lips—
The lustre from her eyes so bright.

We saw those eyes once full of love,
Fast sealed in death's eternal sleep;
We saw those lips refuse to move,
We felt the change and could but weep.

But sorrow's tears like showers of pearls,
From gentler eyes than ours did fall,
For mid the throng of lovely girls
She had been most beloved of all.

We hoped that she might live to bless,
Fond friends on whom her love was flung,
By deeds of guileless tenderness,
And blissful accents from her tongue;

For she was one of gentle heart,
Cold now beneath the grave-yard mound,
Whose soul's meek goodness could impart
Its semblance unto all around.

We'll miss her in the time of flowers
When birds and streams the earth make gla
In autumn's melancholly hours,
When nature's winning face is sad.

We'll miss her kind and gentle voice
Her lightsome step and happy smile,
And while our hearts would fain rejoice
That she's where sin cannot beguile.

Yet will our tears unbidden flow,
In thoughts of her departed clay,
They'll mitigate our bosom's woe,
And wash our spirits grief away.

And this shall be our hope—ah yes—
Tho' eyes are wet, tho' hearts are riven,
Though earth has angels one the less,
Another gem shines bright in heaven.

Written also on Emma Fairchild's Grave Over Emma Fairchild

THE LOVED AND LOST.

No time hath power to bear away
Thine image from the heart;
No scenes that mark life's onward way,
Can bid it hence depart.
Yet while our souls with anguish riven,
Mourn, loved and lost, for thee,
We raise our tearful eyes to heaven,
And joy that thou art free.

We miss thee from the band so dear
That gathers round our hearth,
We listen still thy voice to hear,
Amid our household mirth—
We gaze upon thy vacant chair,
Thy form we seem to see;
We start to find thou art not there,
And joy that thou art free.

A thousand old familiar things,
Within our childhood's home,
Speak of the cherished absent one,
Who never more shall come.
They wake with mingled bliss and pain,
Fond memories of thee;
But would we call thee back again?
We joy that thou art free.

Amid earth's conflict, woe, and care,
When our dark path appears,
'Tis sweet to know thou can'st not share
Our anguish and our tears—
That on thy head no more shall fall
The storms we may not flee;
Yes, safely sheltered from them all,
We joy that thou art free.

For thou hast gained a brighter land,
And death's cold stream is past—
Thine are the joys, at God's right hand,
That shall forever last;
A crown is on thy angel brow,
Thine eye the King doth see,
Thy home is with the seraphs now—
We joy that thou art free!

GRIEVOUS LOSS.

ATH OF ANOTHER OF OUR CITY BUILDERS.

illiam Renwick, Manufacturer and Capalist, Taken Hence—His Life of Forty-hree Years in Davenport—A Merchant, Manufacturer and Large Employer, ho Advanced the City's Welfare Well His Business Interests—His Social tanding and his Home—His Aged ather a Mourner with the Bereaved Wife.

Davenport is suffering grievously in loss of its capitalists and city ilders. In the past three months s paper has recorded the death of on. George H. French, W. H. Decker d Hon. Harvey Leonard—and to-day e death of

WILLIAM RENWICK

announced. He expired in his home ter several weeks of illness, at 8½ clock yesterday morning. The cause death was failure of the heart th kidney troubles. The first mptoms of the ailment manisted themselves several years ago, d gradually weakened him, ith occasional respite, until the last nfinement, which commenced in Deember.

Mr. Renwick's death was not unexcted—did not come as a surprise to s family, friends or the public, for a eek had passed since it became known at he was sinking, and the end was ar. For twenty-four hours before s death he was in a semi-comatose on dition. A half hour before the tal moment he was resting quietly, nd it was thought that, perhaps, his enure of life had been extended. Suddenly a change came upon his countenance. In a moment more he expired. It was a very peaceful death.

William Renwick's history is that of n industrious, well-directed, earnest ife from youth to middle age and his retirement from active business other than attention to his private interests. He was an employer for nearly thirty years, having 80 to 115 men operating his lumber works and yards, and so advanced the city's interests largely. He was one of the most prominent citizens engaged in manufacturing during all the period named.

Mr Renwick was in his 60th year—born in Liverpool, England, June 24th 1829, son of James and Elizabeth Renwick. His parents were natives of Scotland, and imparted to their son Scotch characteristics which are recognized the world over as a great value Both were desendants of the Covenanters, whose lives were so full of heroism, independence, and love of freedom. The son received the education of his boyhood and early youth in his native city. In 1846, when he was seventeen years of age, the family came to the United States, settling in Davenport the same year—the year Iowa ceased to be a territory through admission into the sisterhood of states. The son William was one of the first students in Iowa college, which was founded in Davenport about that time. The father had engaged in

GRAIN AND COMMISSION

business soon after their arrival—and in 1850, the year the son reached his majority, the firm of Renwick & Son was organized. Their warehouse on the levee was the first agency of the American express company in Davenport, and later the first agency of the United States express company. The Mississippi river was the great and invaluable commercial artery of the west in those ante-railroad days, and the firm of Renwick & Son did extensive business with firms in St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Memphis, Vicksburg, and New Orleans. It was business education for William Renwick which was very valuable to him in after life.

It was in 1852 that the firm engaged in the lumber trade—first *for* manufacturers. and then as manufacturers themselves. They built the

RENWICK MILL

in 1854—a comparatively small affair with its capacity of little more than 1,000,000 feet the season. In 1859, the father retired from the firm, and the son became the proprietor of the mill.

Mr. Renwick pushed his business with great energy. He devoted his whole time to the mill and trade in summer, and much of his time in winter was spent in the pineries in securing the kind of logs he desired, and in attending to pinery investments.

In 1875 Mr. Renwick had become wealthy enough to permit relaxation in the business in which he had been a seemingly tireless worker for twenty years.

The firm of Renwick, Shaw & Crossett was organized that year. Two more energetic and careful business men than George S. Shaw and E. S. Crossett were not alive in that day, and they were thoroughly acquainted with the business in which they became interested. The mill was enlarged—its capacity increased from 6,000,000 feet to 14,500,000 feet in a season. The business was pushed with three-fold energy—and the trade of the firm became very extensive. The firm's lease of the mill expired in 1885—and they decided to pay exclusive attention to interests in the pineries, which were fast increasing in value. Dissolution occurred afterward.

The mill was shut down, but did not remain silent long, for it was rented by a Wisconsin company for two seasons. Then its operations were suspended again—and was unused until the spring of '88, when it was purchased by Weyerhauser & Denkmann, its present owners.

Mr. Renwick found time when alone in business to encourage enterprises having the

CITY'S WELFARE IN VIEW.

The Board of Trade was organized in '67—and he was its president three years in the early '70's. He was one of the incorporators of the City railway company which built Davenport's first street railway. In 1862 he became a member of the Scott county agricultural society—and maintained his interest in it for 22 years. He was director for a long period—and vice president several years. He was interested in the Davenport National bank from the year of its founding, almost, and has been a member of the board of directors more than 20 years. He was a member of the Davenport Academy of Sciences. and an annual contributor to its maintenance. The Academy will feel his loss keenly.

In April, 1861, Mr. Renwick was elected alderman in the Sixth ward. He served for two years. In '61, during an absence of Mayor French, he served as acting mayor three or four months.

He was largely interested in the Davenport woolen mills—and was president of the company.

He was director in the Lindsay land and lumber company.

He was a member of the Business Men's Association, elected recently His loss is sincerely deplored by that body. The counsel of a business man of his sagacity and foresight would have proved valuable, indeed, to the purposes of the association.

Mr. Renwick was reared in the Presbyterian faith. For many years he was member of the board of trustees of the first First Presbyteriau church.

SOCIALLY

Mr. Renwick was a valuable member of society. His was an hospitable home—the scene of many a pleasant party and attendant pleasures. The family residence was on Charlotte street for more than 20 years; and in '79 there was removal to the very handsome and sightly mansion on the height above it—a residence which evidences taste in art and love of nature which are inspiring and elevating. It is one of the most stately and beautiful homes in Iowa.

Mr. Renwick has been an extensive traveler in the past 15 years—in his own country as well as Europe. He made his first tour on the continent, and in the British dominion in the early 70's, and gratified his taste in art. A few years later he crossed the sea again and made his new home rich in works of very eminent painters and sculptors—and some from the masters in other centuries. His habits of close observation, his discriminating taste, his fine memory, his stores of valuable information, afforded entertainment to his friends that was highly prized.

Mr. Renwick was twice married—in March, 1855, to Miss Cynthia Seymour of this city, who presided over his home for 22 years. She died in '77. In '79 he was united with Miss Helen P. Goodwin of Akron, Ohio, an accomplished lady, whose acquaintance he made in Europe. She survives him with a son three years of age. Her sense of irreparable loss, her deep sorrow, is shared by her lamented husband's father, the Hon. James Renwick, who, at the age of 84 years, is bereft of his only son. Three sisters are also involved in this great sorrow. Wife, father, sisters, have the deep sympathy of all this city's people.

The funeral takes place Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock, with services at the family residence. Interment in Oakdale.

IN MEMORIUM.

DIED.—In Glenwood Iowa, Sept. 16th, 1862. Typhoid fever, CLARA F. FAIRCHILD, late of Greenfield Mass., aged 20 years, 1 month and 22 days.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF CLARA F. FAIRCHILD

BY J. A. B.

Nay, never more may we behold
Those sunny smiles in years to come,
Those cheeks that wore them once, are cold,
The lips that murmured love are dumb.

For she is dead, the young, the fair,
Affection's hand could only save
The ringlets of her soft brown hair,
From the embraces of the grave,

Taken at the age of twenty,
Too pure to live, too young to die.
Grace, beauty in her youthful mein,
The love light bright within her eye.

Beneath the spoiler's cold eclipse,
She bowed and bade the world adieu;
Then fled the freshness from her lips—
The lustre from her eyes so bright.

We saw those eyes once full of love,
Fast sealed in death's eternal sleep;
We saw those lips refuse to move,
We felt the change and could but weep.

But sorrow's tears like showers of pearls,
From gentler eyes than ours did fall,
For mid the throng of lovely girls
She had been most beloved of all.

We hoped that she might live to bless,
Fond friends on whom her love was flung,
By deeds of guileless tenderness,
And blissful accents from her tongue;

For she was one of gentle heart,
Cold now beneath the grave-yard mound,
Whose soul's meek goodness could impart
Its semblance unto all around.

We'll miss her in the time of flowers
When birds and streams the earth make gla
In autumn's melancholly hours,
When nature's winning face is sad.

We'll miss her kind and gentle voice
Her lightsome step and happy smile,
And while our hearts would fain rejoice
That she's where sin cannot beguile.

Yet will our tears unbidden flow,
In thoughts of her departed clay,
They'll mitigate our bosom's woe,
And wash our spirits grief away.

And this shall be our hope—ah yes—
Tho' eyes are wet, tho' hearts are riven,
Though earth has angels one the less,
Another gem shines bright in heaven.

THE LOVED AND LOST.

No time hath power to bear away
Thine image from the heart;
No scenes that mark life's onward way,
Can bid it hence depart.
Yet while our souls with anguish riven,
Mourn, loved and lost, for thee,
We raise our tearful eyes to heaven,
And joy that thou art free.

We miss thee from the band so dear
That gathers round our hearth,
We listen still thy voice to hear,
Amid our household mirth—
We gaze upon thy vacant chair,
Thy form we seem to see;
We start to find thou art not there,
And joy that thou art free.

A thousand old familiar things,
Within our childhood's home,
Speak of the cherished absent one,
Who never more shall come.
They wake with mingled bliss and pain,
Fond memories of thee;
But would we call thee back again?
We joy that thou art free.

Amid earth's conflict, woe, and care,
When our dark path appears,
'Tis sweet to know thou can'st not share
Our anguish and our tears—
That on thy head no more shall fall
The storms we may not flee;
Yes, safely sheltered from them all,
We joy that thou art free.

For thou hast gained a brighter land,
And death's cold stream is past—
Thine are the joys, at God's right hand,
That shall forever last;
A crown is on thy angel brow,
Thine eye the King doth see,
Thy home is with the seraphs now—
We joy that thou art free!

*3503. 13. Coffin. Tristram Coffin, born at Brixham parish, Plymouth Devonshire, Eng., 1609, died at Nantucket, October, 1681; married Dionis Stevens, daughter of Robert of Brixton. Children—Peter, born in England, 1630; died at Exeter, N. H., March 21, 1715; married, at Newbury, Abigail Starbuck. Tristram, born in England, 1632; died at Newbury, Feb. 4, 1704; married, March 2, 1652, Judith Greenleaf. Elizabeth, born in England; died Nov. 19, 1678; married, Nov. 13, 1651, Stephen Greenleaf. James, born in England, Aug. 12, 1640; died at Nantucket, July 28, 1720; married, Dec. 3, 1663, Mary Severance. John, born in England; died in Haverhill, 1642. John, born in Haverhill, Oct. 13, 1647; died 1711; married Deborah Austin. Stephen, born in Newbury, May 11, 1652; died 1735; married Mary Bunker. Mary, born in Haverhill, Feb 20, 1645; died 1717; married Nathaniel Starbuck.

Tristram Coffin, son of Peter and Joanna (Thumber), and grandson of Nicholas, after the death of his father, Tristram, came to New England, bringing with him his mother, who died in May, 1661, aged seventy-seven years; his two sisters, Eunice and Mary, his wife and five children.

He at first came to Salisbury, thence to Haverhill the same year, thence to Newbury about the year 1648, thence in 1654 or 1655 he removed to Salisbury, when he signs his name "Tristram Coffyn, Commissioner of Salisbury."

In 1659 a company was formed in Salisbury, who purchased nine-tenths of Nantucket, whither he removed in 1660, with his wife, mother and four of his children—James, John, Stephen and Mary. His sister Eunice married William Butler, and his sister Mary married Alexander Adams of Boston. Tristram Coffin was chief magistrate of Nantucket under Governor Lovelace of New York in 1671. H. A. H.

Hallock's Ancestry.

In a little pamphlet entitled "Hallock Ancestry—1640-1906," is also given fragments of a number of collateral genealogies, including the Allens, Coffins, Mayhews and Starbucks. A fine engraving of the ancient mansion of the Coffins at Portledge, near Biddeford, England, built several centuries ago, is also shown. The data of the work was first prepared by William A. Hallock, D. D., in 1866, and has been enlarged by Charles Hallock, M. A., in 1906, and must have consumed much time and required great care in its preparation, although not free from errors concerning the collateral branches. The statement on page 48 that Thomas Mayhew sold "the Vineyard to Tristram Coffyn and others," may be called a typographical error, as most Nantucketers will know that it was the island of Nantucket that was so sold.

Yet the learned author must have made deeper researches than any of the Coffin genealogists have heretofore done to have enabled him to state that Tristram Coffyn, the first emigrant of that name to the United States, "was of the sixth generation from Sir Richard Coffyn, to whom was granted the ancient family seat of the Coffyns in Devonshire, England, for services rendered to William the Conqueror in 1029." And it will be new to most of the descendants of the first Tristram to learn that he married Dionis (Stevens) Coffin, widow of his brother John Tristram Coffin. No authority is cited for this new piece of evidence, however. It is quite certain that William the Conqueror was not born till A. D. 1024, and did not conquer England until A. D. 1066. It will thus be difficult to reconcile the author's dates and generations from the historical Richard Coffyn of the Norman Conquest period, and place Tristram Coffyn, born in 1605, in the sixth generation from the aforesaid Richard.

Inasmuch as the heirs of the House of Portledge for many centuries were all named Richard Coffyn, it is possible that the generation of Tristram may be made to fit the sixth generation from some one of the numerous Richards. But no other genealogist has ever been able to trace the descent of Tristram from the long line of Richards of Portledge. Tristram's pedigree has been diligently searched for by no less a person than Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Baronet, while a member of the British parliament, and in memorializing the College of Arms, in 1804, for the grant of a coat of arms, represented that he was by tradition descended from the family of Coffin of the West of England, but was unable to ascertain his descent. Of course the Admiral knew his descent from Tristram (born in 1605) and that Tristram's descent could not then be traced beyond his grandfather Nicholas. It does not follow, however, that some later delver into the musty records of the past will not bring to light important facts concerning the Coffins of the west of England, not previously known.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1, 1905.

(*7743.) 1. Parker. Wanted, parentage of Lieutenant Zachariah Parker. Also places and dates of birth and death. Married, first, Rebeckah Parker of Weston, Mass., in 1732. She died in Mansfield, Conn., June 11, 1748. Married, second, Peace, daughter of William Ames of Mansfield, Conn., October, 1748. Was he the son of Eleazor and Mary of Groton, and grandson of Captain James Parker, prominent in the early history of Woburn and Groton? If so, what was Mary's maiden name?

*7727. 1. Parker, Feb. 20, 1905. The James Parker named by S. L. K. was Captain James, who married Elizabeth Long, and whose second wife was Eunice. His only child by the latter, Eunice Parker, was born Dec. 12, 1697, the father being then eighty years old. His son Samuel married Abigail (3) Lakin, daughter of John Lakin, and granddaughter of William Lakin, the immigrant. She was born March 13, 1667. F. J. P.

MR. PARKER'S COAT OF ARMS.

"Is Moved Neither by Wind Nor Wave" Is the Motto, Says Mr. Deas.

Special to The New York Times.

BUFFALO, Aug. 19.—Judge Parker has a coat of arms. This announcement was made to-day by Henry Beverly Deas of New York, head of the American Genealogical Bureau, who has lately returned from England, where he has been making a search, and he has brought with him much interesting information for Judge Parker and his family.

At the La Fayette Hotel to-night Mr. Deas said that Judge Parker's motto is one that is in entire keeping with the man's life and his manner of doing things. The motto on the Parker coat of arms reads as follows:

"Non fluctu nec flatu movetur."

The English translation is:

"Is moved neither by wind nor wave."

Mr. Deas received a letter yesterday from the Rev. Mr. Hall in relation to the Parker arms, and he will probably go to Esopus next week. He finds that the Judge is a direct descendant of the Parkers of Browsholme and Newton, County of York, England. Tracing the Parkers of York in a direct line to the New England Parkers, from whom the Judge is descended, Mr. Deas finds that Judge Parker is entitled to the following representation in the armorial records of American families:

Arms—Vert, a chevron, between three stags' heads cabossed; or,

Crest—On a chapeau, a stag trippant proper.

Motto—Non fluctu nec flatu movetur.

*5893. 1. Parker. The "Records of My Ancestry" is in the Boston Public Library and at 18 Somerset street (Historic-Genealogical rooms). C. L. N.

By replying to J. M. C. through the columns of the Transcript I hope someone will feel called upon to help us both, as I am an inquirer and not an authority on Parkers. It is a curious muddle.

C. L. Newhall in "My Ancestry" says: "John Parker, born in Needham Aug. 17, 1687, married April 5, 1709, Mary Parker of Dedham. He died Oct. 23, 1742. Ebenezer Bishop of Brimfield, Mass., was in 1742 appointed administrator of the estate of John Parker, late of Needham, husbandman."

Mary (my ancestor), the oldest of their twelve children, born Jan. 12, 1709-10, married Nov. 9, 1733, Henry Hooker as his first wife.

Lydia, the third child, married Ebenezer Bishop of Needham.

Then B. F. D., who started the discussion two weeks ago in answer to a personal letter, says: "John Parker, born Aug. 17, 1687 (notice the date), is given in Jackson's "History of Newton" as marrying Esther ——. Their seventh child was Mary, born June 8, 1726, married 1745 Josiah Knapp (J. M. S.'s ancestor)."

He also says, in twenty-first report of the Record Commissioners of City of Boston, page 106, is the following: "John Parker of Newton with Ester Duing of Needham were married Sept. 15, 1714, by Mr. Hubbard, Esq." Now will not someone come to the rescue and settle the matter, for it is not probable that John Parker could have married Mary Parker in 1709 and had twelve children, and in 1714 married Ester Duing and had nine more. There must have been two John Parkers, and who was the other? M. H. L.

(*5439.) Parker. Can anyone give the line of descent of John P. Parker of Newton, Mass., who went to Hawaii between 1820 and 1830, and was the grandfather of Samuel Parker, who is likely to be the new governor of Hawaii? G. O. B.

Rebruce

LITERATURE.

tory of the Old Willard House, of Deerfield, Mass. By Catharine B. Yale. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 4to. 1887.

ONE must read between the lines to gather rom this paper, read a year ago before the Pomtuck Valley Memorial Association, that Irs. Yale is describing her present home. The ld house has repaid the conscientious workmanship bespoken for it by its builder, resisting the assaults of time, remaining both habitable and attractive, and connecting itself in its continuous occupation with many notable New England families and events. The northeast wing antedates the Indian burning of the town in 1704, the then owner's wife and six children being carried off captive: "one child was killed, the rest were taken to Canada, one came back, two were known to have married Indians." The second owner's son, born in the house, was the father of Ethan Allen. The Manse was built by Joseph Barnard in 1768, after thirteen years had been spent in selecting the timber, and the head carpenter was probably the great-grandfather of Mr. D. R. Locke, better known as the cross-roads humorist, "Petroleum V. Nasby." Joseph's son, Samuel Barnard, graduated from Harvard in 1762, and was sent up to the General Court in 1773 by a town meeting which listened to a paper on the wickedness of the slave-trade — one of the forthcoming counts against George the Third in Thomas Jefferson's rough draft of the Declaration. He married Abigail Upham, doubtless of the Salem family, and their three oldest daughters were married on one day at the Manse in 1792. Two years later the house was sold to a great-grandson of the Rev. John Williams, the famous "Redeemed Captive" of Indian story. The purchaser was another Harvard graduate, and in 1807 leased the house to Hosea Hildreth, preceptor of the old Deerfield Academy; and during his occupancy a third and yet more distinguished Harvard graduate was born to him there—Richard Hildreth, the historian of the United States. Mrs. Hildreth was the aunt of the late George Fuller, the artist, called by Mrs. Yale "Deerfield's most illustrious citizen." In 1811 the Manse passed into the hands of the Rev. Samuel Willard, who lived in it till 1859, with an interval of seven years. He was a nephew of Joseph Willard, President of Harvard, and graduated himself at that college in 1803. The conflict over his ordination in Deerfield "was really the beginning of the 'Unitarian movement in Western Massachusetts,' as this theological departure was called." Of this estimable man and his family Mrs. Yale is able to make a substantial presentation. Among their guests were the great lights of the denomination, radical and conservative—Channing, who was often there, Henry Ware, father and son, John Pierpont, Francis Parkman, father of the historian, Emerson—along with our friends the Lymans Northampton. For the period following 59 Mrs. Yale gives no precise dates. A temporary resident, at a time when the house seems have been let to more than one family, was onathan A. Saxton, from Harvard again, a ntributor to the *Dial*, and father of Gen. axton, military governor of Beaufort, S. C., 1864—in contrast to another inmate, the Rev. dolphus Dickinson (Yale, 1805), who had n a pastor of John C. Calhoun at Greenville, C.

Irs. Yale's well-written narrative is pleatly tinged with sentiment and antiquarian, and is illustrated by pen drawings of the

AN UNFORTUNATE AUTHORESS.

Miss Alice E. Ives has been singularly unfortunate with her plays. Her romantic drama of "Lorine" is one of the most powerful creations of any American author, and has been compared by many of the ablest critics to Sardou's best work, and yet the thousand and one casualties incident to disagreements between managers and stars have kept the play curtained in obscurity, except for spasmodic glances, until recently. The play deals with the turbulent revolutionary movement in Russia, and pen has rarely portrayed in stronger colors the intense passion, the fire and heroism of the women and men acting in that terrible drama of life. But it is not all tragedy and passion. The comedy element is well sustained and bubbles with humor equal to anything of Boucicault.

In addition to this Miss Ives has written a society drama entitled "Reward," which shows great power and deep penetration into human nature, and a rustic comedy, "The Village Postmaster," in collaboration with Mr. Jerome H. Eddy, which will be produced this season. She has also written a one act comedy called "A Flower of the Hills," and it will be produced this winter.

Miss Ives was born in Detroit and comes from a family of writers and artists. She began to compose verses when a mere child, and almost as early began to draw, and for a long time it was a question which would predominate, her poetic or artistic instinct. But with maturer years she decided in favor of literature.

For several years she filled the important position of art critic on some of the leading Detroit newspapers, at the same time writing poems and sketches for the magazines throughout the country. She is probably the most prolific and versatile female writer in this country, her work ranging all the way from newspaper articles of society news, skits and sketches to the most profound scientific articles for the magazines.

Here lyes Buried ye
Body of Mrs. Elizabeth
Eve, Wife to Mr. Adam
Eve, Who Died July
28th, 1735, in ye 78th
Year of Her Age.

The two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the First Parish of Watertown was celebrated in 1880. It was made the occasion of renewed interest in the town's past history, and the Watertown Historical Society of late has been particularly industrious in collecting from many sources unpublished information and gathering such accounts as the memory of old citizens might furnish, thus adding much to the already voluminous supply of interesting facts. Many of the historical landmarks are marked with handsome granite stones, with suitable inscriptions, assisting the stranger very much in locating positions of historical interest, and making the famous old town an attraction for all who, with patriotic instinct, have an interest in whatever may have assisted in securing American liberty.

Ives -11

WM. T. BRIGHAM.

IVES TELLS OF HIS MARRIAGE.

New York Sun Aug 9 Ives.

Provoked by Fanciful Reports the Ex-Napoleon Gives the Exact Facts.

The announcement yesterday that Henry S. Ives, "young Napoleon II. of finance," had married Miss Helen Gertrude Sears, of Lockport, N. Y., formerly a member of the Bostonians Opera Company, caused some surprise. The marriage took place on the 21st inst., at eleven o'clock in the morning, in the Episcopal Church at Lockport. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Camp, rector of the church.

Mr. Ives and his bride came to this city the same evening and went to the handsome new brown stone house at No. 6 West Fifty-sixth street, which Mr. Ives has leased for a term of years at, it is reported, an annual rental of $15,000. The house is luxuriously furnished, and in the rear is a large stable, in which Mr. Ives has several fine horses.

When the marriage became public Mr. Ives was in Pittsburg, and several conflicting reports came from that city. One quoted Mr. Ives as saying that the marriage occurred in this city. Still another telegram was received from Lockport quoting the father of the bride, Roland Sears, as denying any knowledge of the marriage.

I saw Mr. Ives at his residence last night shortly after his arrival home from Pittsburg. He said:—"As there seem to be so many untrue reports in circulation I will say that the facts are that Miss Sears and I were married on November 21. Only ten persons were present besides my wife and myself. They were all her relatives and friends. The report from Lockport that Mr. Sears had denied the marriage cannot be true, as he was present and could have no possible object in denying it. My wife and I have been engaged for five years, and at no time has the engagement been broken off or have we ever considered such a course."

Regarding the reports recently published that he, backed by the president of the Detroit Car Company, had bought control of the Ohio Southern Railroad and sold it again at a profit of $2,000,000, Mr. Ives said:—"The report is absolutely without truth. I have never bought a dollar's worth of Ohio Southern stock."

Mrs. Ives is quite well known in theatrical circles. While a member of the Bostonians she sang the parts of Frederick in "Mignon," Phyllis in "Dorothy" and the principal rôle in "The Bohemian Girl."

ACTIVE MR. IVES.

Mr. Francis Ives came to this city thirty-five years ago. He is a native of Hamden, near New Haven, where his early education was obtained. He is a graduate of Yale, of the class of 1848.

FRANCIS IVES.

He opened a law office here, and with such men as Governor Henry Dutton, Charles Hawley, of Stamford; Reuben Booth, of Danbury; the late United States Senator O. S. Ferry, Judge S. B. Beardsley, James C. Loomis and General Dwight Morris practised law for a full quarter of a century. During that time he served as a member of the Common Council and as City Attorney. He came here with some capital and used it with good effect.

He was one, with the late P. C. Calhoun, of the Fourth National Bank, New York, to organize the Pacific Iron Works here, where, soon after the war broke out, engines and machinery for many United States gunboats were built. He has built several blocks of buildings; has been and still is identified with banks and banking affairs, and there are large figures preceding his name in the Assessor's office. Mr. Ives retired some years ago from the active practice of law, and has since, to use a homely phrase, "taken the world easy."

He loves a fast horse and delights in driving one. He has a great fondness for hunting dogs, and has paid large sums for the purchase and training of such as are fitted for use among the hills and fields of this vicinity, and there are no better marksmen than he. At present he is making companions of his books, of which he has many, and in all respects is enjoying himself.

Reference

GROVER CLEVELAND'S ANCESTRY.

Susanna Porter was a great beauty, and much celebrated in her day. Her person was small and of perfect symmetry. Her face was distinguished as much for its great intelligence and animation as for fine features and complexion. Her high and polished forehead, her aquiline nose, her bright and beautiful black eyes, her small and lovely mouth had each its peculiar charm, and if all the witcheries of love were not employed by her it was not because they were not within her control. She was the belle of her time, and some of the richest and most reputable men of the neighboring towns were suitors for her hand, when she gave her heart to a gay young collegian whom her charms had attracted to her side, and who, with as fine a physique and handsome a face, and with a spirit as noble and a humor more keen, had easily supplanted his older and more wealthy rivals.

His name was Aaron Cleveland. He was a man of fine understanding and great wit, and, what is better, of pure morals and benevolent disposition. I am sorry to add that he was not celebrated for his prudence, at least in his youthful days, and no one will dispute the point when informed that he married for love, without any means of supporting his wife, as soon as he left college. After completing the necessary studies preparatory to entering the ministry, he had a call to settle in the small town of Haddam, Conn., and thither he went with his beautiful little wife and two children, who were already added to his family. This must have been a great trial to the lady unless the sweets of love overpowered all painful emotions, for she was the darling of her family, as well as of all her acquaintances, and had been accustomed all her life to ease and luxury. Her father, though not very opulent, lived in high style for that day, and Miss Susy was denied nothing which her fancy suggested. From this state, from her father's house, richly furnished, in Malden, with servants and carriages at her command and the fat of the land to delight her, she went with only one domestic to the obscure country town of Haddam, where the people of the little parish had never seen any table furniture better than woodenware, where a piece of silk had never found its way, and where the customs and manners were consonant to their poverty. The minister and his wife traveled on horseback, for no wheeled vehicle had ever penetrated so far into the wilderness. The people had erected a new house for their Pastor's reception, and they conducted the clergyman and his family to it and helped to arrange the furniture, which had been sent up during the previous Winter on sledges. Some of the men went home to their impatient wives with wonderful stories of the magnificent things they had seen. "Why, Madam has a silk gown and petticoat," they said, "and they are so rich that they eat off pewter dishes." "But I don't know what Madam will do," said one man in despondent tones, "for I'm sure she can never work. Why, her hands are so white, and she is pretty and little and slender. She is just fit to sit up on top of the cupboard along with the cups and saucers to be looked at." In such society and under such circumstances the trial must have been a severe one. It is no small proof of Christian patience and benevolence that they remained in this place for six or seven years. At the end of this term Mr. Cleveland asked a dismission from his church, and urged as a plea that his salary was insufficient to maintain his family, now enlarged to the number of six children, and that his wife was too discontented to allow him to remain there. He returned to Malden, Mass., where his wife's father lived, and the minister of that place dying soon after, he was installed over the church. After a time, however, he left Malden and removed to Halifax, Nova Scotia. This was owing to a change in his views, for at Halifax he professed the faith of the Church of England, and there being at that time no Bishop in America, he went to England to take orders. His wife and nine children returned once more to the parental roof. In England he formed friendships and found relatives. Among the latter a Sir John Cleveland, an officer of the Government in the Naval Department, who was very attentive and kind to him. Mr. Cleveland was an inmate of his house until he embarked on his homeward voyage. He received a promise from his new found relative to educate and provide for his two eldest sons if they were sent to England. When Mr. Cleveland arrived in Philadelphia he went to the house of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, whose friendship and respect he enjoyed. This, in itself, is no trifling evidence of his merit and ability. While there, and making preparations to take charge of a parish in New-Castle, Penn., to which he had been appointed, he was attacked with a fever, of which he died, at the age of 36 years. His widow, with her ten children, (the last of whom had been born since the departure of her husband,) was now residing with her relatives in Salem. Her uncle—Judge Samuel Sewall—was warmly attached to her, and assisted her with advice and means of procuring her living by her own industry. So wisely did she manage that she brought up her large family respectably and preserved her own standing in society, always associating with the best people and receiving at her house the learned, the witty, and the celebrated of her day.

JOHN HARVARD'S EARLY LIFE.

From the London Daily Telegraph.

In a little pamphlet, "Old Southwark and its People," just put forth by Mr. William Rendle, of Forest Hill, the author is at great pains to show that John Harvard—the founder of the transatlantic university which bears his name—was born in the High-street of Southwark, close to London Bridge, in or about the year 1607. "A great effort," says Mr. Rendle, "has been made and is still making to do honor to John Harvard's memory by the American people and also by the English, notably at Cambridge, where, at Emmanuel College, he graduated." It will be in nowise a disadvantage to John Harvard in the estimation of all who upon either side of the Atlantic seek to do him honor, that his father was a butcher. So, it will be remembered, was the father of Cardinal Wolsey, and so also at one time was the father of the greatest immortal of literature—William Shakespeare. John Harvard, likewise known loosely and interchangeably by the name of Harvey, Harvye, Harverd, Harverde, Harver, and Harwood, was the son of his father's second wife, and was, beyond all question, "educated at the great Puritan College of Emmanuel, in Cambridge," about the year 1627. Under what circumstances he married, gathered up his worldly goods, and took flight for New-England—then the chosen sanctuary beyond the Atlantic wave to which refugees from the Old World in search of civil and religious freedom repaired—there is nothing to disclose or explain. We hear, however, that prior to 1640 about 4,000 immigrants of this kind landed upon what Mrs. Hemans calls "the wild New-England shore," having made their way thither in exiguous and uncomfortable sailing vessels of the Mayflower type. How many of the pilgrims died of exposure to weather, of hardship, scanty food, and wasting disease there is no extant record to tell. It is certain, however, that for more than a century after the debarkation of the Pilgrim Fathers upon Plymouth Rock their lives and those of their wives and children were constantly exposed to the ruthless attacks of the dreaded red Indian savages, whose homes they had invaded. There is good ground for believing that John Harvard was little fitted to face the hardships and rigorous climate, the exposure and coarse food to which he was doubtless subjected. Mr. Rendle believes that between 1627 and 1635 Harvard lived chiefly at Cambridge, occasionally paying visits to London. On the 1st of August, 1637, the records of Charlestown, in Massachusetts, show that he was admitted a townsman, and on the 2d of November, in the same year, "he took the freeman's oath." On April 26, 1638, John Harvard is appointed "one of a committee to consider a body of laws," and in September, 1638, "he dies of consumption, childless." Half of his little property, which amounted, all told, to about £1,600, he bequeathed for the foundation of that college in Massachusetts whose fame has gone forth into all lands. So long as Harvard University sends such specimens of its erudition and training to Europe as Mr. James Russell Lowell its value will be as much appreciated by Englishmen as by Americans, and the name of its founder will be gratefully remembered in this country.

Remembrances of Aaron Burr.

One of Staten Island's residents, who is interested in the historical relics to be found on the island, has just unearthed some interesting facts about Aaron Burr, who lived on Staten Island for some time. Old records and narratives hitherto unpublished have been found, bearing particularly on the time of Burr's celebrated duel with Hamilton. On the morning of that historic day, it is learned from one of Burr's cousins who arrived at the Vice-President's residence on Richmond Hill at about 8 o'clock, Burr was found engaged in his usual avocations, there being no evidence of excitement or concern in either his manner or conversation, although the duel had already been fought in the earlier hours of the day. The relative left the house at 10 o'clock, not dreaming that anything out of the usual course of events had occurred in Burr's life. As he passed down Broadway an hour or so later, and when near Wall street, a friend accosted him, much excited, and said: "Col. Burr has killed General Hamilton in a duel this morning." The young man denied the story most positively, so completely had he been deceived by Burr's wonderful powers of self-control during the several hours that he had been with him that morning.

A record of Burr's escape at the time from his home on Richmond Hill to Philadelphia has also been obtained. It is learned that at 10 o'clock on the evening of Saturday, July 21, 1804, a few days after Hamilton died, Burr left his residence and entered a barge which was lying at the little wharf back of Richmond Hill, leaving once and for all the great excitement which his deed had caused, because, as he wrote to a friend, "every sort of persecution" was to be exercised against him. "A coroner's jury will sit this evening, being the fourth time," he adds. "The object of this unexampled measure is to obtain an inquest of murder. Upon this a warrant will be issued to apprehend me, and if I should be taken no bail would probably be allowed."

Burr was accompanied on the trip only by his faithful friend Swartwout and a favorite servant. Long past midnight the barge and its distinguished fugitive reached Staten Island and began its voyage up the Kill van Kull to Perth Amboy, N. J. Not twenty houses dotted the shore of the island then, and only one light could be seen from the corner of the island nearest the city, even to Ryers' Ferry, now the populous village of Port Richmond. This light came from a long, single-story stone house known as Van Buskirk's Tavern, standing near the present terminus of Westervelt avenue and the Terrace, at New Brighton. On this night there was being held here a large old-fashioned party, with much music and dancing. The music awoke Burr and his companion, and they listened to it for some time, during which Burr related to his friend how he had planned the capture of several British military posts on Staten Island during the revolution.

At sunrise the party had reached Blazing Star Ferry, now Rossville, on the Staten Island Sound; at 8 o'clock they were passing Bentley's Manor, now Tottenville, and two hours later had landed on the lawn of Commodore Truxton's residence at Perth Amboy. Here Burr remained until Monday, the guest of the Commodore. He then proceeded by fast horses and carriages to Philadelphia. A few days ago the local historian, who is collecting these data, visited the old Truxton mansion, the first house that Burr entered after leaving Richmond Hill in his exile. The house is a brown, two-story brick, old-fashioned but commodius, with a piazza running along the entire front. A handsome lawn surrounds the venerable dwelling, and upon it are two large but decayed willow trees. The house fronts on Raritan bay, and commands a fine view of Staten Island, Sandy Hook, the Highlands, and even the hills of Monmouth. The premises now belong to the Woodruff estate, and are occupied by the family of Mr. Budd.—*N. Y. Mail.*

The President's Ancestors.

The President was born a Jerseyman by chance. He came near being a son of the Old Dominion, the family moving from Portsmouth to New Jersey only a few months before he saw light. Anne Neale, the President's mother, was a Southern girl, descended of an old New England family which settled around Braintree in 1640. The Rev. Richard Cleveland, the President's father, had preached the first year after his ordination [illegible]

oods Beautiful, Prices Moderate.
Diamonds, Watches & Jewelry.
We have just received some VERY CHOICE DIAMONDS (Blue-White), suitable for Earrings or Lace pins. We also have probably the largest assortment beautiful Finger Rings in the city. Bonnet Pins d Scarf Pins in profusion. Large stock of Gold d Silver Watches. Chains and Charms of all nds. New Gold, Silver and Aluminum Opera sses. New Canes and Umbrellas (English Paragon mes). Very fine assortment Sterling Silver for ddings. New French Clocks. Spectacles, Eye sses.

Reference

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Brinkerhoff Family Reunion.

This old and respectable family, so well-known in the Reformed (Dutch) Church, anticipate holding a reunion on the 27th of this month on the old homestead farm at Old Hackensack, N. J., now known as Ridgefield Park.

Joris Derickson Brinkerhoff, from whom all of this name in this country sprang, emigrated from Holland in the year 1638, and settled in Brooklyn, L. I., where he lived until his death in 1661. He was an elder in the First Dutch Church of that city, and he was buried in the old church cemetery, and afterwards removed to Greenwood when the church grounds were built upon.

He left three sons—Derick, Hendrick and Abraham. Derick was killed by the Indians and left no issue. Abraham remained upon Long Island, from whom all the numerous families of that name in Kings and Queens counties have descended. Hendrick settled on the Hackensack river at the above-mentioned place about the year 1685, the deed for the farm dating June 17, 1685, just 200 years ago, and he was the father of all the Bergen and Hudson county families of this name.

Arrangements have been made by the Bergen county families to entertain all of the Brinkerhoffs that can be got together on that occasion. The ladies furnishing refreshments, the gentlemen shelter by way of a large tent spread upon the veritable farm purchased two hundred years ago by our common ancestor. Provision will be made for driving and sailing. Speeches and a grand social time is expected. Relationships will be traced up, historical facts gathered, and a joyous festive occasion is looked for. One feature in connection with this family is the fact, that almost without exception, they are connected with some Christian church, and a large proportion are members of our good old Reformed (Dutch) Church.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

A Family Reunion.

The reunion of the descendants of James Hutchinson, of Mercer county, just held at the old homestead, Hamilton Square, was an interesting event. The house, which is 100 years old, is now in possession of James I. Hutchinson, a grandson of the founder of the family The reunion lasted all day. Among those present were James I. Hutchinson, 89 years of age; Amos Hutchinson, 86 years, and a sister, Mrs. Taylor, who is in her 94th year. This venerable lady was seated in a wagon making flax with an old spinning-wheel which she used when a girl. Many family relics were on exhibition, including a deer gun of the olden time and a tume book a hundred years old, pieces of furniture, lace handkerchiefs, an ancient bridal veil, a mirror brought from France about 150 years ago, an oil painting of Elizabeth Cubberley, who died in 1848, aged 98 years, silhouettes of early members of the family, James Hutchinson's account book, beginning with the year 1782, etc.

The Hunt Family Reunion.

The reunion, commemorative of the 250th anniversary of the settlement of William Hunt in America, was held at Concord, Mass., on Wednesday, the 12th. There was a large attendance, and historical sketches, poems of merit, and music, were features of the gathering. Mr. W. L. G. Hunt, of Boston, presided and addresses were made by John L. Hunt, of Lowell, W. L. G. Hunt, Prof. T. Sterry Hunt, William T. Hunt, of Newark, N. J., and Hon. Samuel P. Hunt, of Cincinnati, formerly of Trenton, N. J.

In his "Historical Sketches of the Town of Swampscott" Mr. Waldo Thompson, of Lynn, states that about 1835 Mr. John M. Ives, of Salem, received two or three marrow squash seeds from a negress whose husband was a cook upon one of the merchant ships, Captain Lord, from Valparaiso. He also obtained the tomato seed in the same manner as "love apple," and after growing them a year or two back of his store he was told by a sea captain that they were eatable, and from that time they were used as food.

The Weeks Family.

Geneology of the family of George Weeks, of Dorchester, Mass., 1635-1650, with some information in regard to other families of the name; especially Thomas, of Huntington, L. I., and Nathanial, of Falmouth and Hardwick, Mass. By Robert D. Weeks." This is a large and handsomely printed octavo volume of 463 pages, of especial interest to the Weeks family, whose history it contains. The industrious author states in his preface that it is the result of investigations and correspondence during the past five years with a view to trace the line of his own ancestry back to the settlement of the country and to collect the history of the descendents of his great-grandfather. In doing this he found traces of other branches of the original family and the plan was enlarged unfil it comprised the entire history of the decendents of George Weeks, one of the early Puritan settlers of Dorchester, in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, who seems to have been the first ancestor in this country. More than 1,100 names of his descendants in the direct line have been found, about half of whom are now living; also about 1,000 names of children whose mothers were Weeks by birth.

The work is methodically arranged with portraits of several members of the family, including the author, Mr. Robert D. Weeks, and his father, Rev. Dr. Wm. R. Weeks, who became pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church in this city in 1832 and was subsequently distinguish as an educator and theologian. His son John R. Weeks also became County Clerk and a manager in some of the financial and political institutions of the city. The book is for sale merely to defray expenses by the author, at $3, $4 and $5, according to the binding. He may be found at the Mutual Benefit Insurance Company or at his residence in East Orange.

BILLINGS FAMILY REUNION.

From the Boston Traveller, Nov. 6.

The members of the Billings family propose to have a reunion in the Town Hall at Quincy, Mass., on Wednesday next. Roger Billings came over from England in 1635, and settled in Dorchester, near Squantum, on what was then known as "Newbery Farm." He died Nov. 15, 1683, and his tombstone can be seen in the old cemetery in Quincy. His descendants are to be found throughout the United States and Canada, and the invitation to attend the reunion is extended not only to the descendants of Roger, but to those of Nathaniel, Richard, William, and others who were his contemporaries in New-England. Mr. Charles Billings, of Ontario, Canada, is preparing a "Billings Genealogy." The meeting will be held, rain or shine, and promises to be quite interesting. The committee consists of John D. Billings, of Cambridgeport; Sanford W. Billings, of Sharon; Mrs. Lucy B. Newton, of Atlantic; Mrs. A. B. Wallace, of Fitchburg; Samuel Billings, of Ottawa, Canada; Luther Houghton, of Cleveland, and William Billings, of Providence.

Mr. Arad Gilbert, who died here recently at 85, was an American by six generations, a direct descendant of Peragrine White, the first white child of English stock born in New England. Major Willard, of block-house memory, was one of his ancestors. One of the original abolitionists, he was deeply interested in the union cause at the breaking out of the civil war, and would have taken up a musket himself had he not been 60 years old, and, at the time, in rather feeble health. His son was in the northern army until the very end of the struggle, being a member of Cogswell's Illinois battery. He died soon after, his constitution having been shattered by the hardships of the field. Nearly every relative of his by blood or marriage took part in the war, several having lost their lives in the service. His wife, Miss May Fowler, daughter of the Rev. Bancroft Fowler, of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, who survives her

Chicago Grain and Provisions.

Death of William A. Aldridge.

Mr. William A. Aldridge, one of the oldest and best known business men in this city, died last night after a long and lingering illness from a complication of diseases, although the immediate cause of death was pneumonia, which set in a day or two ago. Mr. Aldridge was seventy-six years of age. He was born in Wilkshire, England, forty miles from London, July 28, 1810. At the age of nine and a half years he went to London to learn the confectionery trade. He served his time out and in 1832 sailed for America in the packet ship St. James. They had a rough passage and the voyage occupied six weeks. On his arrival in this country he came to Newark and worked for Ives & Hatfield, confectioners, whose store was on Broad street, where John L. Kinsey's drug store now stands. Subsequently Mr. Ives withdrew and Mr. Hatfield took Mr. Aldridge into partnership, the firm being Hatfield & Aldridge. In 1834 Mr. Hatfield retired and Mr. Aldridge assumed the debts of the firm and started in business for himself on Broad street, where West Park street now comes out. In 1848 he removed to his present location, No. 605 Broad street. Mr. Aldridge was a man of sterling integrity, strictly honorable in all his dealings and respected by all who knew him. He had been connected with Trinity Church over forty years, and was a member of Friendship Lodge of Odd Fellows. He leaves six children, two sons and four daughters. His funeral will take place on Thursday.

Mrs. Chapin's Generosity.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Nov. 20.—The will of Mrs. Dorcas Chapin, of this city, has been filed for probate. It bequeaths $25,000 to the Springfield City Hospital on condition that a like sum is subscribed and that the city contribute the present hospital property. The sum of $3,000 is given to the Home for Aged Women in this city, $5,000 to the Unitarian Church at Chicopee and $2,500 each to the Unitarian churches at Rowe, Deerfield and Greenfield, Mass., and at Brattleboro, Vt.

MISS ELAINE GOODALE'S LIFE WORK.

From the Hartford Courant, Jan. 21.

Miss Elaine Goodale, the young woman whose name is to many a household word, has left Gen. Armstrong's school, where she has been teaching negroes and Indians for the past three years, to be a teacher at a day school among the Sioux at the Lower Brulé Agency, Dakota. Miss Goodale is scarcely out of her teens, beautiful, finely educated, refined, intellectual, full of life, and a warm lover of nature. Standing on life's threshold, with a keen appreciation of the pleasures that art, literature, travel, and society have to offer, she has deliberately chosen to devote her life to aid in the solution of the Indian problem. To many she will doubtless seem a sickly sentimentalist and quite likely her friends will be censured for allowing her to sacrifice herself in such a way. But she is something more than a sentimentalist. She has been studying the Indian question with the true philanthropic spirit. She has studied it at Hampton and on the reservation. She believes that education (which means civilization and Christianization as well) is the true and only solution. She also believes that the best educational centre, the place where the greatest results can be secured, is in the day school on the reservation. She has visited the day schools; has seen how little good they accomplish, what difficulties they have to encounter. She was not discouraged. She saw that in many cases the school was a mere adjunct of the agency, used to increase the agent's income by furnishing salaries to members of his family. She saw that in too many cases the teacher was not imbued with the missionary spirit, cared little or nothing about the moral, intellectual, or spiritual welfare of the Indian, and was interested only in making the most possible out of a Government position. When she heard the objection that day schools were of very little use she said, as she said at Mohonk last year, they ought to be made the great civilizing agencies. They should be the true means of getting hold of the parent Indians. They should combine technical instruction with the primary English studies, teaching the girls to cook, wash, iron, and housekeeping generally, and the boys how to make gardens, &c. It is because of her belief in this theory that she has gone among the Sioux at the Lower Brulé Agency to demonstrate to the doubters what a brave Yankee girl can do with an idea.

FATHERS OF NEW-ENGLAND.

MEMORIAL TABLETS TO BE PLACED IN THE OLD BURIAL GROUNDS OF BOSTON.

In compliance with the action by the City Council of Boston, tablets inscribed as given below are to be placed upon Granary, King's Chapel, Copp's Hill, Roxbury, and Dorchester burial grounds:

KING'S CHAPEL BURIAL GROUND.

1630.
Here were buried
GOVERNORS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

John Winthrop, 1649. John Leverett, 1679.
William Shirley, 1771.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNORS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

William Phillips, 1827.
Thomas Lindall Winthrop, 1841.

GOVERNORS OF CONNECTICUT.

John Winthrop, 1676. Fitz-John Winthrop, 1707.

JUDGES OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Wait Still Winthrop, 1717. Adam Winthrop, 1743.
Oliver Wendell, 1818. Thomas Dawes, 1825.

MINISTERS OF BOSTON.

John Cotton, 1652. John Davenport, 1670.
John Oxenbridge, 1674. Thomas Bridge, 1715.

KING'S CHAPEL BURIAL GROUND.

1630.
Here were buried
Jacob Sheafe, 1658. John Winslow, 1674.
Mary Chilton, wife of John Winslow,
a passenger in the Mayflower, 1679.
Major Thomas Savage, 1682.
Lady Andros, 1688.
Captain Roger Clap, 1690. Thomas Brattle, 1713.
Prof. John Winthrop, 1776.
James Lloyd, 1831. Charles Bulfinch, 1844.

GRANARY BURIAL GROUND.

1660.
Within this ground are buried
John Hancock, Samuel Adams,
and
Robert Treat Paine,
Signers of the Declaration of Independence.
Govs. Richard Bellingham, William Drummer,
James Bowdoin, Increase Sumner,
James Sullivan, and Christopher Gore.
Lieut-Gov. Thomas Cushing,
Chief-Justice Samuel Sewall.
Ministers John Baily, Samuel Willard,
Jeremy Belknap, and John Lathrop.

GRANARY BURIAL GROUND.

1660.
Within this ground are buried
Josiah Franklin and wife,
Parents of
Benjamin Franklin,
Peter Faneuil, Paul Revere,
also
The victims of the Boston Massacre,
March 5, 1770,
and
John Phillips,
First Mayor of Boston.

ROXBURY BURIAL GROUND.

Here were buried
GOVERNORS.

Thomas Dudley, 1653. Joseph Dudley, 1720.
Chief-Justice Paul Dudley, 1752. Col. William Dudley, 1743.

MINISTERS.

John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians, 1690.
Thomas Walter, 1725. Nehemiah Walter, 1750,
Oliver Peabody, 1752. Amos Adams, 1775,
Eliphalet Porter, 1833,
and
Benjamin Thompson, Schoolmaster and Physician, 1714.

DORCHESTER BURIAL GROUND.

Here was buried
GOVERNORS.

William Stoughton, 1781. William Taller, 1732.

MINISTERS.

Richard Mather, 1669, Josiah Flint, 1680,
John Danforth, 1730, Jonathan Bowman, 1775,
Thaddeus Mason Harris, 1842,
William Pole, Schoolmaster, 1671,
John Foster, first printer of Boston, 1681,
Isaac Royal, 1739, James Blake, Annalist, 1750,
and Ebenezer Clapp, 1881.

COPP'S HILL BURIAL-GROUND.

1659.
Here were buried
MINISTERS.

Increase Mather, 1723. Cotton Mather, 1728,
Samuel Mather, 1785, Andrew Eliot, 1778,
and
Thomas Lake, David Copp, Nicholas Upshall,
John Clarke, William Hutchinson,
John Philips, Anthony Haywood,
and others of the early inhabitants
of Boston.
On this ground were planted
the British batteries
which destroyed the village of Charlestown
during the battle of Bunker Hill,
June 17, 1775.

A LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR'S EPITAPH.

Lieut.-Gov. Benjamin Carpenter, of Vermont, lies buried at Guilford, that State, on the road leading from Hinesburg to Guilford Centre. The old cemetery, having been neglected, has grown up to a forest. The following epitaph is inscribed on Gov. Carpenter's tombstone:

Sacred to the memory of the
Hon. BENJAMIN CARPENTER, Esq.
Born in Rehoboth, Mass., A. D. 1764.
A public teacher of righteousness,
An able advocate lost for democracy,
And the equal rights of men.
Removed to this town A. D. 1770. Was a field officer in the revolutionary war.
A founder of the first Constitution and Government of Vermont.
A Councilor of Censors in A. D. 1783. A member of the Council and Lieutenant-Governor of the State in A. D. 1779. A firm professor in Christianity in the Baptist Church 50 years.
Left this world and 146 persons of lineal posterity March 29, 1804, aged 78 years 10 months and 12 days, with a strong mind and full faith of a more glorious state hereafter.
Stature about 6 feet, weight 200.
Death had no terror.

THE CARPENTER HOAX.

The History of the Family and the Moneys Waiting for Them.

In conversation to-day with Mr. James Usher, of No. 9 Murray street, who has been investigating the origin of the Carpenter family and trying to bring together the people of that name, he said:—"Among the first of the family to leave England was Samuel Carpenter, of the Pennsylvania branch, who, through the persecutions of the Friends in that country in 1665, during the reign of Charles II., went, with many others, to the Island of Barbadoes. He was born in 1650. He left Barbadoes in 1682 and joined William Penn in Philadelphia, and engaged in foreign commerce. He died in 1714, aged sixty-four years. He was a prominent member of the Friends Society in Philadelphia, a member of the Provincial Assembly, and a member of the Council of State. He spent a great portion of his later years in public service. He died worth a large amount of money and possessed of a considerable amount of real estate in Pennsylvania. Samuel Carpenter had six children, two girls and four boys. Of the Massachusetts branch of the family William Carpenter was the first, and he came to this country in 1638, and lived and died at Weymouth, Mass. He had four children." Mr. Usher then gave some interesting details about the succeeding generations of the family in Rhode Island and Long Island, with the names of the descendants and a list of the moneys that it was alleged were in trust for various members of the family and where they were reported to have been deposited. His research in behalf of the heirs of the Carpenter family have been enormous, and in a pamphlet he has issued he gives an interesting history of the efforts that have been made to discover who the members were, where they belonged and all their antecedents. The claim of the family to the trust in England of £40,000,000 was not entertained by the Lord Chancellor.

A Proprietor of East Jersey.

BOUND BROOK, August 27.—In the obscure graveyard of an old Episcopal Church in this place there was recently found the tomb of Thomas Warne, one of the twenty-four proprietors of East Jersey. The stone tablet is in excellent preservation, and the inscription perfectly legible. It reads thus:—

"Here lies interred the body of Thomas Warne, who was born in Plymouth, in Devonshire, in Great Britain, lived some time in Ireland, and in the thirty-first year of his age came over a proprietor of East Jersey. He died of the dead palsey, May 15th, 172-, aged seventy-two years."

The bones and tablet will be removed by Mr. John W. Herbert, of Monmouth, to the burying ground of the Brick Church. Mr. Herbert is a lineal descendant of Thomas Warne.

THE SMITHS' GALA DAY.

Great Reunion of the Celebrated Family at Peapack, N. J.

SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE EVENING TELEGRAM.

PEAPACK, N. J., August 27.—To-day is the great gala day here. All the country around is pouring toward Peapack, or rather to the fine farm of Peter Z. Smith, just one mile east of Peapack. Since sunrise the air has been thick with the dust raised by moving vehicles, all going in the same direction. They have come from Bernardsville, and from Mendham and from Morristown, and there are even delegations from New York among the number. They have come to take part in the ninth annual reunion of the Smith family, or that portion of the family who are descended from John Smith, a Hollander, who in 1743 built a little log house in the romantic valley where now lives his direct descendant, Peter Z. Smith. There are over two thousand people present, half of whom are Smiths. Everybody brought their lunch baskets with them, and after congratulations they scattered through the woods and ate and made merry. At two o'clock, all gathered around a platform that had been erected for the occasion, and President of the Smith Family Association Isaiah Smith called the meeting to order. He spoke briefly of the occasion and congratulated the big and little, male and female, Smiths on the fact that they were Smiths. Then a local cornet band played several selections, including an original composition called "The Smiths' March." Afterward, the Rev. George W. Scarlett, of Peapeck, was introduced as the orator of the day. He carried his hearers back into the last century and into Holland. Here he found the original John Smith. He brought him down through various trials and tribulations, successes and triumphs, sympathizing with his troubles and lauding his achievements until he located him in half the audience before him. The band played more music, and numerous Smiths arose and told how glad they were for being Smiths and how sorry they felt for the rest of the world who are not Smiths. The day will be treasured up by them, talked of and enjoyed until another August 27 rolls around and another Smith picnic gives them food for gossip for yet another year.

Mr. Garfield's No. 42.

A great deal has been said of the late President's superstitious feeling in regard to the number forty-two, and how he was always figuring out dates, etc., so as to sum up or make up that number. Here is a curious coincidence which perhaps no one has noticed, discovered by an employee of the Paterson Press office:

James A. Garfield was:

Born, Nov.	19
Elected, Nov.	2
Shot, July	2
Died, Sept.	19
	42

It will also be noticed that there are two 19's and two 2's in this series of dates.

1st, Edward Garfield from Wales (I had always heard from my father he was of Welsh ancestry) settled at Watertown, Mass., in 1629, died 1672 aged ninety-seven years. 2d, Gen. Edward Garfield, son of the former. 3d, Capt. Benjamin Garfield. 4th, Lieut. Thomas Garfield, of Weston, Mass. 5th, Solomon Garfield, great-grandfather of James A. Garfield, and Isaac, my great grandfather, were sons of Lieut. Thomas. 6th, Enoch (they had good Scripture names) son of Isaac Garfield, was Capt. Garfield. But, of course, this is only of interest in so far as relates to the history of the one just called from the highest position of earth: Come up higher, your part is well done. How true in his case, and striking seem the words of Holy Writ: "They that honor Me I will honor." He first cast his honors at his mother's feet, now he has gone to lay his crown at the Saviour's.

Reference

Judge Lathrop.

The funeral of this distinguished citizen of New Jersey takes place to-day, and will be attended by a distinguished assemblage such as has been rarely known in this State. The Times gives the following interesting account of Judge Lathrop's ancestry: "His genealogy may be traced in a direct line to the Rev. John Lathrop—or Lothrop, the family name being spelled both ways—an Oxford graduate, who was Vicar of Edgerton, Kent, but who separated from the Church of England and became pastor of the First Independent Church in Southwark, in 1625. The Rev. John Lathrop came to this country in 1634, and, with about forty of his congregation, established a church at Barnstable, Mass. The Bible brought by him from England is now among the archives of the American Bible Society. His descendants, who are very numerous, have intermarried with most of the prominent New England families. One of his grandsons—Captain Thomas Lathrop—volunteered at the outbreak of the Indian war in 1675 to bring in the corn collected at Deerfield. His small force of eighty picked men—"the flowers of Essex County," Bayliss calls them—was attacked by seven hundred or eight hundred Indians, and Captain Lathrop and nearly every one of his band was killed. Isaac Lathrop, another of the family, was the first President of the Old Colony Club of Plymouth, which, in 1769, originated the custom of celebrating the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims. Dr. Daniel Lathrop, of Norwich, a cousin of Judge Lathrop's grandfather, was graduated from Yale in 1733, and completed his medical studies in England. He opened a drug store, which was the first in Connecticut. His business was so large that a single imported invoice of drugs amounted in value to eight thousand pounds sterling. It was in Dr. Lathrop's drug store that Benedict Arnold was an apprentice. In the local histories of Norwich, Plymouth and Barnstable, there is a constant mention for two hundred years of various members of the family as holding public positions, such as Justices, Representatives, Deputies, etc. The family has furnished many ministers—among them Dr. Joseph Lathrop of West Springfield, and Dr. John Lathrop, of Boston. Judge Lathrop's maternal grandmother was a direct descendant of Elder Brewster."

The First American Tanner.

SAID TO BE A MASSACHUSETTS MAN.

[Seth Bryant in Boston Traveller.]

I read with a good deal of pleasure the article upon "The Leather Interest" in the Advertiser's special of April 23d. But I must dissent from some of its statements. It says that it is not improbable that Salem is the original seat of the industry in this country. I consider it would do our forefathers great justice to admit it, as they landed at Plymouth in 1620 and Endicott did not arrive in Salem until 1629 or 1630, and that would give them eight or ten years the start. Perhaps they did not have any cattle the first two or three years, but after that they imported all the cattle they wanted through their joint stock company. In 1628 or 1630 they were doing an importing and exporting business with the West Indies, and had the same advantage as Salem for importing hides. Now as to date of old tanneries. Being an old tanner myself, I went down to Plymouth last Summer to hunt up the name of the first tanner of that place. I was personally acquainted with Solomon Richmond and his son Micah. Now I find in Mr. Davis' history of Plymouth that Micah Richmond came from Weymouth about 1620; and as Solomon Richmond had a son by the same Mr. Davis thinks that is the same old family tannery, and that connects the first Micah with the present time. Solomon Richmond had a brother was a currier in Weymouth Landing in 1818, and sold a great deal of leather that was tanned in Plymouth. Old Deacon Crumby was a tanner in Plymouth at an early date. The next yard was old Mr. Cushman's of Kingston. It must be dated a very few years after the settlement of Plymouth. The next remarkable tanner was Experience Mitchell. He came over in 1623, in the ship Ann, which was the third ship, and he was called one of the forefathers. He lived in Plymouth a while and then moved to Duxbury, and thence to Bridgewater, which was the first interior town settled after Plymouth and the largest town in the commonwealth, being fourteen miles square. It was near the seat of the old King Philip war, in which it bore such a glorious part. He settled at Joppa tannery, where his old bark-stone now is. After him was his son, Ensign Mitchell; after him, Col. Edward Mitchell, and after him his son Cushing. He was a very celebrated tanner, and carried on the business nearly sixty years; he made very excellent leather and carried on an extensive business, in the old-fashioned way of tanning by the halves, and either made it into sole or upper leather, as customers chose. He tanned with oak bark and his leather had a great reputation. He sold in North Bridgewater (now Brockton). Arza Keith and his brother, Micah Faxon, Colonel Southard, the Littlefields, of Stoughton; Colonel Turner, of Randolph; Seth Mann, C. Alden, Seth and Luther Thayer, Ephraim Lincoln, and the Holbrooks, father and son, of Randolph, were well known manufacturers. There were then five or six large curriers in Roxbury. His leather was so popular that he sold to them all. He died in 1820. This firm of Experience Mitchell dates back to 1650; through father and son they carried on the yard 170 years. During all these years the old farmers of Plymouth county came up to Joppa not with their offerings, but to get hides tanned, as bark was plenty there. For one hundred and seventy years the pilgrims around Joppa crossed over the land with dry feet, well shod. Mr. Mitchell's brother, William, settled in Cummington and established the famous Cummington tannery. Gideon Lee & Co. sold the leather in New York. After 1820 the property was bought by Mitchell & Bryant, and they commenced manufacturing shoes for the Spanish and South American trade; they shipped goods to New York by the way of Providence before there was any railroad or steamboats. They shipped through Spofford & Tilson; they had most of the Cuban trade also; made large shipments from Boston to Cuba and St. Domingo, Cape Hayti, and received coffee and sugar in return. They sold large shipments to Chile through Augustus Hemenway. They manufactured for the home trade; their shoes were mostly made by hand and given to be made; the workmen would generally take out 100 pairs at a time to fit and make. They would keep them out from thirty to sixty days. They paid about one-third more for making than it costs now. Mitchell & Bryant established the first exclusively wholesale house in Boston in 1824. They manufactured about 3,000 pairs per week, and carted through what is now Brockton, and Brockton owes her success to those shoemakers who were trained in those surrounding towns having railroad facilities, who, during the Rebellion manufactured nearly 200,000 pairs of sewed shoes for the Union soldiers, and stamped my name on them. As an old shoe manufacturer, I hope the present trade will do everything possible to do export trade. The shoe and leather trade is no longer a pauper industry, and don't want any State aid, and the rank and file ought to have trade. The poor shoe manufacturer ought not to pay a hundred per cent. duty on his salt and sugar.

THE ancient church at Birdbrook, England, which has just been reopened after important restorations, contains a monumental slab bearing this extraordinary record: "Martha Blewitt, of Swan Inn, at Baythorne-end, this parish, buried May 7th, 1681. She was the wife of nine husbands consecutively, but the ninth outlived her." The entry in the register is quaint: "Mary Blewitt, ye wife of nine husbands successively, buried eight of ym, but last of all ye woman dy'd allsoe, and was buried May 7th, 1681." In the margin is written: "This was her funerale sermon text." The same tablet records that "Robert Hogan was the husband of seven wives successively."

A HISTORIC NEW-ENGLAND TOWN.

Correspondence of the Springfield Republican.

SEABROOK, N. H., Monday, Aug. 29.—The old town of Hampton, which once stretched all along this shore from Portsmouth to Salisbury and reached inland to Exeter, has long been parceled out among half a dozen towns, the newest of which, Seabrook, is more than 100 years old—having been incorporated in 1768. One hundred years earlier Seabrook had been one of the nooks in which the Quakers of William Penn's time established themselves, and it was from here that Stephen Hussey, one of the Quakers who founded Nantucket, went forth to settle that island, where he died in 1718 at the age of 88. His father, Christopher Hussey, was one of the first settlers of Hampton, and died here March 10, 1686, at the age of 87; it is from him that the poet Whittier is descended, through Joseph Hussey, a brother of Stephen. The Goves of Seabrook, Quakers and friends of Whittier, are descended from a contemporary of Stephen and Joseph Hussey—Edward Gove, who raised a rebellion in New-Hampshire in 1683, and was sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered for high treason by Richard Waldron, then one of the Province Judges. He was the only man in New-England upon whom that barbarous sentence was passed, and it was never executed, for King Charles II. ordered him to be sent over to England, where, after lying a prisoner in the Tower for months, he was pardoned and sent home to Seabrook, where he died an old man. His release was due in part to the exertions of his neighbor, Nathaniel Weare, of Seabrook, (a great landholder here and grandfather of Meshech Weare, who was the first Governor of New-Hampshire after the Revolution,) who was sent over to England in 1684 by the colonists of New-Hampshire to plead their cause against Cranfield, their tyrannical Governor, before Halifax, Rochester, Godolphin, Guildford, and the other lords of trade. The mission of Weare was successful, although it took him several months to carry his point, with the aid of Sir Josiah Child, whose protégé, William Vaughan, of Portsmouth, was then a leading merchant in New-England and one of the victims of Cranfield's tyranny. The Weare family was for more than 100 years the most powerful in this region, though not among the original settlers, as were Christopher Hussey, Joseph Dow, and Thomas Philbrick. The graves of Nathaniel Weare and his wife Elizabeth are near the old Quaker meeting-house of Seabrook, the land for which was given by Thomas Chase in 1701. Edward Gove, the rebel, is buried somewhere near, but his grave is unknown, as is that of the Rev. John Wheelwright in the adjoining town of Salisbury.

Why Newark Should be Famous.

The Philadelphia Press has found that the manufacturing city of Newark, New Jersey, is or has been the home of a number of literary people; Mrs. E. C. Kinney, whose husband founded the Advertiser; her son, the poet Stedman; Dr. William H. Ward, Editor of the Independent; Marian Harland and Amanda M. Douglas; Ray Palmer, the hymnologist, and the Rev. Dr. Hepworth; Dr. Abraham Coles, author of "The Microcosm," translator of the "Dies Iræ," and an accomplished writer of hymns; William A. Whitehead, the historian of New Jersey; Thomas Dunn English, Edmund Kirke, and John Y. Foster, editor of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper; the late Professor James J. Mapes; his pupil, P. T. Quinn, the pear culturist, and his daugher, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, editor of St. Nicholas. The editor of the Century and the editors of the Critic, it seems, were also at one time residents of the smoky city on the shores of the Passaic.—*N. Y. Critic.*

THE HUGUENOT FATHERS.

FOUNDATIONS LAID BY THE "PURITANS OF FRANCE"—THEIR COLONIES.

Thursday, Oct. 2, in the town of Oxford, Massachusetts, a monument which has been erected by the "Huguenot Memorial Society" of that town, in memory of the Huguenot settlement "at Fort Hill" was dedicated. A letter recently written by Mr. Peter Butler, President of the Oxford society, to Mr. Barton, of the Huguenot Society of America, says: "The old fort we have uncovered, and find the magazine cellar, old fireplace bastion, and some powder in the magazine." This "Fort on the Hill" was built early in 1687 for protection against Indian assaults. The Oxford association has done a laudable work in helping to perpetuate the memory of the past. In more ways than one there is evidence of an increasing interest in the early Huguenot settlers in America. Several books upon the subject are in course of preparation, or soon to be published, and there has been a marked increase in pamphlets devoted to this department of colonial history.

This interesting but unfortunate Huguenot settlement at Oxford, 12 miles south of Worcester, possesses many points of historic value. Letters from La Rochelle as early as 1662 begged permission to settle in the Massachusetts colony, and a second appeal was made two years later. Several friendly New-Englanders of note obtained a grant "eight miles square" in expectation of their coming, and in the Winter of 1686 a number of Huguenot refugees were able, after many hardships, to reach Boston. Their grant, "in the Nipmug country," was in fact nearly 12 miles long and 9 miles wide, including the towns of Oxford, Charlton, and Webster, besides parts of Dudley and Auburn. They occupied a tract of some 12,000 acres of rocky soil, and here they built a fort on Fort Hill, (the same spoken of as recently excavated.) It was 60 by 90 feet in extent, and provided with a blockhouse. They built another fort and a church near the foot of the declivity and established a cemetery. In a common garden laid out near the large fort they planted choice fruit trees and vines. Daniel Boudet was their first minister, and it is upon record that he often preached among the Indians. After the abandonment of Oxford he became Pastor of the Huguenot church at New-Rochelle, N. Y. The wealthiest citizen in the town was Gabriel Bernon, a merchant of La Rochelle, who held some 2,500 acres, and aided in the building of a flour mill, a sawmill, and a "wash leather" mill. The settlement had an inn, built on the "great trail" between Worcester and Woodstock, and one Jean Jeanson was the landlord. Oxford sent its representative to the General Court in 1693. The little community was fairly prosperous when an Indian attack, Aug. 25, 1696, and the slaughter of several persons led the survivors to abandon their homes and retreat to Boston. Some of them afterward returned, and in 1700 eight or ten Huguenot families were living there, ministered to by a French Pastor, M. Labourie. When the Indians caused the second abandonment for a time of Worcester Oxford was again deserted, and its people returned to Boston. Among them were Pierre Canton, Andrew Sigourney, and probably Benjamin Faneuil and John Bowdoin, (Jean Beaudoin.) Their Oxford lands were mostly forfeited and granted to English families, and from the Summer of 1713 the permanent settlement of the town must be dated. These points are chiefly gathered from Mr. Peter Butler Olney's historical address at Oxford, Nov. 19, 1873. Mr. Olney is now the District Attorney of New-York City.

But the Huguenot influence was much greater in the middle and southern colonies than even in New-England. The nature of that influence was well expressed several years ago by Dr. Storrs, who, speaking of "The Early American Spirit," said: "Whenever the history of those who came hither from La Rochelle and the banks of the Garonne is fully written the value and the vigor of the force which they imparted to the early American public life will need no demonstration." And again: "The families of this descent who were early in New-York—some of them as early as 1625—and who were afterward in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Virginia, and South Carolina, brought with them an ancestral influence of education, refinement, and skillful enterprise, as well as of religious fidelity." The "Huguenot Society" of this city, fully organized in May of last year, has for its objects the collection and publication of historical and genealogical material, the promotion of the observance of Huguenot anniversaries, and the perpetuation of the memories of their sixteenth century struggle, their exiles, their martyrdoms, their founding of colonies in many lands. No race has a more precious heritage of faith, strength, and honor than these descendants of the French Protestants of the times of Coligny.

New-York State is Dutch, Puritan, and Huguenot, and, as Bishop Potter has said, "they were all distinguished, but the last more especially, for a lofty and austere morality, for the largest charity, and for the finest manners." In 1670 the Huguenots comprised one-fourth of the population of the city of New-York, and 20 years later 200 Huguenot families were living on the island of Manhattan. This was the second Huguenot settlement in America, that of the ill-fated Ribault colony near Port Royal, S. C., in 1562, being the first. The society will soon publish the registers of the French Church du St. Esprit in this city, registers covering the time between 1686 and 1704. The student of early colonial manners and customs finds everywhere the sprightly influence of these educated Frenchmen, the Bayards, De Peysters, De Lanceys, Gallaudets, Lorillards, Vermilyes, Bowdoins, De la Montagnes, and a host of others. High rank in social circles the Huguenots took. The cultured and beautiful blonde, Judith Bayard, daughter of a Huguenot minister, became wife of Gov. Stuyvesant, and one of the Bayards soon after married the Governor's sister Anna. Anthony De Milt's three daughters were called the best Latin scholars in New-York in 1670. Dominie Drisius, who had arrived in 1652, preached sermons in English, French, and Dutch, so cosmopolite was the little town. Many of the Huguenots joined the Dutch Reformed Church, and this close alliance of creed continued many years. Through the closing years of the seventeenth century, so notable for political difficulties, the pleasant social relations of Dutch and Huguenots continued. Daillè, who is called the Huguenot apostle of America, ardently supported Leisler, and one of his councilors was Abram Gouverneur, a Huguenot of note. At the beginning of the eighteenth century New-York, with its 750 houses, its 4,500 whites and 750 blacks, was well sprinkled with Huguenot homesteads.

But the Huguenot history of New-York has already received such careful attention that further comment is needless. It is to the Southern States, and chiefly in the Carolinas, that historical research has been devoted during the past few years, though much remains to be done. The Rev. Dr. Vedder, Pastor of the "only remaining Huguenot church in the United States," has devoted much time to the study of the Huguenots in the Southern colonies, particularly in South Carolina finds documentary proof that upon the site in Charleston where the Huguenot church now stands three edifices have previously stood since 1681. The story of Coligny's Brazil and Florida colonies has been told in verse and prose, and need not be repeated here. When the first English colonists landed near Port Royal the names of three Frenchmen were in the list, and even before Charleston was founded grants of land were made to Huguenot families. About 50 more families settled in the colony during the first year after the settlement of Charleston. After 1685 the current of immigration began to flow steadily, and four Huguenot settlements were fully organized by 1687 on the Santee, on the Cooper, at St. John's, and in Charleston. Among the leading Huguenots were the Gaillards, Manigaults, Mazycks, Hugers, Gendrons, Ravenels, and Marions.

Mr. John Lawson, an English gentleman, visited the Santee (Huguenot) planters in 1700, and writes that "there are about 70 families seated on this river, who live as decently and happily as any planters in these southward parts of America." He speaks of their toil, their temperate habits, and their hospitality. He also describes their "happy and delightful concord," their "living among themselves as one tribe or kindred."

In 1706 the disabilities under which the French Protestants had labored led them to merge three of their churches into the Episcopal. As late as 1764 a colony of 138 persons arrived and settled New-Bordeaux, in Abbeville County, where their descendants, chiefly Presbyterians, still live. Throughout the Carolinas, as in the upper James River region of Virginia, the Huguenot element was of priceless value. Henry and John Laurens, Col. Peter Horry, Francis Marion, Gabriel Manigault, who loaned the Continental Congress $220,000, these, no less than John Jay and Elias Boudinet, were among the famous Huguenots of the Revolutionary era, and Louis Timothee established the first permanent newspaper in the Carolinas.

The Charleston Church Organization, to which reference has been made, still uses the Confession of Faith adopted by the Reformers of 1559. It used the liturgy of Geneva until 1740, but since then the liturgy of Neufchatel. For many years their psalms were the versions of Clement Marot and Theodore de Bèze. In the present church building are mural tablets to the first Pastor, the Rev. Elias Prioleau, and to past leaders of the Huguenot community—men like the Gourdins, Saussures, and Ravenels.

C. H. S.

Old families in this country will probably sympathize with the Chisholm clan, the recent death of whose chief terminates the male line who have been the chiefs 700 years.

TREASURES IN A MEMORIAL HALL.

Greenfield (Mass.) Letter to the Springfield Republican.

The antiquarians of the county have for many years been gathering Indian relics, with memorials, ancient furniture, and everything having a faint of age about it, and the quaint treasures have been safely stowed away in the Deerfield Memorial Hall, which is consequently becoming more valuable and is visited by large numbers yearly. This treasure house is replete with everything which tends to illustrate the American life of by gone years, and more particularly of the Indian race. It has been left for a woman, however, to cross the seas and transfer into this section a picture of English and Scotch life in all its ancient richness. This has been done in an unostentatious manner by Mrs. G. T. C. Holden, who for years has been earnestly engaged in tracing the lineage of her own family, and incidentally has come into possession of many historical relics which have been so arranged in a large room in the Mansion House as to make the visitor feel that he is walking in the halls of the ancient Kings. Mrs. Holden is a descendant of James Mosman, who was goldsmith to Marys Queen of Scots, and was hanged and quartered in 1589 for defending one of the castles in Scotland. Her people came to this country in 1667, and in searching for the family records Mrs. Holden has found 14 generations. Two heirlooms recently received are of great value. One is an antique clock of the tall-case pattern, supposed to have been made about 1515. This was found by a friend in Holland, and its beauties had been covered for years by a heavy coating of wax. When this was removed it was found to be a beautiful work of art, of inlaid designs upon the face and sides. On the front, in this rich, inlaid work of different woods, is the coat of arms of the Mossman family, with the hand holding a closed book, while only a few years later the insignia was changed so that the hand held an open book, bespeaking education. When the clock was found there was in the back two boards, on which was found painted a portrait of Queen Mary. The painting is on oak, and has two bullet holes and a number of blood stains. In this same room is an oil painting 430 years old, depicting the baptism of Jesus. There are also several chairs curiously wrought, dating back in age more than 200 years; a silver plate of 1630, and scores of relics of Scottish life hundreds of years ago. Here, too, are a bed and bedstead with rich canopy, made by Mrs. Holden, and supposed to exactly represent the bed of Mary, while there is a quaint lounge dating back 150 years. The same room also contains an ecclesiastical antiquity in a well arranged oratory.

A DELIGHTED ANTIQUARIAN.

From the Boston Courier, July 20.

In one of those quaint old historic towns, of which there are so many in Essex County, there stands to-day, and has stood since the early history of our country, a large and stately mansion surrounded by trees, and nearly hid in the midst of spacious grounds laid out with such liberality that they remind one of an English feudal estate. Fortunate are the few admitted to this magazine of souvenirs and curiosities of past generations, for such it really is, yet more to be envied still are they who have ever enjoyed the true, old-fashioned hospitality of its warm-hearted inhabitants. Those who have once passed a night beneath its friendly roof never tire of telling of the beautiful pictures, rare gems, and interesting bric-à-brac they have gazed upon within its walls. Some of these, in whom imagination and entnusiasm are about equally as characteristic, tell of the sights they have seen with such earnestness that even the most incredulous and prosaic are never disturbed by a doubt of the truthfulness of what they have heard. The rarest, and what will doubtless prove the most valuable, of all the treasures in this strange abode has recently been discovered by an enterprising antiquarian who, while a few days ago enjoying the freedom of the house, made a search among the dust and rubbish in the garret and unearthed an antiquated piece of furniture fashioned after the same model the cabinet makers many centuries ago followed in constructing that old chair, whose picture adorns with its rude outline one of the early pages in all the school histories of our country, and in which, the inscription below informs the young student, the old and venerable Gov. Winthrop used to rest his weary limbs. The most mysterious part of the discovery lies in the fact that in the scrollwork on the back of the chair the initials "C. C." stand out distinctly, while on the back there are carved, though hardly legible, on account of the wear and tear of many centuries, the figures "1492." As might naturally be expected, the fortunate discoverer of this relic of the past ages is much excited, and firmly believes he has found a relic of the great explorer, and one made especially to accompany him upon his memorable voyage. Whether he is justified in this belief or not is a question that has not yet been settled by those who are making investigations and are hunting up its history and tracing the peregrinations of the strange object.

Reference

ANDREW JACKSON'S FAMILY BIBLE

INTERESTING EXTRACT FROM THE FAMILY RECORD—THE PLACE OF HIS BIRTH.

Samuel M. Duncan in Lexington (Ky.) Press.

It is a well-known fact to every reader of American history that Gen. Jackson, at the early age of 14 years, was a soldier, with his two brothers, Hugh and Robert, in the Revolutionary war in North and South Carolina. He lost both his brothers. Hugh Jackson, his elder brother, perished at the battle of Stono in 1779, and Robert Jackson of wounds wantonly inflicted by a British officer when a prisoner of war. Andrew himself was taken prisoner, and receiving a severe wound on the arm for refusing to black the boots of Major Coffin, and about the same time taking the smallpox, barely escaped with his life. His father died when he was not quite 2 years old. His mother died when he was only a lad of 14. She died of ship fever on her way from Charleston, where she and four other ladies went to relieve the wants and sufferings of their neighbors confined as prisoners of war on board of a ship in the harbor of Charleston. She was buried by the wayside, but the particular spot where she reposes is unknown. Gen. Jackson, when an old man, was often moved to tears and grief in never knowing where to find the grave of his mother. Thus you will see that he was almost an orphan from his birth. At the close of the Revolutionary War, so auspicious to his country, so disastrous to himself, he stood a solitary being, without father or mother, without sister or brother, without a blood relation or particular friend on earth to guide, or cheer, or counsel him. It is certainly reasonable to believe that he could know but little concerning the family names and the history of his forefathers. He knew that his grandfather was Hugh Jackson, and was a linen draper, living near the Lough, or Lok, of Belfast, in the North of Ireland. He also knew that his mother's maiden name was Hutchinson. In his proclamation to the nullifiers of South Carolina in 1832, he addresses them as "Fellow-citizens of my native State." Parton, the historian, who wrote the life of Jackson 20 years ago, visited the spot upon which he was born. The Waxhaw Church and settlement is in the boundary line of North Carolina four or five miles. He was a native of that State beyond a doubt, and Gen. Jackson himself died in ignorance of the fact that he was born in the boundary of the "Old North State." I will now give to the readers of the *Press* an interesting family record of the forefathers of Gen. Jackson, which I copied in the Fall of 1853 from an old Geneva Bible, printed in 1560, bound in boards covered with parchment, belonging to Richard Hoke, an old mountaineer of Cherokee County, N. C. I had been under the impression for many years that this interesting record was lost. On looking over some old papers last week I found it, and it affords me pleasure in sending to you such an interesting record as can apply to no family but that of the forefathers of Andrew Jackson.

FAMILY RECORD.

Andrew Jackson, only son of John Jackson and Elizabeth McDonald, (his wife,) was born near the parish church of Auchtamuchty, on the 12th of June, 1650, and was married to Mary Crawford, by the Rev. James Walsh, on the 9th of May, 1698.

Names of the children by this marriage: Hugh Jackson, born Dec. 10, 1705, baptized by the Rev. James Walsh the 30th; George Jackson, born Nov. 1, 1707, baptized Nov. 30 by the Rev. David Scott; Thomas Jackson, born Oct. 12, 1709, baptized at the parish church by the Rev. David Scott on the 25th; Rachel Jackson, born May 9, 1711, baptized by the Rev. Mr. Scott on the 29th.

David Jackson, born June 20, 1713, baptized at the parish church of Auchtamuchty by the Rev. John Shands June 30.

Hugh Jackson, eldest son, was united in the bonds of holy wedlock at the parish church of Dundee by the Rev. James Craig to Elizabeth Creath, only daughter of Samuel Creath, on the 12th of October, 1737.

Names of the children of Hugh Jackson and Elizabeth Creath, his wife: Robert Jackson, born Oct. 6, 1731; David Jackson, born May 11, 1733, baptized by the Rev. Robert Barclay 30th; James Jackson, born Feb. 10, 1735; Andrew Jackson, born July 29, 1737, baptized by the Rev. Robert Barclay Aug. 20.

Andrew Jackson, youngest son of Hugh and Elizabeth Creath, was married to Elizabeth Hutchinson, youngest daughter of Charles Hutchinson and Sarah McConnell, by the Rev. John Crawford, at the parish church of Carrickfergus, Feb. 7, 1759.

Names of their children: Hugh Jackson, born Oct. 10, 1762; baptized at the parish church of Antrim, by the Rev. Robert Barclay Oct. 30. Robert Jackson, born Oct. 16, 1765; baptized by the Rev. Joseph Crews Nov. 20. Andrew Jackson, Jr., born 15th of March, 1767; baptized by the Rev. Isaac Keeting, of Charleston.

Elizabeth Hutchinson, the mother of Gen. Jackson, in Scotland, at Kirkpatrick Parish, July 9, 1735. Her mother, according to the record, was Sarah McConnell, who married Charles Hutchinson, who was also a native of Scotland. At what period they settled in the North of Ireland is unknown. It appears that his forefathers were all natives of Scotland. His two brothers, Hugh and Robert, were natives of the North of Ireland. The only marriage recorded is that of Andrew Jackson, youngest son of Hugh Jackson. The deaths recorded were as follows: Andrew Jackson died Nov. 20, 1769; Hugh, eldest son, 1779; Robert died 1781.

In conclusion, I will inform you that when I reached home from Western North Carolina in the Fall of 1858, I wrote to Gov. Allston requesting him to send some member of the Historical Society of South Carolina and buy up this interesting relic. I also wrote to Gov. David S. Reed, of North Carolina, about it, and to the Hon. James C. Dobbin. In their letters, which I now have in my possession, they promised to send away immediately for it. Whether they ever succeeded in getting the book I never learned. All these men are now dead, and I cannot learn anything reliable concerning the family Bible of the Jacksons.

Washington's Marriage.

We learn that J. Sterns, a distinguished artist of New York, and lately from Europe, has been for some days at Arlington House, in this vicinity, engaged in making very beautiful and successful copies from the orginal pictures of Colonel and Mrs. Washington, the one of the date 1772, by Peale, and the other of 1759, by Woolaston, with a view to the painting of a large picture of Washington's marriage, founded upon the relation of the interesting event in the Curtis recollection, and private memoirs of the life and character of Washington. The scene is laid in the ancient parish church of St. Peter, County of New Kent, a colony of Virginia; time, 6th of January, 1759. In the foreground, and near the altar, appears the Rev. Dr. Mossom, the officiating clergyman, in full canonicals; he is about to present the marriage ring. The bridegroom is in a suit of blue and silver, lined with red silk, embroidered waistcoat, small-clothes, gold shoe and knee buckles, dress sword, hair in full powder. The bride in a suit of white satin, rich point lace ruffles, pearl ornaments in her hair, pearl necklace, earrings, and bracelets; white satin high-heeled shoes, with diamond buckles; she is attended by a group of ladies in the gorgeous costume of that ancient period. Near to the bridegroom is a brilliant group comprising the vice-regal Governor of Virginia, several English army and navy officers, then on colonial service, with the very elite of Virginia chivalry of the old regime. The Governor is in a suit of scarlet, embroidered with gold, with bag, wig and sword; the gentlemen in the fashion of the time. But among the most interesting and picturesque of the personages in the various groups is Bishop, the celebrated body servant of Braddock, and then of Washington, with whom he ended his days after a service of more than forty years. This veteran soldier of the wars of George II. forms a perfect study in the picture. His tall, attenuated form and soldierly bearing, as with folded arms and cocked hat in hand, respectfully he has approached the bridal group, gives a touching interest to the whole scene. He is in a scarlet coat, and is booted and spurred, having just dismounted and relinquished the favorite charger of his chief to a groom. Through the large folding doors of the church is seen the old fashioned coach of the bride, drawn by six horses; also the fine English charger bequeathed to Washington by Braddock after the fatal field of Monongahela. From the account of the marriage handed down from those who were present at its celebration, it appears that the bride and her ladies occupied the coach, while the provincial colonel rode his splendid charger, attended by a brilliant cortege of the gay and gallant of the land. Such was Washington's marriage, in 1759.—*Alex. Gazette.*

A GOLDEN WEDDING.

Reminiscences of an Old Family.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lawton, who are at present residing with their daughter, Mrs. Wm. A. Hammer, of this city, recently celebrated their golden wedding at the residence of their son-in-law, Mr. H. A. Deraismes, of El Mora, N. J. The guests, about fifty in number, near relatives, had come from Philadelphia, Pottsville and New York, and were received by the four children and eight grandchildren of the happy couple. The groom is descended from an old New York family. His father, Charles Lawton was well known in business circles many years ago; at one time owned Murray Hill, where the finest avenues of New York city now are. He was a member of the "Order of Cincinnati" through his father, Surgeon William Lawton, of West Point, which honor passed by birth-right to the present Mr. Lawton, and will, through him, descend to his only son, Alfred W. Lawton, of Bergen Point.

The bride was a Miss Nichols, of Philadelphia, granddaughter of General William Augustus Nichols, of Revolutionary fame, who, in the presence of the whole army was decorated with Gen. Washington's own sword and belt "for meritorious and brave conduct," which sword is still in the possession of the family. Her father was Francis B. Nichols, well known some years ago in Wall street, who years before that had entered the navy at the commencement of the war with Great Britain in 1812. He was wounded in the celebrated naval engagement of the Chesapeake and the Shannon, when the heroic Captain Lawrence, a connection of the groom's family, was killed. Her brother, General William Augustus Nichols, a graduate of West Point, was aide-de-camp to General Quitman in all the prominent engagements in the war with Mexico, and, when the war of the Rebellion broke out, he was Assistant-Adjutant-General in Texas; at the time of his death he was a member of Gen. Sheridan's staff.

Mrs. Lawton's uncle, Arthur St. Clair Nichols, was the eldest son of Gen. William A. Nichols, and received his name from his maternal uncle, Gen. St. Clair of the Revolution. He was a great scholar and linguist, and one of the most cultivated and courtly gentleman of his time. He died while filling the office of Consul of the United States in Havana, Cuba.

After viewing the many handsome presents, and enjoying a pleasant evening, the guests departed with the wish that they might meet again to celebrate the diamond wedding of the happy pair, who are still in full vigor and bid fair to see many more anniversaries.

AN ANCIENT MANSION.

From the Boston Commonwealth.

One of the most interesting houses in the vicinity of Boston is that occupied by Peter Butler, Esq., at Quincy, just before the village is entered. It is on the site of the original house built by Edmund Quincy when a grant of land was made to him and William Coddington, in 1636, by the General Assembly. This house was built in 1685, and since then has been occupied by but five families—the Quincy, Alleyne, Black, Greenleaf, and Butler families. The original Quincys occupied this spot, while Samuel Quincy, the Tory Solicitor General, had the site of John Quincy Adams's present residence on Mount Wollaston, and Josiah Quincy took the location at the North. All the territory embraced in these three estates was originally in the 1,400 acres granted by the General Assembly, Coddington, who, with Edmund Quincy, settled on this plantation, not liking the austere requirements of the Puritans, went off to Rhode Island and founded the family of that name that has become famous in that State. The house in question is a fine specimen of the early provincial period, and is filled by the present occupant with much quaint furniture, though a great deal has come to him through his ancestors on both sides of the family. Mr. Butler has a wine cooler and teapot, as well as a miniature and cane, once belonging to Daniel Webster; a wine cooler that was o ce Gov. Gage's; an original Franklin stove; the punch bowl of Gov. Eustis; two chairs that once belonged to Gov. Hutchinson; a chair that was Gov. Bowdoin's, and an infinitude of articles of similar association. In the room where John Hancock wedded Dorothy Quincy, in 1774, the same paper hangings remain on the wall that were placed there then in honor of the nuptials. Another section of the house embraces the study and bedroom of Tutor Flint, of Harvard, a connection of one of the families occupying the premises. But every room is overfilled with old pictures, utensils, autographs, &c. The front door lock is of the ancient square and ponderous workmanship, and numerous hinges, all the paneling, and the heavy timbered rooms, the beams hewn from the log with the adze, indicate the age and primitive workmanship of the first settlers. The estate is still very extensive, and Mr. Butler has surrounded himself in his quiet retreat with more than the usual number of old-time mementos.

THE WINTHROP PAPERS.

Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Vol. viii. Fifth Series. Boston: Published by the Society. 1882.

THE term "Winthrop Papers" applies to a mass of manuscripts collected or preserved by six generations of the Winthrop family in Connecticut, and which, in 1860, came into the possession of Mr. Robert C. Winthrop, President of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The new volume of the Collections is in reality the fourth volume of the Winthrop Papers, and is mainly made up of such letters of the sons and grandsons of the first Governor, John Winthrop, as have not hitherto appeared in print. The editors, Messrs. Charles C. Smith, George Dexter, and Robert C. Winthrop, jr., have furnished the necessary biographical and explanatory notes, and the last-named has borne the expense of printing the work. A portrait of John Winthrop, jr., forms the frontispiece.

It is appositely remarked by the editors, in their preface to the letters, that the writers "may be seen to have been amiable and genial men, good sons, affectionate husbands, devoted fathers and brothers, serviceable friends, not slothful in business, serving the Lord, given to hospitality, addicted to moderate amusement and scientific investigation, while perhaps singularly free from harshness and illiberality of word or deed"; and that their letters to each other were "helpful, straightforward, rarely digressing from the matter in hand, breathing a profound reliance on the will of God, and a spirit of devout resignation in sorrow and adversity." We are not inclined to say that the letters may be considered dull reading. They will come before only a small minority of the reading public, but that small minority will not fail to find in them an abundance of interesting matter. Four John Winthrops appear in the pages of this volume—namely, John Winthrop, the first Governor of Massachusetts; his son, John Winthrop, jr; his grandson of the same name, known as Fitz-John, to distinguish him from his father and grandfather; and his great-grandson, styled by his descendants "John Winthrop, F.R.S.," although John, jr., and Fitz-John were equally entitled to add to their names these honorable initials. Later on there was another John Winthrop, F.R.S., one of Harvard's most illustrious professors, but he comes not within the scope of this work. It is doubful if any other American family can present so many bright examples of what has been called "inherited ability."

The letters of John Winthrop, jr., take up nearly a third of the book. As many as twenty-two had already been printed in the 'Life and Letters of John Winthrop,' and a considerable number of others are to be found in previous volumes of the Collections and Proceedings of the Historical Society. This man was one of the most eminent of New England's worthies. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and in 1631 followed his father to New England, where he became the founder of Ipswich, in Massachusetts, and New London, in Connecticut, and Governor of Connecticut from 1657 to his death in 1676. He practised the healing art extensively and gratuitously, and it is to be found in the 'Magnalia' that he was "furnished with noble medicines, which he most generously and charitably gave away upon all occasions, insomuch that wherever he came, still the diseased flocked about him, as if the healing angel of Bethesda had appeared in the place." It is mentioned that in 1640 he was possessed of a library of more than a thousand volumes. He was the friend and correspondent of many learned men, and his letters dealing with various subjects—philosophy, chemistry, agriculture, astronomy, politics, literature, etc.—are proofs that he was one of the most accomplished scholars of the age.

Letters from other sons of the elder Winthrop—from Henry, who was accidentally drowned July 2, 1630, the day following his arrival in the country; Forth, a graduate of Cambridge University, who also met his death in 1630; Stephen, who came with his father to New England, was Recorder of Boston and a representative, and, returning to England, became a member of one of Cromwell's Parliaments and a colonel in his army; Adam, Deane, and Samuel—occupy about ninety pages of the work. Samuel Winthrop, the youngest of the first Governor's sons who lived to grow up to manhood, was for some time a student at Harvard, although not long enough to take a degree. At the age of eighteen he left the country to seek his fortune abroad, and eventually established himself as a planter in the Antilles. His letters—five to his father and sixteen to his brother John—form an interesting portion of the group, and were written from Teneriffe, Barbadoes, St. Christopher, Fayal, Rotterdam (where he married a Dutch lady), and Antigua. They show us something of his struggles with adversity, and are filled with sentiments of the truest piety. He was a Quaker, and in an account of the sufferings of that sect in Antigua is mentioned as one of four who refused to take the oath of allegiance at the time of the conquest of the island by the French in 1666. The Governor (Clodare) had summoned the English inhabitants toghether and told them they were all prisoners of war and at his mercy; that all who would take an oath of allegiance to the King of France might remain and enjoy their estates but such as refused he would carry away, prisoners of war, to France. The inhabitants generally submitted and took the oath—all but the four Quakers, and they boldly refused, "for that they could not swear, what suffering soever might follow." They would "freely promise not to fight against the King of France, nor for him, nor, indeed, against the King of England, nor for him," for, they said, "we can act no more for the one than the other in matter of war." Their firmness so impressed the Governor that he complimented them for their honesty, said that he was satisfied with their promise, and gave them their liberty. In the account from which we quote, Winthrop heads the list of sturdy Quakers, and appears to have been the spokesman. In 1671 he writes to his brother John:

"I have been much comforted to hear and read of thy tenderness to persecuted Friends in New England, who have taken up the cross and despised the shame, to give their testimony of the light and to reprove that which is evil, to declare against all buildings that are not set upon the rock, and have lost their lives for the testimony of Jesus."

It is recorded in 'New England Judged' that John Winthrop, jr., had labored with the Boston magistrates that they would not put the condemned Quakers to death, saying that he "would beg it of them on his bare knees that they would not do it." In 1672 Samuel recommends to the attentions of his brother "my friend Lewis Morris, who is among men known by the name of Col. Lewis Morris. By his brother Richard he made a considerable settlement at New York, whither he is going shortly (having received news of the death of his brother and his brother's wife) to look after his concerns there. I suppose thou mayest have heard of him (being a person very eminent), though not of his friendship towards me, which he hath in my lowest condition frankly continued, and still doth." Another of Winthrop's friends was George Fox, and the two had a "refreshing season" together in Barbadoes. In a letter to his brother (April 23, 1672), Samuel Winthrop gives a pathetic account of his endeavors to pay an obligation to William Bond, at Boston:

"When Ephraim Child desired me to pay that sixty-four pounds for him, I shipped in Saunders a great quantity of sugar, besides ten tons of lignum vitæ, then a very good commodity, but in both much more than would pay that sum. The said Saunders, as is supposed, foundered in the sea, being to this day unheard of, for aught I know. The second attempt I made in Captain Brookes, loading in his ship a parcel of choice sugar, which fell into De Ruyter's hands and was carried for Holland. A third time I sent sugar from hence to Nevis, to take freight for London."

Against this third shipment he drew bills of exchange in favor of William Bond, but the vessel carrying the bills, "after many weeks beating at sea, returned hither again and brought back said bills." A "fourth assay" to make the payment succeeded no better than the other three, and "once more" he makes a shipment of sugar and molasses, hoping thereby to "end this business." He continues: "Once William Bond wrote to me as if he thought I had forgotten, and sent me an abstract of my several letters to freshen my memory. Truly, brother, it hath proved a debt more dear to me than that I can so easily forget it." In a note introductory to his letters, it is stated that in 1688 he was Deputy Governor of Antigua. In other accounts he is named as the Governor, and it is certain that he was held in high esteem throughout the island. Among his descendants in the female line is Lord Lyons long British Minister at Washington.

"It is the fate of man," says Cotton Mather, in his sermon at the funeral of Fitz-John Winthrop "to be soon forgotten; he appears a very little while, and it is quickly forgotten that he was ever in the world." And then, a little further on, as if desiring to qualify the rule, he declares: "I say of this our Winthrop, he will be ever mentioned for his paternal, and patient, and generous administration of the public affairs. A charge laid upon Fitz-John by his father, that if ever he had an opportunity to do any service for his country, he should do it with the greatest alacrity, he most faithfully fulfilled. He was for eight years the Governor of Connecticut, and for five years the colony's agent in England; he was a major in King Philip's war, and major-general and second in command of the expedition against Canada in 1690. When a young man he went to England, and served in the Parliamentary army with the rank of captain. He died in Boston, November 27, 1707, and was "buried with his fathers" in King's Chapel burying-ground. In view of three John Winthrops "together entombed in the same sleeping-place and sepulchre," his eulogist exclaims: "There is not such another Tomb to be seen in all America. One of the Seven Wonders of the World was a Tomb. This may be esteemed One of the American World." Most of Fitz-John Winthrop's printed letters are from rough drafts, or from copies kept by the writer. Presumably, many of his letters have been lost, for there are lapses of years in the correspondence—years very eventful in the history of the colonies. Those preserved run through a period of forty years—from 1660 to 1700.

Wait Still Winthrop (always mentioned as Wait Winthrop), younger brother of Fitz-John Winthrop, filled high stations in Massachusetts. He was Judge of the Court of Admiralty, Chief Justice of the Superior Court, Major-General of the Colonial Militia, member of the Executive Council, and acted a prominent part in the over-

Reference

throw of Andros. He was one of the judges of the court which tried the Salem witches, and is reported to have been inclined to mercy, but none of his letters written in the year of those trials have been preserved. He died November 7, 1717, and had a funeral which, according to Sewell, cost the State £1,000, owing to the great parade of troops. This volume contains his letters from 1659 to 1699, the most of them being to his brother and largely taken up with family and business affairs. Writing to Sir Henry Ashurst, under date of July 25, 1698, he says:

"The places I have sustained since I have been concerned in the Government have hitherto been very expensive to me; and, indeed, I know no place that will yield a suitable recompense for my attendance on it, unless (as has been done of late and is not yet wholly laid aside) I shall eat up the poor as bread and squeeze them to death by virtue of an office; which is so contrary to my nature and inclinations that I had rather make one of them than mend my condition in that way. . . . I have not spent less than three thousand pounds while I have been concerned here, which I might have saved and added more than so much to it if I had neglected the public, and minded my private occasions; but if I have been any ways instrumental to serve the best interest here and keep this people from that slavery which they were groaning under and have almost forgot already, I am satisfied."

Massachusetts never had a more capable and faithful servant than Wait Winthrop.

John Winthrop, F.R.S., son of Wait Winthrop, graduated at Harvard in 1700. Only one of his letters is here given; but others from his hand, with those of Fitz-John and Wait Winthrop of a date later than 1700, will be printed in a forthcoming volume.

GOV. GEORGE CLINTON.

The Central Figure of Evacuation Day a Century Ago.

THE CLINTONS OF TO-DAY.

The Descendants at Greenbush, N. Y., and Bergen Point, N. J.

INTERESTING HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES.

Considering that Governor George Clinton occupied the central position in official proceedings connected with the reoccupation of this city after its evacuation by the British, it becomes a matter of interest with New Yorkers to be informed as to the domestic relations of this eminent statesman and of his descendants. Although the military arrangements for the evacuation had been carried on in the name of Washington, the city was surrendered to Governor Clinton as the executive head of the State of New York, the commander-in-chief accompanying the Governor in his triumphal entry rather as a friend, conferring a national character upon the occasion, than as the dignitary who superintended the proceedings upon that occasion. Washington was especially sensitive as to his personal dignity when publicly appearing in an official capacity, so much so that when subsequently inaugurated as President he refused to allow any other person, not even the Chief Justice of the United States, to occupy a seat with him in the State carriage during the progress of the procession escorting him for inauguration. Still, upon the day of evacuation the General, in full uniform, rode upon the left side of Clinton, habited in citizen's attire, thus publicly proclaiming the military to be subordinate to the civil authority upon that eventful occasion.

THE STATE'S FOUNDER.

To no other man are the people of this State under deeper and more permanent obligations than George Clinton, its veritable founder. The Declaration of Independence in 1776 proclaimed the revolted colonies to be free and independent States. George Clinton was among the first patriots to put this empty declaration into practical force, and, by dint of his energetic exhortations, a constitutional convention was convoked at Kingston, resulting in the adoption of the Constitution of 1777 and his appointment as Governor of the newly created State, whereby he became executive head of the first Republic legitimately established on this American Continent. By his untiring zeal and energy and judicious exercise of powers, independent of Continental Congressional supervision, Governor Clinton supplied from State resources men and means to carry on the Revolutionary struggle within his domain, culminating in the battle of Bennington (Vermont being then a portion of New York) and the decisive victory over Burgoyne at Saratoga.

GOVERNOR CLINTON'S HOUSE.

Upon Jane street, between Greenwich and Washington streets, in the Ninth ward, formerly known as Greenwich village, still stands the family mansion of Governor Clinton, a large, double, wooden edifice, conserved to the present hour in almost as good a condition, externally, at least, as when occupied by its illustrious owner, nearly a century since. The mansion formerly fronted the river, but was moved to face the north in order to make way for Jane street, a name corrupted from that of Jaynes, the original owner of the mansion and surrounding property, an English merchant, from whom it was purchased by Governor Clinton. In addition to this residence and grounds the Clinton estate embraced a large tract of land adjacent to "The Village," part of which is now covered by the Ganse-voort Market and popularly known as the Old White Fort property, from that section of his estate having been donated by the Governor for the purposes of defence and the erection of a fort, which stood for many years upon a block island, a considerable distance out in the Hudson, but was only demolished when the filling in of the adjacent water lots left it like Castle Garden—high and dry seemingly upon the mainland.

Like his illustrious friend Washington, George Clinton was by profession a land surveyor and his autograph can be found authenticating numerous surveys on file among the Colonial records of this State and of New Jersey. While a resident of Ulster county (which originally embraced an extensive tract of land afterward subdivided into Orange county), settled by his grandfather with emigrants from the North of Ireland, George Clinton married Miss Tappan, a member of that influential Dutch family, whose memory is perpetuated in the name bestowed upon those broad waters of the Hudson River—the Tappan Zee—by the original Knickerbockers.

ORIGIN OF THE ERIE CANAL.

By this lady Governor Clinton had two children, a son and a daughter. The son, a young man of exceeding promise, who officiated as the Governor's secretary and was trained by the father in order that he might be worthy to succeed him in a career of public usefulness, was unfortunately drowned during his earliest manhood. This melancholy loss was in a measure replaced by the Governor's adoption, in his stead, of his nephew, De Witt Clinton, a son of General James Clinton, who subsequently perfected his uncle's prophetic projects for securing a water highway through the State and became New York's most distinguished Governor, immortalized through the completion of the Erie Canal, originally projected by George Clinton and approved by Washington, a fellow surveyor.

Governor Clinton's daughter, Cornelia (after whom Cornelia street in "The Village" was named), espoused one of the most remarkable men of his day and representative of one of the most remarkable families in France—Edmond Charles Genet—and from this union are derived all the descendants of Governor George Clinton alive at the present hour. Genet, or the Citizen Genet, as he was universally styled during Washington's administration, had arrived in this country as the first Minister Plenipotentiary from the French Republic, and almost immediately after landing assumed a very prominent part in American politics—in fact, he may be deemed to have been the virtual founder of the democratic-republican (anti-federalist) party in these United States, through becoming Jefferson's political preceptor. Although summarily recalled, Genet declined the invitation to return to France and became naturalized, in order to play as conspicuous a part in the political development of republicanism in America as Lafayette had done on the acquisition of our independence. With an ancestry running beyond the Crusades, the descendant of a long line of diplomatists, brother of the famous Madame Campan, a devoted friend of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, Adjutant General of the French republican armies, an adherent of the Girondins, and himself a diplomatist of the first class, it is little wonder that the Citizen Genet created a most decided sensation at our republican court.

FASHIONABLE PEARL STREET.

Genet's marriage with Miss Clinton was an event creating extraordinary commotion among the fashionables of this city, for whose accommodation it was solemnized at the Walton Mansion, in Pearl street, the most magnificent residence upon Manhattan island, as the Governor's house in the village was too far distant to be reached by sedan chairs, then the favorite method for conveyance with society ladies. The Genets were an ancient family of Burgundy; still, at the period of the birth of the citizen's grandfather, they appear to have lost most of their domains, inasmuch as that gentleman found it to be incumbent upon him to seek his fortune at the Court of France. There, upon application to the Abbe Genet, a man in high favor, presumptively a relation, the Burgundian discovered the courtier to be ignorant as to his own paternity. Neverth eless, the abbe introduced Genet to the court of the Duchess of Maine, at the palace of Sceaux. Pleased with the young adventurer the Duchess became his patron and presented him to Cardinal Alberoni, Prime Minister to Philip V. of Spain, then her guest, who induced Genet to accompany him on his return to Madrid. He did so, and realizing a large fortune with incredible rapidity the Burgundian returned to France.

GENEALOGICAL.

Chivalrously marrying a Bearnese lady whom her family had arbitrarily placed in a convent when in her third year, the couple were blessed with two sons, the eldest the Citizen Genet's father and the other Genet of Charmoutel, who lived and died a recluse in a hermitage in the forest at Senart. The elder son, educated at the Jesuits' College of Paris, became one of the most distinguished scholars of the day, having carried off the university prize of Paris in his eighteenth year. Falling in love with a dowerless lady, Lize Cardou, and his marriage being opposed by his father, Genet, to escape imprisonment by a *lettre de cachet*, passed into Germany to study international law for four years, and subsequently, to acquire the language resided with the Warden of Dover, in England. Attaining his majority, Genet returned to France, married Mlle. Cardou and applied to the Court for employment. In 1753 the Marechal de Belle Isle gave him a salaried office of six thousand francs annually, while the Duke de Choiseul bestowed upon him numerous lucrative sinecures and a residence in the palace at Versailles. His father's death shortly afterward placed this Genet in a wealthy position and he remained at Court First Auditor of the Treasury until his death, immediately preceding the outbreak of the Revolution, leaving one son and four daughters, all historical celebrities.

MADAME CAMPAN.

Henrietta Genet, the eldest daughter, is bettre known as Mme. Campan, the bosom friend and biographer of Marie Antoinette. Her father, an excellent linguist, had personally instructed her in the English and Italian languages, besides having rendered her an accomplished elocutionist. In addition she was a remarkable vocalist and performer on the piano, harp and guitar. These accomplishments, attracting the attention of the Duchess of Choiseul, Mlle. Genet was attached to the Court as reader to the Princesses of France, Louis XV.'s daughters. Marie Antoinette, at the period of her marriage with the Dauphin, was but fifteen years of age, and Mlle. Genet her senior by two years, consequently a sympathetic friendship united these two young ladies. When, in 1774, the unfortunate Louis XVI. ascended the throne, the Queen accomplished the marriage of M. Campan, her private secretary, with Mlle. Genet, bestowing upon the bride a pension of 5,000 francs, in addition to her creation as First Lady of the Bedchamber. Julia Genet, the second daughter, renowned as the finest musician and handsomest lady at the Court of Versailles, married in her twentieth year M. Pousseau, represented to have been the handsomest man at Court of her own age. He was owner of the Chateau of Beaupian, in which the Citizen Genet took an eternal leave of his mother and family prior to his departure to America, and which was shortly afterward confiscated, M. Pousseau having been guillotined, being denounced as an aristocrat.

HEROIC ADELAIDE.

Adelaide Genet, the third daughter, was, like her sister Campan, an intimate friend of Marie Antoinette, who effected her marriage with M. Angule, commissary general of the army, the Queen presenting the bride with a pension of 7,000 francs and securing for the groom an office yielding a revenue of 100,000 francs. This lady never deserted her benefactress and came to a tragic end through a trivial expression of her gratitude. When Marie Antoinette was arrested and placed at the bar of the National Convention the mob pressed so closely upon fallen majesty that the Queen was robbed of her watch and chain. In her extremity Madame Angule loaned Marie Antoinette twenty-five louis d'or, and subsequently, when the mob attacked the palace at Versailles, she barricaded the doors of the Queen's apartment at the risk of her own life, and held it until Her Majesty secured a safe retreat within the King's chamber. During the continuance of the Reign of Terror this trifling loan of louis d'ors was made the pretext for the denunciation of the entire Genet family and the confisca-

tion of their property. They, however eluded arrest until, betrayed by a renegade noble, Angule perished upon the scaffold, while his wife managed to make her escape and secreted herself in a garret in an obscure part of Paris. One day, however, hearing footsteps upon the stairway, the widowed lady, imagining the approach of Terrorists and to prevent confiscation of her property, leaped through a window and flied upon the pavement. Unfortunately she had deceived herself. Her intended visitors were friends, coming to announce the fall of Robespierre and cessation of imprisonments. The lady left three daughters, for whose sake she has thus committed suicide. Antoinette, godchild of the decapitated monarchs, subsequently married Mons. Garriot, Prefect of Auxerre, at whose house Marshal Ney held his fatal interview with Napoleon, returning from Elba. Eglie became the wife of Michel Ney, and as Princess de la Moskowa, officiated as First Lady of the Household to the Empresses Josephine and Marie Louise, while Adele, married in after years to Gen. de Broc, was the inseparable friend and companion of La Reine Hortense.

DISTINGUISHED PUPILS.

During the Directory and Consulate Madame Campan opened a school at St. Germains, her pupils being her nieces, but as noble ladies emerged from prison cells they hastened to place their children beneath her charge. Her initial patroness was a distant relative through marriage—the widow of General de Beauharnais—who intrusted to her care her niece, afterward Countess de la Valette, and her daughter, Hortense, subsequently Queen of Holland and mother of Napoleon III. After the widow's marriage to General Bonaparte the school received his youngest sister, Pauline, and his step-son, Eugene, afterward Prince and Viceroy of Italy, of whom Madame Campan was appointed guardian. Despite this patronage Madame Campan, during the financial panic of 1795, the depreciation in assignats having brought the price of flour up to fifteen louis d'or per sack of 300 pounds, was upon the point of closing her school when a carriage stopped at her door.

The unexpected visitors were James Monroe, American Minister to France, his wife and their daughter Eliza, whom they desired to be educated by her. A short time after Miss Monroe was joined by five companions, daughters of Mr. Pinckney, United States Minister to Spain. These gentlemen voluntarily stipulated to pay in American coin, hence hard cash reappeared in Mme. Campan's house when not a solitary louis d'or could have been found in the entire town. Under the Empire Mme. Campan, whose intimacy with Josephine was almost equal to that she had enjoyed with Marie Antoinette, refused all honors from the Imperial Court and contented herself with superintendence of the Imperial Institution at Econen, an educational establishment, founded by Napoleon at her suggestion for culture of the daughters of the new nobility. Under her management this academy acquired a European reputation and its suppression, after the Restoration, fell upon her with as much severity as did the execution of Ney, her favorite niece's husband.

PRECOCIOUS EDMOND.

Edmond Charles Genet, Governor Clinton's son-in-law, was educated as an only son with immense care by a father holding high positions at Versailles, which he designed transmitting to his heir as a legacy. Consequently, at the age of seven years, the youth was given two tutors—the one an Italian abbe for instruction in the classics and modern languages of the South; the other a Swede, teaching him the Northern tongues, who subsequently became secretary to Gustavus III. In his twelfth year Genet translated the "Life of Eric XIV." from the Swedish into French, receiving from the King of Sweden a gold medal of honor for so precocious a performance. At sixteen he entered, as a lieutenant, the regiment commanded by the Duke of Leuynes, but shortly afterward went to complete his education to the University of Giesewin, Prussia, where he became intimately acquainted with Frederick the Great. At eighteen Genet was appointed Secretary of Legation at Vienna, but, returning to Versailles with the Ambassador, Baron de Breteuil, he succeeded to the offices previously held by his father, with a revenue of 40,000 francs.

The financial difficulties of the monarchy having commenced, these offices were abolished, Genet retiring upon a pension, to be sent as Secretary of Legation to London during the negotiation of the Peace of 1783, a position precisely similar to the one held by his father twenty years previously. Upon the conclusion of this work Genet was appointed Charge d'Affaires at the Court of St. Petersburg, pausing on his way at Warsaw, where he cultivated friendly relations with Poucatowski, King of Poland, whose son rendered signal service to Napoleon. Lafayette's return from America, diffusing strong republican sentiments among the courtiers at Versailles, Genet united himself with the progressives, and, having sworn allegiance to the constitution, resolved honorably to keep his obligation. At first, well received by Catharine II., Genet soon detected the duplicity of the French royal family through their maintenance of a secret agent operating in opposition to him. Upon arrival of intelligence of the King's imprisonment in 1791, Catharine declined further recognition of Genet, who remained over a year without official intercourse with the Empress or her subjects, when he was finally ordered out of Russia.

MADE UNITED STATES MINISTER.

Upon recommendation of Brissot, supported by Minister Roland and the Girondins, Genet was appointed Minister to the United States, an appointment proving fatal to his friends, as, his instructions having fallen into the hands of the Jacobins, they were all consigned to the guillotine. Upon the fall of the Girondins the Citizen Genet was recalled and a war vessel was despatched to carry him back to France, but he proved too sagacious to fall into the trap, as he would have been beheaded when beyond American jurisdiction, as the frigate carried a guillotine aboard. In fact, Mme. Campan narrates that, while disguised and under denunciation, she came near betraying herself in Paris upon hearing a news vendor cry out, "Arrival and execution of Minister Genet!" It proved, however, to have been one of his secretaries, who had been tempted to return to France in the national vessel.

By his marriage with Governor George Clinton's daughter the Citizen Genet had a son and two daughters, one of the latter being still alive and in remarkably good health for a lady of her advanced years, being somewhere in the vicinity of eighty. She is the widow of General Van Rensselear, a Revolutionary officer, and dwells with an only son at Greenbush, opposite Albany. In her possession is a most valuable and interesting heirloom, a miniature portrait of Marie Antoinette, executed by the unfortunate Queen's order for presentation to Mme. Campan, under whose pillow it was found after that lady's death and transmitted to her American niece. The other daughter married Dr. Getty, a well-known physician and extensive property holder in the city of Hudson, who is still a resident in that place with a family of three sons and a daughter. Cornelia Clinton's son, General Genet, dead some few years since, was a most popular and influential gentleman, at one time a resident of Greenbush and more recently in this city, having been once owner of a portion of the Clinton estate in the Ninth ward. He left a widow, resident at Bergen Point, New Jersey, and sons now living, the elder of whom, formerly an officer in the U. S. Navy, can claim to be regarded as the eldest direct lineal male descendant at present in existence of Governor George Clinton. The name of Clinton will, however, never be borne by one of the eminent statesman's descendants, all of whom must claim descent through his daughters, while the Clintons of to-day are descendants from General James Clinton, the great Governor's brother.

General Stark's Horse.

Writers of American history discribing the battle of Bennington all speak of General Stark having a horse killed under him. The authority for this is a note from General Stark in which he speaks of having lost a horse during the action. The manner in which he lost his horse is set forth in the following old time advertisement taken from a Connecticut newspaper of Colonial days:

TWENTY DOLLARS REWARD.—Stolen from me, the subscriber, in the time of action, the sixteenth of August last, a Brown Mare, five years old; had a star in her forehead. Also a doe-skin seated saddle, blue housing trimmed with white, and a curbed bridle. It is earnestly requested of all committees of safety, and others in authority, to exert themselves to recover said thief and mare, so that he may be brought to justice and the mare brought to me; and the person whoever he be, shall receive the above reward for both, and for the mare alone, one-half that sum. How scandalous, how disgraceful and ignominious must it appear to all friendly and generous souls, to have such sly, artful, designing villains enter into the field of action in order to pillage, pilfer, and plunder from their brethren when engaged in battle!

JOHN STARK, B. D. G.

BENNINGTON, 11th September, 1777.

Thus is corrected histories by Everett, Irving, Spencer and Headley.

Mrs. Margaret Godwin Taylor died at Paterson Saturday at the advanced aged of eighty-seven years. She was the last surviving child of Gen. Abram Godwin, who served in the Revolution as a drummer boy, and subsequently became a Major-General of Militia in New Jersey. He kept for a long time the old Passaic Hotel, or Godwin's Tavern, which had been kept for many years before him by his father prior to the Revolutionary war. Mrs. Taylor retained her faculties to the last, and often related to her family incidents of the Revolutionary days which she had heard from her father. She was an aunt of Mr. Parke Godwin, of New York city.

Thackeray's grandfather was grandson of Dr. Thomas Thackeray, Master of Harrow, who had nineteen children. The size of the family probably prevented its members, as years passed on, from keeping the run of their relatives, and the novelist was amazed and discomfited to discover that, in ridiculing the Public Orator of Cambridge University, he had been abusing his own near kinsman.

An Old Family.

At the old Brakeley homestead, between Phillipsburg and Harmony, there was last week a family gathering of the most interesting character. The Brakeley family is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, in the county of Warren. As early 1636 Baron Mathias Von Brakeley took up all that tract of land lying seuth of the old road leading to Phillipsburg, in Lopatcong township, now owned by various members of the Brakeley family and Dr. Lott. The grant being made by the Colonial Government. The family are the lineal descendants of the grand ducal families, Hesse-Darmastadt. The title of Baron was dropped in 1705, by Mr. George Brakeley. Many members of the family, with their connections, assembled in that old stone part of the house, built 248 years ago, and sat down to a grand old-fashioned farmer's dinner, with much of the modern "et cetera" added thereto. Much amusement was caused by taking the aggregate weight, age and height of the party, with their political and religious preferences. After a feast of good things and a flow of wit and soul, all gathered in the room, in which, as remarked by Dr. John Howell Brakeley, of Bordentown, New Jersey, the family altar was established, as he remembered it, over fifty years ago. After reading the 23d Psalm and a few verses from the 14th chapter of John Rev. Wm. K. Tully, of Jacksonville, Fla., lead the company in a prayer as touching as it was appropriate. A ramble over the old place was indulged in with laughing joyousness by the young, and tearful reminiscences by those grown old. The company separated with many congratulations over the reunion and regrets at the parting—*Belvidere Exchange.*

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

From the Baltimore American, June 20.

Mr. John Malloy has at his house a copy of the verses of the "Star Spangled Banner" which has a romantic history. The verses are printed on white satin and surrounded by the words "Bombardment of Fort McHenry," each letter of which is encircled by stars. At the bottom is printed, "Written by Key during the conflict between Fort McHenry and the British fleet in 1814." The copy, which is neatly framed, belongs to Miss Eleanor Foy. Miss Foy is the granddaughter of the late Peter Foy, who was well known around Fell's Point, and who was an intimate friend of Francis Scott Key. The story as handed down in the family is: Prior to the bombardment of Fort McHenry Key attended St. Patrick's Church, on Broadway, and being attracted by the voice of a Miss Butler, who sang in the choir, he sought her acquaintance. After he had written the verses he had this copy printed as a present for Miss Butler. It not being convenient just at the time for him to deliver the souvenir in person, he gave it to Mr. Foy and requested him to hand it to the young lady. Mr. Foy did so. Mr. Foy was at the time (although unknown to Key) engaged to be married to Miss Butler, and afterward did marry her. The granddaughter of Mr. Foy is satisfied that the story is true. The satin is discolored in places and has several holes in it, which seem to have been made by time. The letters are all distinct. The printing was done by Swain.

A Veteran Drummer.

The last issue of the Boston Leader contains a portrait and biography of Major Daniel Simpson, the oldest drummer in the world, who died at his home in South Boston, July 28, aged ninety-six. His father, Benjamin Simpson, was in the Battle of Bunker Hill, and captured an English soldier. He was of Scotch-Irish ancestry, that has given to this country some of its most powerful men, both in physical stamina and mental ability, and by the maternal side was of the famous Shattucks, of Groton, of Revolutionary history.

The deceased, at the age of nine, played the drum at Washington's funeral in 1799. The sound of the drum stirred his whole being, and roused a martial fire that was not subject to the restraints that age, with its feebleness, places upon all efforts. Only a day or two before his decease, grasping the hand of a family friend, he said: "I could strike the drum yet." He drummed for the New England Guards at their first parade, in 1812, and for fifty consecutive years they marched on their annual parades to the music of his drum, while for

as announced, and then ensued a ramble for positions at the tables, which were quickly filled. Besides those set within the spacious depot tables were arranged upon the verandahs on either side, and upwards of five hundred sat down to dine. When order had been secured the divine blessing was asked by Rev. Herbert W. Coffin, after which the vast assemblage proceeded to consider the bill of fare. This consisted of clam chowder and baked clams, with tea, and coffee, and watermelon for dessert.

After the feast the hall was cleared long enough to remove the tables when the seats were again quickly filled and the after "feast of reason and flow of soul" began.

This was initated by the Secretary, Allen Coffin, Esq., who made a brief address of welcom, and closed by introducing Tristram Coffin, Esq., of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., as the orator of the day, who spoke very nearly as follows:

Mr. President, Kindred and Friends:

When the shadow of the approaching Revolution began to darken over the Colonies, the exposed situation of Nantucket caused many of its inhabitants to emigrate to the main-land. Among them was ABISHAI COFFIN, a descendant, of the fourth generation, from the patriarch TRISTRAM, who selected a home for his young wife and children in the valley of the Hudson. His dread of tide-water, as connected in his mind with the expected British men of war, possibly influenced his choice of a location, for he settled far out among the windings of the hills, beyond the reach, and almost beyond the sound, of their cannon, which soon after awoke the echoes along the river banks. His low, brown house, with long sloping roof, which stood hard by the country road, disappeared long ago, but the little spring near at hand is still as fresh and pure as when he first took up his abode beside it. Some among those of his grandsons who are with us here to-day, remember him well; his stout walking staff, broad-brimmed hat, and pleasant "thee" and "thou," are among their earliest recollections, and they speak with affectionate respect of his sincere nature, his upright life, and excellent standing in the community in which he lived and died. Sixty years have scarcely elapsed since he was laid at rest in the old Nine Partners' grave yard, and already his descendants now living number about two hundred and fifty souls. They are scattered far and wide in many States, from New England to California, and are represented at this gathering by about *one*-twelfth of their entire number.

I trust that you will pardon me, if it seemeth to you unwarranted that I should thus, in my opening remarks, wander aside from the main stream, and pause, even for a few moments, by one of its tributary rivulets. I should have felt that I had been remiss in the performance of a filial duty to the spotless memory of my great-grandsire, if when standing here upon his native heath, and lifting up my voice in the midst of this wilderness of kindred—his and mine alike—I had failed to briefly report what befell him after he left the Island, the good character he reer opening before him, and the cheering prospect of a happy home in a fresh new land, where he could enjoy his life, and the golden memories of by-gone years, unmolested, a strong man could not well have felt otherwise.

A few weeks ago, while journeying toward and along the valley of the Upper Mississippi, I saw everywhere along the route large numbers of lately arrived foreign emigrants. They were always present in force at the pripcipal railway centres and upon most of the westward and northward bonnd trains. You would be glad to grasp each one of them by the hand and bid them God-speed, but the light of long-cherished hope about to be fulfilled already shines in their eyes; their eager faces are turned toward the abounding West; they are self-reliant, asking neither aid nor sympathy, feeling no longer the need of encouragement. But even were it otherwise, how little do they require assistance in the vast, free, productive American of to-day, compared with the emigrants of two hundred and forty years ago! And the fact that those who now come to us in such vast numbers have, with few exceptions, always been obliged to earn their daily bread by severe manual labor, and to practice the most grinding economy, adds largely to the advantages with which they are favored, and which the early pioneers did not enjoy. The latter were generally from the intelligent classes; very many of them were well born and bred, with ample leisure, and accustomed to the luxuries of life. But they exiled themselves from their homes, friends and country, and were content to endure the hardships and privations of a primitive and laborious existence, rather than surrender, or suffer martyrdom for, their religious beliefs or political principles. Such were the men and women who maintained for many years a desperate contest against the most fearful odds, and who achieved a triumph more creditable than the most famous victories that stain with blood the history of nations. In the lexicon of human being composed of such sound and ringing metal, "there is no such word as fail." Were the brawny, illiterate emigrants of the present era, of whom I have spoken, and who are peopling, and prospering upon, the broad grain-growing prairies of the West, obliged to encounter upon their arrival here, obstacles as numerous and difficult, (I say it not to their discredit,) their are not ships enough floating upon all the waters of our planet, to carry them whence they came as rapidly as they would wish to go.

While we cannot easily forget or forgive the obnoxious laws that were tolerated, and the atrocious crimes committed under their sanction, by some of the old colonists, we must recollect that those who thus lastingly disgraced themselves were comparatively few in number; that they lived in a benighted age, and were probably conscientious in what they did. So let us remember them all as bold, sincere, indomitable spirits—as mountain peaks far soaring above the valleys and hills of the ordinary throng, upon whose lofty brows the sunshine of the new dawning of liberty first rested, and caused to germinate foster and spread abroad, the strength, and ambition, the patriotism and persistence, requisite and necessary to settle, subdue, civilize and preserve our great and beloved country.

Bear with me while I speak still fur-

and sincere [illegible] hearted red man whom they found [illegible] in exchange for the dreaded and too often fatal companionship of their white brethren.

Here our patriarch lived for more than twenty years, a prominent citizen, taking an active part in all matters connected with the welfare of the common domain; conducting, with others, successful negotiations with the Indians, parcelling off land among the new comers, commissioned and acting as the first chief magistrate of the island, and occupying other positions of trust and confidence. In 1675 we find him and Matthew Mayhew, Peter Folger and John Gardner, representatives from Nantucket and Martin's Vineyard, before Gov. Andros in New York, in a contested matter relating to the Courts of the two islands, the hearing lasting for three successive days. The New York of that day was composed of a small cluster of buildings near the Battery, and its population numbered less than five hundred souls. The selection of these representatives, their long voyage to and from New York, their conferences, and hearings before the Governor, and his final decision, we may be sure, were regarded as very important matters by the islanders. Could those four worthy patriarchs now revisit the scene of their diplomatic mission of two hundred and six years ago, clad in the quaint costume of those days, and take an afternoon stroll along Broadway, there would no doubt occur a [illegible] would [illegible] autogr[illegible] Andros [illegible] seen at [illegible] at Alba[illegible] ingly w[illegible] sion of [illegible] mon at[illegible] daught[illegible] now g[illegible] influen[illegible] The Ind[illegible] more th[illegible] gradual[illegible] settlem[illegible] creased[illegible] warfare[illegible] is the [illegible] were h[illegible] treated [illegible] The fat[illegible] the ori[illegible] from trials and tribulations but nothing happened to materially disturb the even tenor of their *lives*. It was a little paradise to them all after their trying experiences of former years, and most if not all of them continued to make it their home to the end of their days.

Tristram and Dionis had meantime grown old. Forty years of constant and laborious effort had written deep historic lines upon their aged features; the voices of children were no longer heard around their hearth-stone—the chirp of the cricket had succeeded them—their day was nearly over, their work almost done. We may imagine them upon some quiet autumn afternoon, slowly strolling, arm in arm, along the beach, or over the green knolls surrounding their abode; white clouds are floating silently above their heads across the blue arch of the sky, but they do not see them; the great waves are breaking upon the sand at their feet, but they do not heed their solemn roar; they are gazing far over the tossing waters beyond "the steel-blue rim of the ocean;" their

Price Reduced to $1.00.

The Nantucket Journal.

THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 18, 1881.

☞ Nearly all our local and general news and many advertisements are crowded out this week by our full and lengthy report of the

CLAN COFFIN CELEBRATION.

"This is the day we celebrate." The great event, so long anticipated is at hand. The hosts of the tribe of Tristram are assembled on our island to do him honor. From near and far, even from the uttermost parts of the earth have gathered the scattered clan of Coffin to commemorate the fact that two centuries ago there lived a goodly man and righteous woman who bore the names of Tristram and Dionis Coffin, and from whom all who bear, or claim a kindred to, the name of Coffin trace descent.

The crowded condition of our columns will not admit of attempting a review, however brief, of the movement which has culminated in the present celebration, nor of paying other than a passing tribute to the indefatigable labors of Allen Coffin, Esq., the Secretary of the association, upon whom has principally devolved the labor of carrying forward this great movement since its inception, and to whose executive ability its successful issue is an enduring monument.

The accommodations of our public houses and the hospitality of individuals which seemed taxed to its utmost a week ago has expanded wonderfully in the interim—sufficiently so to afford food and shelter to every one of the hundreds upon hundreds who have since arrived here daily.

Tuesday the first day of the celebration drawned with clouds and wind, and indications of a storm. The former however were soon rifted by the sun, and a tolerably fair day of alternating sunshine and shadows followed. By nine o'clock the exodus from town began in earnest and from that hour until noon and even later the outward trains were literally swarmed with eager humanity.

At half-past one the clan were grouped upon the lawn and photographed by Mr. George H. Gardner, of Boston, who secured an excellent picture.

to its very centre; and to the horrors of a great civil war were added formidable insurrections in colonies, religious intolerance and persecution, feuds between powerful families, and criminal outrages of almost every description. The quiet enjoyment of domestic life, of society, and the holy consolations of religious worship, were almost unknown. The entire kingdom was one hot, bubbling cauldron of human discord and contention.

Our patriarch unquestionably suffered severely from the troublous times in various ways. Among the rest, it is stated that his inheritance was confiscated and his only brother killed. But why, it may be asked, did he abandon his country in the time of its sorest trial? Why did he not buckle on his armor and take part in the fray? At the age of thirty-seven, live men are quite apt to have opinions of their own, and to be willing to fight for them when necessary. In answer to this, it may be said, that with the whole kingdom so thoroughly demoralized; with not a single blue spot in the sky upon which to rest a hope for brighter days; with every breeze laden with alarms, and above all, with fear and dread written upon the faces of the nine women and children who were dependent upon him as their sole protector, it is not surprising that he should have gazed wistfully out over the waters of Plymouth bay to the rolling ocean beyond, and that he should have decided to seek a safer home for his family in the new settlements on its western shore.

Following them on ship-board, we can fancy him the central figure of the group, composed of his wife, mother, two sisters and five children. His satisfaction at his safe embarkation, with his loved ones about him, was doubtless clouded with regret, as he saw his native land which he was destined never again to behold, fading from his sight. It was not a common country he was thus leaving; it was grand old Engiand, and although then torn by partisan strife and bleeding at every pore, it was to him a land of pleasant memories and old and precious associations. For fifteen generations, ever since king Harold's star and standard went down before the speeding arrows and ponderous battle axes of the invading Normans, his ancestors had there flourished and passed away; their annals were a part of the history of the realm, their ashes a portion of its soil; it was the splendid England of long lines of kings and queens, of princes and nobles—the merrie England of legend and song—a glorious little island, guarded from without by wooden walls of its invisible fleet; within, thick with clustering cities and towns, and emblazoned all over with palaces, castles and towers, monasteries, abbeys and cathedrals. It was the fairest and richest land on the globe, teeming even at that far-off day, with the accumulated wealth of a thousand years of civilization.

Such were probably some of the thoughts that passed through his mind as he watched the coast line gradually lessen in the distance and finally disappear. We cannot doubt that at such a time he experienced a realizing sense of all that he had left and lost, and of the great responsibilities that would devolve upon him in uncertain future, and that his heart and mind were pervaded with mingled feelings of sadness and deep anxiety. But a crisis of any kind, which is always demoralizing to the weak, is the opportunity of the strong, and we are fully warranted in believing, from the evidence adduced by his after life, that he felt himself fully equal to the emergency. With

from it by the hand of death. If the correct record of their experiences during those long, long years, including the very prime of their lives, could be given, we should doubtless have throughout all the chapters, a recurrence year after year of the particulars of much hard work done—of the constant necessity for the practice of the most rigid economy and self-denial, of hopes deferred or blasted, and more disheartening than all of the ever-present consciousness that their best years were thus ignobly passing away never to return. To weigh lightly the labor they accomplished, and the trials they endured during that period, would be a grave mistake. Were they here to speak to us themselves, they would doubtless testify that it was by far the most trying portion of their existence, and sometimes their courage almost failed them. Unfortunately for them, they could not then realize, as we now can do, the vital importance of the work they were doing. Could they have done so, it would have been to them the sweetest of consolations.

But few men are blessed (or cursed) with the possession of genius. Old TRISTRAM COFFYN and the other first settlers of this island were not in this respect among those comprising the brilliant minority, or they would probably have made stronger marks than they did upon that age of iron during all those years of contact with it. But the unyielding will power, the stubborn capacity of a Wellington to stand fast and firm, to maintain the position, to "hold the fort" through all manner of attacks and tribulations, until the much needed relief arrives or the victory is won, is a quality frequently far more serviceable than genius itself.

Year after year the surroundings of those hardy, quiet-loving pioneers had been growing more and more unsatisfactory to them, until finally unpleasant annoyance was succeeded by a feeling of insecurity, which soon deepened into one of depression and almost of alarm, and they looked about them anxiously for relief. They decided wisely and none too soon to quit the unhappy colonies and the main-land, and they were fortunate in escaping with the little property they possessed and with the remnants of their lives. From what we know of them, and of the time and region in which they lived, we may with reason draw the conclusions, that from the arduous duties of their daily walk they did not shrink; that the frequent massacres of white inhabitants by hostile Indians, and the oft-recurring depredations of wild beasts, did not discourage them; neither were they disheartened by the prevalent rumors of the rigorous manner in which the newly restored Crown then proposed to deal with its too independent American subjects—but from the unrighteous judgments and persecutions of fanatical judges, magistrates and ministers of the holy Gospel; from exorbitant fines imposed as penalties for deeds of kindness done their fellow men; from the whipping post, the prison, the dragging cart, the stocks, the stake and the gallows, which in that black unnatural night of bigotry and superstition, made life upon the Massachusetts coast a veritable hell upon earth—from these it was that they fled in indignation, in dismay, and well nigh in despair.

Hither they came to this sunny isle of the sea, this neutral land and safe and pleasant spot, to rest their gray-growing heads, to spend the remainder of their days and to die in peace—satisfied with

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the sea, this neutral land and safe and
pleasant spot, to rest their gray-growing
heads, to spend the remainder of their
days and to die in peace—satisfied with

seful years. But
o were with them
the deck of the
The venerable
grave for many
iving, are aged
te places; their
ut into the world
in the battle of
d now as they
other's serious
es that it is not
ealize that they
t. May we not
say in all truthfulness, t this man and
this woman were well w hy of our re-
spect, our pride, and our co nemoration?

Our "Clan is an old on it is true;
there were armored Knight among its
ancient worthies; its old ma houses,
churches, tombs, and portraits e still in
existence; there are English mirals,
barons and squires among its resent
members; we have their coats rms,
and a goodly share of their family ride,
and we attach all proper weight to ese
interesting facts. But the chief glo of
our race is not embodied in them; is
not connected with French or Engl
soil, history or tradition; it lies in th
marked material assistance that our ster-
ling old pioneer Tristram Coffyn, and his
hosts of descendants, have rendered in the
work of developing the resources of
America, and in the prominent part his
posterity is destined to act in the great
drama of human life in the future.

The dear little island still stands! De-
spite the storms of centuries that have
broken upon it, the thunders of foreign
and civil wars around it, and its never-
ending bombardment by the ocean, it yet
maintains its position as the most advanc-
ed and exposed outpost of our country.
For a long period commercial prosperity
smiled upon it; the names of its mer-
chants were known throughout the world;
but that fair day has passed by, perhaps
not to return. Its ships once ploughed
the waves of every sea; long ago the last
of them all came home, never to go forth
again. Its storehouses were closed, its
docks fell to decay, its once thriving cen-
ter became

"An ancient town, a very ancient town,
With rotten wharves, and quiet grassy streets,
And quaint old houses wrinkled in the sun."

No longer do its mothers, wives, and
sweethearts wave from the housetops to
the lessening sails that are carrying their
loved ones from them—no longer do they
sweep the horizon with anxious eyes
watching for their return. How many
thousands of manly spirits, that never
quailed at the post of duty and danger,
have grown depressed as bold Sankaty
Head sank from their sight below the
waste of waters on the outward voyage—
and how their hearts thrilled with new
hope and love as the old familiar headland
loomed once again upon their eager view
when homeward bound! Most of those
who thus went and came in those busy
years, are now peacefully sleeping in the
graveyards of their island-home, and near-
ly all who were wont to bid them a tear-
ful farewell, and to welcome them joyous-
ly back, are resting beside them. A few
of the old captains and mates still live,
true and modest men, preferring deeds
rather than words. Long may their kind-
ly weather-beaten faces be seen along the
streets of their native town! Serious will
be the day for Nantucket upon which she
lays their last survivor beneath the
sward.

But a new era has dawned upon this
old home of our fathers—an era of educa-
tion of culture. Many talented and ac-

following acrostic written by Mrs. Mary F. Allen, of Roxbury:

Tristram and Dionis Coffin, Nantucket.

AN ACROSTIC.

A visit (in imagination) to Portlede Manor.

Towards Devonshire I turn my feet,
Resolved the Ancestral Home to see,
In hopes some kinsman there to meet,
Some scion of our ancient tree.
The hearty welcome there I met
Revived my heart, my strength renewed,
And time shall cease ere I forget
My joy as I the prospect viewed.
As Portledge Place before me stood,
No langnage can my thoughts convey;
Diversified by hill and wood,
Down to the sea it stretched away:
I walked in paths our fathers trod;
O'er verdant fields and flowery meads,
'Neath forest shades I pressed the sod,
I wandered where each pathway leads.
Stately and grand before me rose,
Clan Coffin's old Ancestral Home;
Our Ancestors, in calm repose,
For years have slumbered in the tomb.
Forgotten though their *names* on earth,
In *deeds* their memory still survives;
Nantucket knows their honest worth,
Now meets to eulogize their lives.
Assembled here a cultured crowd,
No slander shall their lives defame.
"The Coffins fractious, noisy, loud,"
Untruthful libel! we proclaim:
Clan Coffin has, through every age,
Kindly and true, and faithful been.
Earnest, and discreet, courageous, sage—
This tribute to their lives we bring.

M. F. ALLEN.

The band then played "My Redeemer,"
a
the next speaker introduced was
Mr
Mary Coffin Johnson of Brooklyn,
who
ead an interesting paper descrip-
tive o
Portledge manor, the home of
the Co
ns in England, and her visit
thither,
o years ago, at the conclusion
of which
the band played "Gospel
Bells."

The Secre
y then read the follow-
ing letter whi
explains itself:

COMMONWEAL
OF MASSACHUSETTS,
Executive D
't., Aug. 11, 1881.

My dear Mr. Coffin

Have delayed an
ering your kind in-
vitation to the Reun
of the Coffin famil-
ly in Nantucket, hopi
I could accept it.
The date, I regret to
y, conflicts with
other engagements whic
I cannot change.
On the 18th opens the
E. Merchants'
and Manufacturers' Fair
which is insti-
tuted in the interest of th
commercial
and industrial interests, and
t the formal
opening of which I have long ago prom-
ised to preside. The governors of the
other New England states have a accept-
ed invitations to be present, and as I re-
ceive some of them on the 17th, and have
extended them courtesies from the Com-
monwealth, I must be here on tha day
also to meet them. It promises to b an
occasion of special importance and inter-
est. But for this I should, both as a ma-
ter of personal regard, and as represent
ing the Commonwealth, which has been
so much honored by the name you cele-
brate, have been only too glad to take a
trip to your historic and beautiful island.
For you will commemorate something
more also than a name—you will com-
memorate the virtues, the services to
country and to literature, and the enter-
prise that are all associated with that
name, and that have been exemplified by
those who bore it.

Accept my most cordial good wishes for
the occasion and please extend to the rep-
resentatives of the Coffin kin who will
gather around the family alter the con-
gratulations and the words of esteem
which I tender them for the Comm
wealth and for myself. I am,

Very respectfully yours
JOHN D. I

of life, or in storm of battle, we th
periance in our own souls the kindl
a quenchless fire—the awakening
instinct of immortality.

We have assembled, on this s
day, to honor by appropriate cere
the memory of our ancestors, T
Coffin and his wife Dionis, early em
from England to this country and t
settlers of this island. We have
from homes widely separated—fr
crowded city, from the quiet and
ness of the country, not as a clan
full meaning of the term for the c
no place in American Society,
descendants of a worthy ancestor
izens of the Republic, owing
ence to the grand ideal upon wh
civilization of this Western hemis
established. We are representat
American civilization.

Our theme leads us back to an
day in the history of England—
1066.—to the field of Hastings,
southern coast, from whose chall
one may behold on the horizon
outline of Ancient Normandy.

On the ridge of Senlec, overloo
sea, were marshalled, on the one
army of Norman invaders, on th
an army of Anglo Saxons. The
forces were descended from a com
cestry—the Northmen, whose p
home was Germany and Scan
From those northern wilds, Heng
Horsa sailed across the German
aid the people of Britain against
and Scots, and in turns to mak
selves masters of the land. Du
centuries that intervened, Britain
come Anglo Saxon and Harold
field of Hasting was the last o
line of soverigns. Of those wh
the kingdom, Alfred is the one il
name that has come down to us

From the time of his death to
tober day in 1066 England had
advance. Its Christianity, graft
outset upon the Druidical stock,
its aggressive and purifying fo
literature, the arts, the rude ci
which Alfred and Dunstan, the
ecclesiastic attempted to introd
gone down before brute force.

Five centuries after the estal
of Saxon rule in England, Rolf,
the seas, sailing up the rivers
beholding fertile fields and pastu
with verdure—a country of to
villages, of people advanced in
and the arts and industries of pea
made himself master of the fair
He was a worshiper of Thor the
er, of Eostre, the goddess of the
whom we pay unthinking tribute
Easter morn with flowers and s
memorative of the rising of Jes
from the grave and responsive t
longing for immortal life.

A century and a half passed
barbarians of the north, under t
forming forces of a superior ci
had become the Normans
Thor lost his worshipers and
once danced around the godd
dawn became devout in their ad
the Virgin and her holy child.
language, with no literat
gave place to the langu
and Latin races and
church of Rome.
ferent
rela

following acrostic written by Mrs. Mary F. Allen, of Roxbury:

Tristram and Dicon Coffin, Nantucket.

AN ACROSTIC.

A visit (in imagination) to Portland's Manor.

Towards Devonshire I turn my feet,
Resolved to visit England's Home to see,
Some scion of our ancient tree.
The hearty welcome there I met
Revived my heart, my strength renewed,
And what could cause me I forget.
My joy as I the prospect viewed,
As Portledge Manor before me stood,
So lengthened was my thoughts course;
Interrested by hill and wood,
Down to the sea it stretched away;
I walked in pathes our fathers trod.
Our vividest feelings were awake,
Our fondest thoughts I present the not,
I wandered where such pathways broke,
Stately and grand before me stood,
The Coffin's ancient Home;
Can Coffin's boast, in olden times,
For years have slumbered in the tomb,
Forgotten though their names on earth,
In Heaven their memory and services;
Nantucket knows their honest worth,
Now meets to eulogize their lives,
A assembled here a multitude moved,
Can Coffin's not their lives decline,
"The Coffins' practices, safety bind,"
Endeared to all that we produce;
Can Coffin live, according to every age,
Can Coffin boast true, and faithful been,
Manly and discreet, courageous, sage—
This tribute to their lives we bring.

M. F. ALLEN.

The band then played "My Redeemer," as the next speaker introduced was Mr. Mary Coffin Johnson of Brooklyn, who had an interesting paper descriptive of Portledge manor, the home of the Coffins in England, and her visit thither two years ago, at the conclusion of which the band played "Gospel Bells."

The Secretary then read the following letter which explains itself:

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,
Executive Dep't., Aug. 11, 1881.

My dear Mr. Coffin:

Have delayed answering your kind invitation to the Reunion of the Coffin family in Nantucket, hoping I could accept it. The date, I regret to say, conflicts with other engagements which I cannot change. On the 16th opens the S. E. Merchants' and Manufacturers' Fair, which is instituted in the interest of the commercial and industrial interests, and at the formal opening of which I have long ago promised to preside. The governors of the other New England states have also accepted invitations to be present, and as I receive some of them on the 17th, and have extended them courtesies from the Commonwealth, I must be here on that day also to meet them. It promises to be an occasion of special importance and interest. But for this I should, both as a matter of personal regard, and as representing the Commonwealth, which has been so much honored, by the same you celebrate, have been only too glad to take a trip to your historic and beautiful island. For you will commemorate something more also than a name—you will commemorate the virtues, the services to country and to literature, and the enterprise that are all associated with that name, and that have been exemplified by those who bore it.

Accept my most cordial good wishes for the occasion and please extend to the representatives of the Coffin kin who will gather around the family alter the congratulations and the words of esteem which I tender them for the Commonwealth and for myself. I am,

Very respectfully yours,
JOHN D. LONG.

The Secretary then read the following letter from Charles F. Brown, Esq., of San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 8th.

Mr. President, Officers and Kinsmen of the Tristram Coffin Re-union Association,

I fully anticipated the great pleasure of attending this convocation of the "Coffyn Clan," but circumstances beyond my control prevent my being with you, and I therefore present this as my excuse for absence.

I need not add how deeply I regret this, as well as the opportunity for the performance of an act of filial devotion which is patent to those of my townsmen who have known me from my boyhood, but I will not trespass upon your patience by dwelling upon it, but will content myself with the remembrance, that "distance lends enchantment to the view" and of each other's faces, when fate forbids us to look into them.

Enclosed please find P. O. Money Order for $25, as a contribution to the object proposed, which may be extended if convenience, and the necessity of so doing is required, by the finally determined expression of the manner of perpetuating the memory of our illustrious ancestors.

We should not let their names go out of our memories, nor cease to speak of them with fond affection to each other, remembering their good actions and intentions, lest we should in our turn, when we have been dead a little while, be forgotten and unspoken of.

Out of the dust and ashes of the past, memory, and these ceremonies will recall to us the names of those we desire to hallow and sanctify, and that nothing has continuance, and endures, save the effects of that wisdom, which employs the period of life in faithful and holy duties, which begets a peaceable conscience, for they make us live beyond our funeral.

It is only in association with his fellows that man is enabled to develop the great mission of his existence. Alone, solitary, unaided, he is weak and helpless, even in the very thought of doing good; the records of history show not one great event in the results of life, which was ever accomplished outside of the system of association, whether men are intent on virtuous, or on evil designs.

There are men in this worln, who devote themselves and their fortunes to justice, to truth, to charity and good works, and these men, Providence keeps up in unbroken succession.

It is eminently true, that whatever in the World's History has been the object to be gained, whatever was the design men meant to carry out, if the mission on which they have set forth ever was accomplished, it was simply because, the men arriving at this object, or moved by this design, or laboring in this mission, have labored together, working with one mind and one accord, and thus invigorating with

of life, or in storm of battle, we there experience in our own souls the kindling of a quenchless fire—the awakening of the instinct of immortality.

We have assembled, on this summer day, to honor by appropriate ceremonies the memory of our ancestors, Tristram Coffin and his wife Dionis, early emigrants from England to this country and the first settlers of this island. We have come from homes widely separated—from the crowded city, from the quiet and greenness of the country, not as a clan—in the full meaning of the term for the clan has no place in American Society, but as descendants of a worthy ancestor, as citizens of the Republic, owing allegiance to the grand ideal upon which the civilization of this Western hemisphere is established. We are representatives of American civilization.

Our theme leads us back to an eventful time in the history of England—Oct. 14, 1066,—to the field of Hastings, on the southern coast, from whose chalky cliffs, one may behold on the horizon the dim outline of Ancient Normandy.

On the ridge of Senlac, overlooking the sea, were marshalled, on the one side an army of Norman invaders, on the other an army of Anglo Saxons. The hostile forces were descended from a common ancestry—the Northmen, whose primitive home was Germany and Scandinavia. From those northern wilds, Hengest and Horsa sailed across the German ocean to aid the people of Britain against the Picts and Scots, and in turns to make themselves masters of the land. During the centuries that intervened, Britain had become Anglo Saxon and Harold on the field of Hastling was the last of a long line of sovereigns. Of those who ruled the kingdom, Alfred is the one illustrious name that has come down to us.

From the time of his death to that October day in 1066 England had made no advance. Its Christianity, grafted at the outset upon the Druidical stock, had lost its aggressive and purifying force. The literature, the arts, the rude civilization which Alfred and Dunstan, the austere ecclesiastic attempted to introduce, had gone down before brute force.

Five centuries after the establishment of Saxon rule in England, Rolf, pirate of the seas, sailing up the rivers of France beholding fertile fields and pastures green with verdure—a country of towns and villages, of people advanced in literature and the arts and industries of peaceful life, made himself master of the fair domain. He was a worshiper of Thor the thunderer, of Eostre, the goddess of the dawn, to whom we pay unthinking tribute on every Easter morn with flowers and song, commemorative of the rising of Jesus Christ from the grave and responsive to our own longing for immortal life.

A century and a half passed and the barbarians of the north, under the transforming forces of a superior civilization, had become the Normans of France. They lost his worshipers and they who once danced around the goddess of the dawn became devout in their adoration of the Virgin and her holy child. The Ma[illegible] language, with no literat[illegible] gave place to the lang[illegible] and Latin races and [illegible] church of Rome.

[illegible] as revolutionary. Parliament interdicted it, and the pamphlet was burned by the executioner might [illegible] page into the flame, but [illegible] kindled that can consume.

While the hangman was endeavoring to exterminate the rank [illegible] Robert Brown of London, from a study of the New Testament, assumed that he had the right to preach [illegible] men, irrespective of [illegible] exercised by priest, bishop [illegible] he was compelled to flee [illegible] the country. A little later Richard [illegible] and John Robinson, also from studying the New Testament, had the [illegible] to assert their own individual rights [illegible] to such men in things spiritual, and be their ministra[illegible] tions in the old manor [illegible] use at Scrooby, with William Bradford and William Brewster as members [illegible] and William [illegible] —the exercise of the [illegible] The congregation their flight to Holland [illegible] suffering. and we behold them [illegible] Ten years pass [illegible] on the South [illegible] day in August [illegible] essel riding at [illegible] 1620 upon the little [illegible] or, on the South anchor in Plymouth har[illegible] ing their politcoast of England, [illegible] of John Carver local rights in the [illegible] ad granted them as governor. The [illegible] n such an act, no authority to [illegible] a *natural right*, They have assumed [illegible] are order there They know that to [illegible] begin a state, must be authority. [illegible] re-establish the make themselves [illegible] power. From law making, law exe[illegible] hour, men have the advent of sin [illegible] invested in the recognized the auth[illegible] olies, or the heads of tribal [illegible] gs, but this is authority exercised [illegible] l ideas, on the government, based [illegible] cle never beequality of man, [illegible] hirs. fore witnessed in [illegible]

It is but a walk of [illegible] three hours amid green fields [illegible] mouth to the old parish of Brix[illegible] e, during those summer days of [illegible] a lad fifteen years of age Th[illegible] n, who, beyondquestion born [illegible] ly Flower and the company of s[illegible] board bound for America; and [illegible] ly, from some commanding hill [illegible] the little two masted vessel, [illegible] hoop, anchored off the shore.

This [illegible] of their departure from [illegible] tion,—the unputting into [illegible] edwell,—the second depart[illegible] repairs,—the ing a leak sa[illegible] edwell springPlymouth. [illegible] putting into

Possibly, [illegible] con, beholds the transfer [illegible] agers of the Speedwell [illegible] lower, & on September [illegible] lay Flower spread her [illegible] aving breeze and fade [illegible] o the western horizon, [illegible] wlate to the western waters.

Those [illegible] er were ydetts of a [illegible] n a bleak November [illegible] dheir names to a solemn [illegible] gazing themselves into [illegible] oic. It was

[illegible] its inception [illegible] ride from [illegible] s twenty[illegible] y in 1628 [illegible] hn Endibringing [illegible] ulled from [illegible]. During [illegible] his father. [illegible] other con[illegible] to Eng[illegible] but when [illegible] culminat[illegible] him cast[illegible] establish[illegible] world. [illegible] his family, [illegible] American [illegible] ed his de[illegible] the histo[illegible]. Charles [illegible] members [illegible] Then came [illegible] ginning of [illegible]

[illegible] ats on the [illegible] Tristram [illegible] river and [illegible] of him at [illegible] ssing the [illegible] o the set[illegible] is keeping [illegible] rossing be[illegible] where his [illegible] court for [illegible] for beer, [illegible] e price at [illegible] bushels of [illegible] st mother [illegible] oushels per [illegible] ertinually [illegible] That she [illegible] no quee[illegible]

[illegible] uddling at [illegible] w-nibbling [illegible] emigrants [illegible] If there [illegible] t in exile [illegible] y orderly. [illegible] They were [illegible] owed al[illegible] es but to [illegible] o the last [illegible] l conceptbem what [illegible]

[illegible] nimonthly [illegible] ver could [illegible] citizen of [illegible] e. France [illegible] ride diffi[illegible] the old [illegible] e is not [illegible] tention they [illegible] ment [illegible] ns Chur[illegible]

verdant slopes of Bunker hill, was a thought. In that one valley primogeniture, entail, hereditary privilege, kingly prerogative, church and state, old-time ideas descending from feudalism, all went down before the exalted citizenship of this western world. That battle so widened the breath between king and people that time never again could close it, and the republic of the present hour became a possibility. In the victory at Bennington, amid the green hills of Vermont, it became a certainty. Eighty six years rolled away and out of the smoke, the flame and carnage of Gettysburg, four millions of slaves became free citizens of the republic.

At Appomattox it was written that henceforth this nation shall be one and indivisible—a government of the people forever. With that transaction America became the teacher of the nations and the flag of our country the emblem of the world's best hope.

It remains for me to speak of the power and destiny of American citizenship.

In the enjoyment of political freedom, the American citizen is far in advance of every other country. When we survey the resources at his command,—the extent of the continent,the Atlantic laving its eastern,the Pacific its western shores;—its mountain ranges filled with coal and iron, silver and gold;—its capacity for feeding the whole human race from its measureless wheatfields, corn lands and verdant pastures;—its capability of furnishing clothing to every human being from its cotton producing area; when we think of its great lakes and mighty rivers, bearing the products of its valley to the sea; when we contemplate its varied clime, its multitudinous products, its situation midway between Europe and Asia, we cannot resist the conviction that God reserved this land till the human race in its march down the ages, triumphing over injustice and wrong, securing political and intellectual freedom, should here attain its highest development. The citizen of America, far beyond the citizen of any other land recognizes the truth that life is more than meat and the body more than raiment. In no other country has man, as an intellectual and moral being, been held at so high a value as in this Republic. It is this recoguition of the worth of human beings that arches all the future with radient light. American civilization recognizes th right of every man to make the most of himself and regards it the duty of society to wield all posible power in his behalf. Here, the common school established by the Puritans, the high school, the college, the university, the liberal arts, special instruction in every department of knowledge, public libraries free to rich and poor, are the institutions that give regal power and lease of life. Education for all is the ideal of the nation, that the poor boy and the son of the rich man may stand side by side in the outset of the race. The chances are in favor of him who has no shoes on his upon his feet! One such lad, conning his spelling book in a Kentucky log cabin became the great leader of the Republic in the mightiest civil war recorded in the annals of history. Wherever human speech is uttered men speak of Abraham Lincoln with reverence and gratitude. Still another barefoot boy, under a mothers godly guidance, escaping the perils of the tow path, thirsting for knowledge, awakening to the possibilities that lay before him, became the ruler of the nation. When the bullet of the assasins strikes him down, all the world feels the blow. Never, as at this moment, was there such a universal heart beat for any member of the human family as for James A. Garfield, not because he has risen from the lowly walks of life to be the President of the Republic,—for other men of like humble birth have become rulers of great nations—but because this Republic above all other governments represents the victories, the progress of the race toward ultimate well being.

"Through all disguise, form, place or name,
Beneath the flaunting robe of sin,
Through poverty and squalid shame
Looks only on the man within:

On man as man, retaining yet,—
How e'er debased, and soiled, and dim,
The crown upon his forhead set
The immortal gift of God to him."

Not till the carpenter of Nazareth made his appearance in this world did man have any special value. Wise men had speculated on the problem of existence, but Socrates and Plato failed to satisfy the soul upon the transcendant theme—how we came—why we are here, whither we are going, or what we are worth. When William Bradford and William Brewster tore up by the roots all the dear old things, home, friends and things most loved, they turned to the Bible alone for comfort and consolation. It was the star of Bethlehem that lighted their way across the Atlantic and went before them to the place where the young child of the Republic lay in its wilderness manger!

Pilgrims and Puritan, alike, laid the foundation of their body politic on the worth of man as an individual for this life and the life eternal. They builded better than they knew, and so does every man who builds for truth, justice and liberty. It is Gods philosophy—his way of doing things that transforms seeming present evil into future good.

In 1620 there were two transplantings to this continent—one from the soil of England to Plymouth Rock, the other from Africa to the banks of the James. The sixteen slaves brought by the Dutch shipmaster have become four million citizens of the Republic. For what purpose? Philosophy and religion alike assure us that we and they and all things exist for some end. Up through the blood stained centuries the nations of Europe and this Republic have fought their way to the present hour, till man, as man, irrespective of race or lineage, stands upon this continent in the enjoyment of all the rights God has given him to make the most of himself for time and eternity. Possibly we may not see that the two hundred and sixty years of progress on this continent

Third, this [illegible] ne independence of character was [illegible] rld out in his religious convic[illegible]. He was evidently opposed to an [illegible] ored religion, whether it was the N[illegible]al Church of England, or the Ca[illegible]cratic one in America. Having escaped [illegible] from laws regulating the conscience and dictating the religious duty of men in the mother country, he was not the man to refuse shelter to a Quaker, or to lend his countenance in any way to the execution of men and women who were honestly engaged in promulgating their religious views and preaching the Gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, as they understood it, simply endeavoring, like the great apostle, "to persuade men."

There was an early recognition of the position of women, and we find Mary Starbuck, a daughter of Tristram Coffin, and an early period greatly respected for her wisdom and judgment, and sought as a counsellor, occupying a position of great usefulness and universally respected in the Island. It was during this period that several Ministers of the Society of Friends visited at different times, the Island.

The children of Mary Starbuck, especially, who are spoken of as "all disciplined in the truth." A meeting was established in the house of Nathaniel Starbuck, Sen., and Mary, his wife, once a week, "to wait on the Lord, with all who were convinced of the truth in the neighborhood and on the Island." Mary Starbuck and her son Nathaniel, both became ministers in this little church, which soon grew, until a meeting house and the first organized religious society, comprised of white people, was formed on the Island.

Many of the descendants of Tristram Coffin were amongst these early Friends, and the church thus formed continued to grow and prosper until a very large proportion of the inhabitants are of the people called Quakers, and principled against bearing arms on any occasion.

Some have been foremost in the Anti-Slavery movement, which finally resulted in the destruction of slavery. The family and church which produced a Lucretia Mott and a Levi Coffin, have reason to feel that they had much to do with the eradication of the sin of slavery. Some of those descendants, with characteristic energy of the race, have been leaders in all movements calculated to elevate and improve their fellowmen, and have left their imprint in the communities [illegible] which they have lived. Some have made learned, conscientious Judges; some have filled posts of honor and usefulness in civil life; many have been valuable private citizens, and done much to develop the industrial and commercial prosperity of the land, and at the same time acquired a competence for themselves. How much of all this is due to the sound training which the religious views of their forefathers have caused, we may not be able to tell; but it is very certain that all over our land the Coffins have illustrated the effect of inherited traits of character and shown the value of the heritage of their fathers.

Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford, of Jersey City, N. Y., [illegible] poetical and spiritual [illegible] poetry.

Clan Coffin Pledged to "Sweet Reasonableness" of Speech and Deed.

BY REV. PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

Once, in the years that sped so long ago,
We scarce recall their dawning or their prime,
And hardly note the century's decay,
There came to this fair isle a holy time.

O'er the wide waters fell a sacred calm;
In the fair heavens the clouds were few and far,
Our island lakes reflected heaven's blue,
And human hearts beheld fair Bethlehem's star.

Then Mary came, to truth she, reverent, bowed,
Beneath the wave was buried in Christ's dear name,
The symbol of her death to sin, and rise
To that new life which won her holy fame.

Henceforth a judge, a teacher and a guide,
Her word was law for it was wisdom too,
Her deeds were [illegible] they were Christian love,
While to the spirit [illegible] erance she was true.

What wonder that when God his chosen sent
To preach the Gospel with the Spirit's power,
She lent her aid and woman's place she took
As Christian teacher in that early hour!

'Twas Mary Coffin who was summoned thus;—
(Called Mary Starbuck in the after time)
But as we honor her to-day we think
Of that dear name she bore in girlhood's prime.

The sire and mother whom we hold to-day
In loving honor, watched her budding youth,
And they bequeath to her, we cannot doubt,
Their honest frankness and their love of truth.

Led by the spirit she could also lead,
Taught by "Best Wisdom," she could also teach,
And on her lips the law of kindness dwelt,
Which gave the honeyed sweetness of her speech.

Years rolled away and to the Coffin clan
Another comer, born on this inland fair,
Another bowed to Truth's most welcome sway
And bore the banner of that truth afar.

Her name, which once the Roman Matron bore,—
Symbolical to-day of moral worth,
Is also symbol of a power and force
Reflecting honor on her place of birth.

We think of her, amid the radiant host,
Of those whose sweet names shall never fade,
Whose memory was ever, and explore
That she descended from our Common Head.

Clan Coffin's members who are here to-day,
Hold in deep reverence such long honored name,
And blend with thought of Tristram's daughter wise,
The true glory of Lucretia's fame.

Clan Coffin then stands pledged to fearless speech,
Wherein the truth with diamond brightness glows,
Pledged to defend the right, and plead the cause
Of all whom foes of righteousness oppose.

And, as the billows break upon our shore,
And while the inland echoes that we love,
So shall glad memories of this happy time
Awake the song of praise to God above.

In future days the Tree shall find a friend
In every son and daughter of her pair
Who pledged their troth [illegible] hundred years ago,
And unto [illegible] ever fare.

God bless the clan, and make it wise to see
The path of duty [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible] Very cracked our island—found as grit will
[illegible] Who'ere are sheltered by o'erarching trees
[illegible] Yielding some harvest to arousèd toil—
[illegible] But a rich monogamous—the eye to please.
[illegible] So Tristram's king-bird, ere he found his mate,
From Nantucket's to Monomoy's longest point,
Over hill and dale, cast by the misty mist
Of his bestowed upon their dwelling serpent—
The sound of plants whispering in aromatic [illegible]

No Silver land—not Persia's vales and bowers,
Whose rare-sent flowers scent every zone,
Emphasize more sacred force—sweeter flowers
Than in our open pastures—as Nature sings
Her songs of love to wife and children dear.
No alpine mountains rise to rest the view
Upon the air—no rare forests dense and graceful—
From prospects fair are spread the island through,
From headlands at the south to white cliffs of Cautico.

Who wanders o'er our breezy hills will see
As compared escapes opened from above to shore—
Certainty's author glories and thankings;
Whose heritage light gleams for the writers o'er.
Each height of ground [illegible] Nantucketty—
The land and sea but harmony with mind finds;
What wonderful this of spirit-growth are yet!
How to be read the mind to lofty deeds arouse.
Through [illegible] with Nature's [illegible] hold high is [illegible] honorous.

Romantic pictures of the olden dates,
When [illegible] fields were fallow bearing grounds,
Rise in imagination's golden haze—
Weaved web, Freedom, with her [illegible]
Of ingenuity like a mirror true,
Reflected far in deep unspoiled light—
As to the [illegible] to-day [illegible]
And passed stood all Old Ocean's sparkling blue.

Thick clustering stand these grassy mounds and plains
Where for the gathered clan we pitch our tent,
Are relics of old time—ocean [illegible]
Where [illegible] long dew-wet
From Tristram Coffin—generation agone
When other men nourished down this fragrant sod,
When other hands gathered [illegible] corn,
Right generations since alone these paths they tread,
Leaving their children free to serve their faith
of God.

Cousins and friends who come from far and near
To mingle with this festive scene to-day,
Tribes welcome to our sea-girt home we offer,
Its [illegible] the grave and gay.
Long absent friends and kindred glad will meet.
'Ere evening's shades encircle the morning's eve
Hearts wide estranged in a day [illegible]
"Of like kindred feelings shall mingle into One"—
Making life's turbid streams ever more smoothly run.

Festive reunions benefit and bless
Wherever held meeting life's social needs.
The presence of the band—the fleet carcass,
Enamors wake which crystalize to deeds
Lifting to better lives all kindred kind
A love concentrated with Nature's [illegible]
In one fraternal [illegible] bind
Let each so strive to help his brother man
That blessings e'er may rest upon the Coffin Clan.

The announcement was here made that Charles G. Coffin, Esq., President of the association, who had been in poor health for some time back, had fully recovered, and, like the Secretary, would hold a reception at his house that evening.

The Secretary then read the following letter from Charles F. Brown, Esq., of San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 8th.

Mr. President, Officers and Kinsmen of the Tristram Coffin Re-union Association,

I fully anticipated the great pleasure of attending this convocation of the "Coffyn Clan," but circumstances beyond my control prevent my being with you, and I therefore present this as my excuse for absence.

I need not add how deeply I regret this, as well as the opportunity for the performance of an act of filial devotion which is patent to those of my townsmen who have known me from my boyhood, but I will not trespass upon your patience by dwelling upon it, but will content myself with the remembrance, that "distance lends enchantment to the view" and of each other's faces, when fate forbids us to look into them.

Enclosed please find P. O. Money Order for $25, as a contribution to the object proposed, which may be extended if convenience, and the necessity of so doing is required, by the finally determined expression of the manner of perpetuating the memory of our illustrious ancestors.

We should not let their names go out of our memories, nor cease to speak of them with fond affection to each other, remembering their good actions and intentions, lest we should in our turn, when we have been dead a little while, be forgotten and unspoken of.

Out of the dust and ashes of the past, memory, and these ceremonies will recall to us the names of those we desire to hallow and sanctify, and that nothing has continuance, and endures, save the effects of that wisdom, which employs the period of life in faithful and holy duties, which begets a peaceable conscience, for they make us live beyond our funeral.

It is only in association with his fellows that man is enabled to develop the great mission of his existence. Alone, solitary, unaided, he is weak and helpless, even in the very thought of doing good; the records of history show not one great event in the results of life, which was ever accomplished outside of the system of association, whether men are intent on virtuous, or on evil designs.

There are men in this worln, who devote themselves and their fortunes to justice, to truth, to charity and good works, and these men, Providence keeps up in unbroken succession.

It is eminently true, that whatever in the World's History has been the object to be gained, whatever was the design men meant to carry out, if the mission on which they have set forth ever was accomplished, it was simply because, the men arriving at this object, or moved by this design, or laboring in this mission, have labored together, working with one mind and one accord, and thus invigorating with

their bodies sleep in the shade of the trees.

For us, my friends, the cares and duties of life remain. We seem to stand upon the shores of a great sea, beyond which far out of sight lies a land mysterious and silent, all unknown to us, we are the white sails low and less distinctly, of the ships which bear away from us to that other land, those whom we have known so long and loved so well, soon the last shadowy ghost-like gleam vanishes, and the vast restless ocean, with its solemn loneliness oppresses us, there are no sails coming back with messages of loving remembrance, out of the regions of that voiceless and lonesome waste of waters, but we know that the land of promise is there, beyond the broad expanse of waters, and God's revelation of the truth to us is, that when we in our turn shall go away across the waters, we shall see and know again, the dead, whose memories are dear, and the token of their affection precious to us.

With best wishes for the success of the associated gathering of 1881, and final consummation of the object proposed, I remain,

Your Ob't Servant
CHARLES F. BROWN.

Letters of regret an account of inability to be present were also read from Thomas Coffin, Treasurer and Receiver-General of the Dominion of Canada, and from William H. Coffin of New York, who had gone to New York with the remains of his brother-in-law, Col. E. G. Pearl, whose decease at the Springfield House is generally known. The last letter contained a check of $100 from four members of Mr. Coffin's family to be devoted to the monument fund.

Miss Emma Nickerson read a fine poem in commemoration of Lucretia Mott, written by Mrs. Caroline Earle White of Philadelphia.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather the pilgrimage to the site of Tristram's house was deferred until this forenoon, and it was voted to assemble in the same place again at half-past 2 P. M.

The meeting in the afternoon partook of a social nature. There were interesting addresses by Judge Owen Tristram Coffin of Poughkeepsie, Charles F. Coffin of Indiana, Edward M. Marshall of Natic, Mass., Charles Coffin, of Walnut Ridge, Ark., Edgar H. Coffin, of Barrington, Nova Scotia. Miss Lizzie Coffin, of Brooklyn, N. Y., also recited a fine poem. The remainder of the afternoon was devoted to business which was transacted most harmoniously, though with considerable interesting discussion.

This morning there is to be a meeting of the executive Committee in Wendell's hall at 9 o'clock.

ears. But with them ck of the venerable for many are aged ces; their the world e battle of w as they r's serious it is not that they May we not is man and of our re- emoration? it is true; among its r houses, its e still in ish Admirals, its present oats Cowns, family ride, ight to these chief glo- of n them; it h or Engli it lies in th that our ster- offyn, and his endered in the resources of nent part his in the great future.

stands! De- ies that have ers of foreign and its never- e ocean, it yet e most advanc- f our country. cial prosperity es of its mer- hout the world; d by, perhaps once ploughed ng ago the last ver to go forth ere closed, its e thriving cen-

ent town, t grassy streets, d in the sun."

rs, wives, and e housetops to carrying their longer do they anxious eyes n. How many s, that never y and danger, bold Sankaty ght below the ward voyage— filled with miliar headland heir eager view Most of those in those busy sleeping in the home, and near- id them a tear- ne them joyous- e them. A few ates still live, eferring deeds may their kind- seen along the ! Serious will upon which she beneath the

ned upon this n era of educa- lented and ac- have gone of labor, and their distin- numbers will e future. The y dollar" who to find a primi- mmunity, upon make a profound home a sadder re of intellect, in advanced thought nity of mind and advance of the and cousins. Its righter prospect ast has realized. y come now and y harbor, but he rmlessly revenge ptains for their ter of his kind. r feed upon the amous "shearing ival is now un- inds of its people , they can well rust in idleness; feminine engine s, they care not f the sheep, and change its well- d beauty of the assemblages of e days agone? rs, attracted by g-giving climate, sincere life here ng to it more and ne, and the pos- will flood back the years go on. mer population -fold and more, sts in like ratio. new period, and dings correspon- taken the places

following acrostic written by Mrs. Mary F. Allen, of Roxbury:

Tristram and Dionis Coffin, Nantucket.

AN ACROSTIC.

A visit (in imagination) to Portlede Manor.

Towards Devonshire I turn my feet,
Resolved the Ancestral Home to see.
In hopes some kinsman there to meet,
Some scion of our ancient tree.
The hearty welcome there I met
Revived my heart, my strength renewed,
And time shall cease ere I forget
My joy as I the prospect viewed.
As Portledge Plane before me stood,
No language can my thoughts convey;
Diversified by hill and wood,
Down to the sea it stretched away:
I walked in paths our fathers trod:
O'er verdant fields and flowery meads,
'Neath forest shades I pressed the sod,
I wandered where each pathway leads.
Stately and grand before me rose,
Clan Coffin's old Ancestral Home;
Our Ancestors, in calm repose,
For years have slumbered in the tomb.
Forgotten though their *names* on earth,
In *deeds* their memory still survives;
Nantucket knows their honest worth,
Now meet to eulogize their lives.
Assembled here a cultured crowd,
No slander shall their lives defame.
"The Coffins praetious, noisy, loud,"
Untruthful Britt we pronounce:
Clan Coffin has, through every age,
Kindly and true, and faithful been.
Earnest, and discreet, courageous, sage—
This tribute to their lives we bring.

M. F. ALLEN.

The band then played "My Redeemer," and the next speaker introduced was Mr. Mary Coffin Johnson of Brooklyn, who read an interesting paper descriptive of Portledge manor, the home of the Coffins in England, and her visit thither, two years ago, at the conclusion of which the band played "Gospel Bells."

The Secretary then read the following letter which explains itself:

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,
Executive Dept., Aug. 11, 1881.

My dear Mr. Coffin

Have delayed answering your kind invitation to the Reunion of the Coffin family in Nantucket, hoping I could accept it. The date, I regret to say, conflicts with other engagements which I cannot change. On the 18th opens the N. E. Merchants' and Manufacturers' Fair, which is instituted in the interest of the commercial and industrial interests, and at the formal opening of which I have long ago promised to preside. The governors of the other New England states have all accepted invitations to be present, and as I receive some of them on the 17th, and have extended them courtesies from the Commonwealth, I must be here on that day also to meet them. It promises to be an occasion of special importance and interest. But for this I should, both as a matter of personal regard, and as representing the Commonwealth, which has been so much honored by the name you celebrate, have been only too glad to take a trip to your historic and beautiful island. For you will commemorate something more also than a name—you will commemorate the virtues, the services to country and to literature, and the enterprise that are all associated with that name, and that have been exemplified by those who bore it.

Accept my most cordial good wishes for the occasion and please extend to the representatives of the Coffin kin who will gather around the family alter the congratulations and the words of esteem which I tender them for the Commonwealth and for myself. I am,

Very respectfully yours,
JOHN D[illegible]

Judge Owen Tristram Coffin, of Poughkeepsie read a poem written by a resident in anticipation of a reunion in 1860 in which the family names common to Nantucket were cleverly introduced. This closed the exercises at Surf-side for the first day. In the evening there was a grand promenade concert by the Band at Atheneum Hall.

SECOND DAY.

Wednesday opened bleak and stormy, but the inclemency of the weather did not prevent a large gathering of the clan at the Centre street M. E., church, which was well filled at the appointed hour.

The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Howard A. Hanaford, of Bedford, Mass., followed by music by the band, which was interspersed throughout the exercises.

Charles Carleton Coffin, Esq., of Boston, was then introduced by Tristram Coffin, Esq., of Poughkeepsie, who was master of ceremonies, and spoke substantially as follows:

AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

BY CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.

In every country and in every age, men have manifested by appropriate honors, their sense of obligations to the authors of their existence. In this expression of obligation and of desire to associate ourselves with departed worth, we exhibit our instinct, capacity and longing for immortality.

We have assembled, on this summer day, to honor by appropriate ceremonies the memory of our ancestors, Tristram Coffin and his wife Dionis, early emigrants from England to this country and the first settlers of this island. We have come from homes widely separated—from the crowded city, from the quiet and greenness of the country, not as a clan—in the full meaning of the term for the clan has no place in American Society, but as descendants of a worthy ancestor, as citizens of the Republic, owing allegiance to the grand ideal upon which the civilization of this Western hemisphere is established. We are representatives of American civilization.

Our theme leads us back to an eventful day in the history of England—Oct. 14, 1066.—to the field of Hastings, on the southern coast, from whose chalky cliffs, one may behold on the horizon the dim outline of Ancient Normandy.

On the ridge of Senlec, overlooking the sea, were marshalled, on the one side an army of Norman invaders, on the other an army of Anglo Saxons. The hostile forces were descended from a common ancestry—the Northmen, whose primitive home was Germany and Scandinavia. From those northern wilds, Hengest and Horsa sailed across the German ocean to aid the people of Britain against the Picts and Scots, and in turns to make themselves masters of the land. During the centuries that intervened, Britain had become Anglo Saxon and Harold on the field of Hasting was the last of a long line of soverigns. Of those who ruled the kingdom, Alfred is the one illustrious name that has come down to us.

From the time of his death to that October day in 1066 England had made no advance. Its Christianity, grafted at the outset upon the Druidical stock, had lost its aggressive and purifying force. The literature, the arts, the rude civilization which Alfred and Dunstan, the austere ecclesiastic attempted to introduce, had gone down before brute force.

Five centuries after the establishment of Saxon rule in England, Rolf, pirate of the seas, sailing up the rivers of France beholding fertile fields and pastures green with verdure—a country of towns and villages, of people advanced in literature and the arts and industries of peaceful life, made himself master of the fair domain. He was a worshiper of Thor the thunderer, of Eostre, the goddess of the dawn, to whom we pay unthinking tribute on every Easter morn with flowers and song, commemorative of the rising of Jesus Christ from the grave and responsive to our own longing for immortal life.

A century and a half passed and the barbarians of the north, under the transforming forces of a superior civilization, had become the Normans of France. Thor lost his worshipers and they who once danced around the goddess of the dawn became devout in their adoration of the Virgin and her holy child. The Norse language, with no literature to sustain it, gave place to the language to sustain it, and Latin races and Image of the Gallic church of Rome. The literature of the [illegible] Though speaking different languages, there had been intimate relations between the Normans and their cousins across the channel. Emma, the fair flower of Normandy, became the bride of Canute and through that alliance William of Normandy claimed the Anglo Saxon crown, but Harold had been elected king, hence the invasion.

In the dim gray of the morning the battle begins. Flights of arrows darken the air; spearmen meet spearmen. The midday sun looks down upon the contending hosts, each army confident of victory. At three o'clock the Normans are retreating, the Anglo-Saxons pursuing with exultant shouts. Suddenly the Normans turn upon their pursuers. Whole ranks of Anglo Saxons go down. An arrow pierces Harold's eye. The setting sun beholds him reeling earthward, his troops in tumultuous flight. From that hour there is a new order of things in England, a new government, a new literature, a new religion.

Among the men of valor from Normandy was Sir Richard Coffin, knight of the realm. So far as is known, he was the first of the name in England. When the Anglo Saxons were subdued he received his reward—the manor of Alwington, county of Devon—a fair reach of fields, woodlands and sea coast looking out upon the Bristol channel. Upon receiving the estate he made solemn oath of loyalty to his sovereign. From that hour to the present century the estate thus acquired descended from father to son, the eldest born of successive generations, for more than five hundred years, bearing the name of the knight who rendered his sovereign signal service in that battle, which, in its effects, must ever be regarded as one of the turning points in history.

We know nothing of the parts performed by the descendants of Sir Richard in public affairs during those years when the crusaders were on their way to the Holy land, or when the barons asserted their rights against John Lackland, compelling the granting of the Magna Charta, in the green meadow of Runnymede. The waters of oblivion have settled over the acts of those who were in the flesh during those years when John Wickliff was waking England to a new spiritual life, when Geoffrey Chaucer was laying the foundations of English literature.

as revolutionary. and the pamphlet was burned by the public hangman. The executioner might toss the printed page into the flame, but no fire ever was. kindled that can consume an eternal truth.

While the hangman was endeavoring to exterminate the rank political heresy, Robert Brown of London, from a study of the New Testament, *assumed* that he had the right to preach to his fellowmen, irrespective of any authority exercised by priest, bishop or king, but he was compelled to flee the country. A little later Richard Clifton and John Robinson, also from studying the New Testament, had the courage to assert their own individual right to teach men in things spiritual, and began their ministrations in the old manor house at Scrooby, with William Bradford and William Brewster as members of the congregation —the exercise of the right necessitating their flight to Holland. Ten years pass and we behold them on a day in August 1620 upon the little vessel riding at anchor in Plymouth harbor, on the South coast of England, exercising their political rights in the election of John Carver as governor. The king had granted them no authority to perform such an act. They have assumed it as a *natural right*. They know that to insure order there must be authority. They begin a state, make themselves citizens, establish the law making, law executing power. From the advent of man to the present hour, men have recognized the authority invested in the heads of tribal communities, or the authority exercised by kings, but this is government, based on moral ideas, on the equality of man, a spectacle never before witnessed in human affairs.

It is but a walk of two or three hours amid green fields from Plymouth to the old parish of Brixton, where, during those summer days of 1620, lived a lad fifteen years of age Tristram Coffin, who, beyondquestion heard of the Mayflower and the company of emigrants on board bound for America; and quite likely, from some commanding hill, he beheld the little two masted vessel, with its hopeful shallop, anchored off the shore.

This lad, may be, bade farewell to their departure from South Hampton, the unseaworthyness of the Speedwell,—the putting into Dartmouth for repairs,—the second departure,—the Speedwell springing a leak and both vessels putting into Plymouth.

Possibly, this boy of Brixton, beholds the transfer of the passengers of the Speedwell to the Mayflower, & on September 16, beholds the Mayflower spread her sails to the favoring breeze and fade away in the far off western horizon, bearing the pilgrim state to the western world.

Those men on the Mayflower were viadetts of a new civilization. On a bleak November day they shed their names to a solemn covenant, organizing themselves into a civil body politic. It was the world's first constitution. The Magna Charta was a compact between king and barons, but there was no one party and baron on the Mayflower, the people. It was an agreement with themselves. It was self government, restraint that would not conflict, but coincide with the rights of others. With the signing of this agreement American citizenship began.

The Puritan emigration had its inception at Dorchester, about a decade from Brixton. Tristram Coffin, then twenty-three years of age on that day in 1628 when the ship Abagail, with Endicott and his fellow colonists bringing their cattle and goods, sailed from Dorchester for the New World. During the year Tristram Coffin married his father. What ties of family or other considerations held Tristram to England until 1642 we do not know. But with the irrepressible conflict, which ended in an appeal to arms, closing his lot with those who were making a new state in the wilderness world.

He crossed the Atlantic with his family, mother and children, here an American citizen. The year that followed his departure was an eventful one in the history of the progress of liberty. Charles had attempted to seize the members of Parliament and had fired the conflict of Naseby—beginning of civil war.

There were but few inhabitants on the banks of the Merrimac when Tristram Coffin sailed up the river and settled at Salisbury. Within a few years of him at Haverhill the same year. He was possessing the deed given by Passaconaway to the settlers of that town. In 16[illegible] he was keeping a tavern and a ferry at Salisbury between Salisbury and Newbury, where his wife is presented before the court for charging three pence per quart for beer, whereas the law regulates the price at two pence, and requires only bushels of malt per barrel. Our mother proves that she has put in bushels per barrel and that her beer was intrinsically worth three pence per quart. That she sold good strong beer there is no question.

Tristram Coffin, when residing at Newbury or Nantucket was a law-abiding citizen. He and his fellow emigrants were a law unto themselves. If there had been no statue of Parliament in existence they would have done orderly. They were self-controlled. They were under moral obligations to God. Allegiance not only to the king, but to their fellow men and to God. [illegible] owed allegiance to the last analysis it was their inalienable right to rule themselves. But to return to the Mayflower, & on September 16, beholds the Mayflower spread her sails to the favoring breeze and fade away in the far off western horizon, bearing the private state to the western world.

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Tristram Coffin, when residing at Newbury or Nantucket was a law-abiding citizen. He and his fellow emigrants were a law unto themselves. If there had been no statue of Parliament in existence they would have done orderly. They were self-controlled. They were under moral obligations to God. Allegiance not only to the king, but to their fellow men and to God. [illegible] owed allegiance to the last analysis it was their inalienable right to rule themselves. But to return to the

verdant slopes of Bunker hill, was a thought. In that one volley primogeniture, entail, hereditary privilege, kingly prerogative, church and state, old-time ideas descending from feudalism, all went down before the exalted citizenship of this western world. That battle so widened the breach between king and people that time never again could close it, and the republic of the present hour became a possibility. In the victory at Bennington, amid the green hills of Vermont, it became a certainty. Eighty six years rolled away and out of the smoke, the flame and carnage of Gettysburg, four millions of slaves became free citizens of the republic.

At Appomattox it was written that henceforth this nation shall be one and indivisible—a government of the people forever. With that transaction America became the teacher of the nations and the flag of our country the emblem of the world's best hope.

It remains for me to speak of the power and destiny of American citizenship.

In the enjoyment of political freedom, the American citizen is far in advance of every other country. When we survey the resources at his command,—the extent of the continent, the Atlantic laving its eastern, the Pacific its western shores:—its mountain ranges filled with coal and iron, silver and gold;—its capacity for feeding the whole human race from its measureless wheatfields, corn lands and verdant pastures;—its capability of furnishing clothing to every human being from its cotton producing area; when we think of its great lakes and mighty rivers, bearing the products of its valley to the sea; when we contemplate its varied clime, its multitudinous products, its situation midway between Europe and Asia, we cannot resist the conviction that God reserved this land for the human race in which to march down the ages, triumphing over injustice and wrong, securing political and intellectual freedom, should here attain its highest developement. The citizen of America, far beyond the citizen of any other land recognizes the truth that life is more than meat and the body more than raiment. In no other country has man, as an intellectual and moral being, been held at so high a value as in this Republic. It is this recognition of the worth of human beings that arches all the future with radient light. American civilization recognizes th right of every man to make the most of himself and regards it the duty of society to wield all posible power in his behalf. Here, the common school established by the Puritans, the high school, the college, the university, the liberal arts, special instruction in every department of knowledge, public libraries free to rich and poor, are the institutions that give regal power and lease of life. Education for all is the ideal of the nation, that the poor boy and the son of the rich man may stand side by side in the outset of the race. The chances are in favor of him who has no shoes on his upon his feet! One such lad, conning his spelling book in a Kentucky log cabin became the great leader of the Republic in the mightiest civil war recorded in the annals or history. Wherever human speech is uttered men speak of Abraham Lincoln with reverence and gratitude. Still another barefoot boy, under a mothers godly guidance, escaping the perils of the tow path, thirsting for knowledge, awakening to the possibilities that lay before him, became the ruler of the nation. When the bullet of the assasins strikes him down, all the world feels the blow. Never, as at this moment, was there such a universal heart beat for any member of the human family as for James A. Garfield, not because he has risen from the lowly walks of life to be the President of the Republic,—for other men of like humble birth have become rulers of great nations—but because this Republic above all other governments represents the victories, the progress of the race toward ultimate well being.

"Through all disguise, form, place or name,
Beneath the flaunting robe of sin,
Through poverty and squalid shame
Looks only on the man within:

On man as man, retaining yet,—
How e'er debased, and soiled, and dim,
The crown upon his forhead set
The immortal gift of God to him."

Not till the carpenter of Nazareth made his appearance in this world did man have any special value. Wise men had speculated on the problem of existence, but Socrates and Plato failed to satisfy the soul upon the transcendant theme—how we came—why we are here, whither we are going, or what we are worth. When William Bradford and William Brewster tore up by the roots all the dear old things, home, friends and things most loved, they turned to the Bible alone for comfort and consolation. It was the star of Bethlehem that lighted their way across the Atlantic and went before them to the place where the young child of the Republic lay in its wilderness manger!

Pilgrims and Puritan, alike, laid the foundation of their body politic on the worth of man as an individual for this life and the life eternal. They builded better than they knew, and so does every man who builds for truth, justice and liberty. It is Gods philosophy—his way of doing things that transforms seeming present evil into future good.

Ih 1620 there were two transplantings to this continent—one from the soil of England to Plymouth Rock, the other from Africa to the banks of the James. The sixteen slaves brought by the Dutch

pearance of man upon this planet; upon the illuminated arch of the sidereal heavens, sprinkled with star dust, blazing with myriads of suns, and their attendant systems, sweeping in their eternal orbits; in the infinitely great and infinitely small; in the physical, moral and spiritual realms; in the advance of man from a howling savage to the wearing of the imperial diadem which the highest civilization places upon his brow, we behold ever the manifestation of law—moulding, fashioning, directing all to some ultimate end. Revelation alone lifts the veil from the transcendent idea, of the future:—"The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."

Upon the highest vantage ground, farthest vidette of the most advanced civilization, the American citizen stands to-day with the law that governs progress, the resources of a mighty continent, all its material forces, the patriotic past, the achievements of a God-fearing ancestry behind him, to bear him still farther on. We walk in the light of our illustrious example and in the enjoyment of what our fathers accomplished.

The American citizen above the citizen of every other land should have power in arm to bend the bow and send with truest aim the featherd shaft through every wrong.

Reverently and gratefully then we twine our wreaths, to-day, commemorative of Tristram and Dionis Stevens Coffin, our brave-hearted, self-denying father and mother, who did what they could for Justice, Truth and Liberty.

Robert Barry Coffin, Esq., (Barry Gray) of New York, was next introduced and read the following original poem:

WHEN good-man Tristram and his friends
Sailed to this pleasant land,
The Indian unbent his bow
And buried in the sand
His tomahawk, and lit the pipe
Of peace and passed it round,
And gave the strangers fellowship
And helped them till the ground.

The white man and the red were friends,
No war between them grew;
Do unto others as you'd have
Those others do to you—
This was the golden rule they preached;
And gave the Indians rum,
Tobacco, blankets, and in pounds
Sterling a middling sum.

And so our good forefathers throve,
And did exceeding well;
But lo! the Indians took to drink
And went where—none can tell.
But one was greatly civilized
And honors high acquired,
And, as a justice of the peace,
His rulings were admired.

Yes, 'Squire Kadooda's laws were just—
Ere litigants he heard
He ordered first both parties whipped
And then judgment deferred.
A more than Solomon was he,
A wiser man, I think:
Few troubled him with their complaints
Unless they were in drink.

The old forefathers of our race
Were sturdy, helpful, bold,
They ploughed the land and ploughed the sea,
But gathered little gold;
And yet sufficient for their needs—
They lived a simple life
And were contented if they owned
A ship, a home and wife.

From Tristram Coffyn and his wife
(Dionis Stevens born)
A race of men and women sprung
Who well earth's ranks adorn.
The daughters are both pure and fair,
The sons no sons excel,
The husbands brave, the virtuous wives
Mothers in Israel.

Could our ancestor have foreseen
This gathering together,
It would have lightened many a path,
Smoothed many a rugged way;
Have lent a solace to all grief,
Have lightened every pain,
And carried to his heart the truth
That he'd not lived in vain.

Not all of good old Tristram's race
The name of Coffin bear,
The Macys, Mitchells, Folgers, Joys
Equal the honors share.
The Gardiners, Colemans, Bunkers, too,
The Barnards and the Halls,
The Starbucks, Husseys, Paddocks are
A few my muse recalls.

"What's in a name?" the poet asks,
And then, as is most meet,
"By any other name," he adds,
"A rose would smell as sweet."
And so Smith, Brown and Hanaford
Are Coffins just as good
As if they bore the honored name—
For they have Tristram's blood.

I love to ponder on the past
And dream of vanished hours,
And re-create in fancy's mind
These ancestors of ours,
Who, dying, left a fragrance sweet
To blossom in the dust,
Attesting in a silent way
The actions of the just.

I love the records of the past,
And cherish in my heart
The history of that olden time
Wherein they bore a part.
I see beyond the mist of years
The father of our race
Clad in the fashion of his time,
Trunk hose and ruffled lace.

Again, I see, in later days,
A noble form appear,
A benefactor to his race
Whom all our name revere:
Sir Isaac,* loyal to his king
And doing his command;
Yet loving well his kith and kin
And well his native land.

Forgive your poet if he lays
One leaf upon the shrine
Of him who was his great grand sire†
And fourth of Tristram's line;
Who lived an honest, upright life
A hundred years save one,
Then died, and this his epitaph—
"Thou faithful one, well done."

I tell you those were good old times,
Though not exempt from care,
When our forefathers toiled and saved
And left their homes to share
The independence of
Third, this character was
ried out in his religious convict
s. He was evidently
opposed to an
forced religion, whether it was the N
tional Church of England, or the Ca
anistic one in America. Having escaped
from laws regulating the conscience
and dictating the religious duty of
an in the mother country, he was not
the man to refuse shelter to a Quaker, or
to lend his countenance in any way to the
execution of men and women who were
honestly engaged in promulgating their religious views and preaching the Gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, as they understood it, simply endeavoring, like the great apostle, "to persuade men."

There was an early recognition of the position of woman, and we find Mary Starbuck, a daughter of Tristram Coffin, at an early period greatly respected for her wisdom and judgment, and sought as a counsellor, occupying a position of great usefulness, and universally respected in the island. It was during this period that several Ministers of the Society of Friends visited at different times, the island.

The children of Mary Starbuck, especially, who are spokon of as "all discreet young men and women, most of them married, were all convinced of the Truth." A meeting was established in the house of Nathaniel Starbuck, Sen., and Mary, his wife, once a week, "to wait on the Lord, with all who were convinced of the truth in the neighborhood and on the Island." Mary Starbuck and her son Nathaniel, both became ministers in this little church, which soon grew, until a meeting house and the first organized religious society, comprised of white people, was formed on the Island.

Many of the descendants of Tristram Coffin were amongst these early Friends, and the church thus formed continued to grow and prosper until a very large proportion of the inhabitants are of the people called Quakers, and principled against bearing arms on any occasion.

Some have been foremost in the Anti-Slavery movement, which finally resulted in the destruction of slavery. The family and church which produced a Lucretia Mott and a Levi Coffin, have reason to feel that they had much to do with the eradication of the sin of slavery. Some of those descendants, with characteristic energy of the race, have been leaders in all movements calculated to elevate and improve their fellowmen, and have left their imprint in the communities in which they have lived. Some have made learned, conscientious Judges; some have filled posts of honor and usefulness in civil life; many have been valuable *private* citizens, and done much to develop the industrial and commercial prosperity of the land, and at the same time acquired a competence for themselves. How much of all this is due to the sound training which the religious views of their forefathers have caused, we may not be able to tell; but it is very certain that all over our land the Coffins have illustrated the effect of inherited traits of character and shown the value of the heritage of their fathers.

Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford, of Jersey City, N. J., [illegible] the following original and spirited poem:

Clan Coffin Pledged to "Sweet Reasonableness" of Speech and Deed.

BY REV. PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

Once, in the years that sped so long ago,
We scarce recall their dawning or their prime,
And hardly note their century's decay,
There came to Coffin's fair isle a holy time.

O'er the wide waters fell a sacred calm;
In the fair heavens the clouds were few and far,
Our island lakes reflected heaven's blue,
And human hearts beheld fair Bethlehem's star.

Then Mary came, to truth she, reverent, bowed,
Beneath the wave was buried in Christ's dear name,
The symbol of her death to sin, and rise
To that new life which won her holy fame.

Henceforth a judge, a teacher and a guide,
Her word was law for it was wisdom too,
Her deeds were [illegible] they were Christian love,
While to the spirit utterance she was true.

What wonder that when God his chosen sent
To preach the Gospel with the Spirit's power,
She lent her aid and woman's place she took
As Christian teacher in that early hour!

'Twas Mary Coffin who was summoned thus;—
(Called Mary Starbuck in the after time)
But as we honor her to-day we think
Of that dear name she bore in girlhood's prime.

The sire and mother whom we hold to-day
In loving honor, watched her budding youth,
And they bequeath to her, we cannot doubt,
Their honest frankness and their love of truth.

Led by the spirit she could also lead,
Taught by "Best Wisdom," she could also teach,
And on her lips the law of kindness dwelt,
Which gave the honeyed sweetness of her speech.

Years rolled away and to the Coffin clan
Another came, born on this island fair,
Another bowed to Truth's most welcome sway
And bore the banner of that truth afar.

Her name, which once the Roman Matron bore,—
Symbolical to-day of moral worth,
Is also symbol of a power and fame
Reflecting honor on her place of birth.

We think of her, amid the radiant host,
Of those whose starry names shall never fade,
Whose ancestry was ours, and rejoice
That she descended from our Common Head.

Clan Coffin's members who are here to-day,
Hold in deep reverence each long-honored name,
And blend with thought of Tristram's daughter wise,
They reached our island—found an arid soil
Wher'ere not sheltered by o'erarching trees
Yielding scant harvest to severest toil—
But a rich recompense—the eye to please,
In Flora's king dom—scattered far and wide,
From Sachacha's to Hummock's limpid pond.
O'er hill and dale, and by the oozy side
Of lily bordered lakes that stretch beyond—
The whole of plants whispering in accents fond.

No fairer land—not Persia's vales and bowers,
Whose sun-smit beauty every poet sings,
Displays more varied flora—rarest flowers
Bloom on our open plains—so Nature flings
The compensating gifts with lavish hand.
No alpine mountains rise to mut the view
Upon our shores—nor forests dense and grand—
But prospects fair are spread the Island through,
From headlands at the south to white cliffs of Coatue.

Who wanders o'er our breezy hills will see
An emerald carpet spread from shore to shore—
Coskata's sudny glades and Sankoty,
Whose brilliant light gleams far the waters o'er.
Each blade of grass unfolding beauteously—
Each leaf and bud instinct with vital force;
What symbols fair of spirit-growth are ye!
How do ye lead the mind to life's great source.
Through these with Nature's God we hold high intercourse.

Romantic pictures of the olden days,
When untilled fields were Indian hunting grounds,
Rise in imagination's golden haze—
Wauwinet, Pocomo, with the far bounds
Of Wauncpot and Saul's hill, grassy height,
Of legendary life a mirror true,
Reflected far in deep empurpled light—
In the mind's eye a panoramic view,
And poured round all Old Ocean's sparkling blue.

Thick clustering round these grassy meads and plains
Where for the gathered clan we pitch our tent,
Are relics of old time—must here remain
As links to memory in our long descent
From Tristram Coffin—centuries agone
When other men mowed down this fragrant sod,
When other hands gathered the golden corn,
Eight generations since these paths they trod,
Leaving their children free to serve their father's God.

Cousins and friends who come from far and near
To mingle with this festive scene to-day,
Thrice welcome to our sea-girt home so dear,
The old and young alike—the grave and gay.
Long absent friends and kindred glad will meet.
'Ere evening's shades contain the morning's sun
Hearts wide estranged in Amity Complete
"Like kindred drops shall mingle into One"—
Making life's turbed stream ever more smoothly run.

Festive reunions benefit and bless
Wherever held meeting life's social needs,
The pressure of the hand—the fond caress,
Emotions wake which crystalize in deeds
Lifting to better lives all human kind
A love coincident with Nature's plan
In one fraternal tie the race will bind
Let each so strive to help his brother man
That blessings e'er may rest upon the Coffin Clan.

The announcement was here made that Charles G. Coffin, Esq., President of the association, who had been in poor health for some time back, had fully recovered, and, like the Secretary, would hold a reception at his house that evening.

The Secretary then read the following letter from Charles F. Brown, Esq., of San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 8th.

Mr. President, Officers and Kinsmen of the Tristram Coffin Re-union Association,

I fully anticipated the great pleasure of attending this convocation of the "Coffyn Clan," but circumstances beyond my control prevent my being with you, and I therefore present this as my excuse for absence.

I need not add how deeply I regret this, as well as the opportunity for the performance of an act of filial devotion which is patent to those of my towns[illegible] compels me to submit to this almost cruel denial, and content myself with the remembrance, that "distance lends enchantment to the view" and of each other's faces, when fate forbids us to look into them.

Enclosed please find P. O. Money Order for $25, as a contribution to the object proposed, which may be extended if convenience, and the necessity of so doing is required, by the finally determined expression of the manner of perpetuating the memory of our illustrious ancestors.

We should not let their names go out of our memories, nor cease to speak of them with fond affection to each other, remembering their good actions and intentions, lest we should in our turn, when we have been dead a little while, be forgotten and unspoken of.

Out of the dust and ashes of the past, memory, and these ceremonies will recall to us the names of those we desire to hallow and sanctify, and that nothing has continuance, and endures, save the effects of that wisdom, which employs the period of life in faithful and holy duties, which begets a peaceable conscience, for they make us live beyond our funeral.

It is only in association with his fellows that man is enabled to develop the great mission of his existence. Alone, solitary, unaided, he is weak and helpless, even in the very thought of doing good; the records of history show not one great event in the results of life, which was ever accomplished outside of the system of association, whether men are intent on virtuous, or on evil designs.

There are men in this worln, who devote themselves and their fortunes to justice, to truth, to charity and good works, and these men, Providence keeps up in unbroken succession.

their bodies sleep in the shade of the trees.

For us, my friends, the cares and duties of life remain. We seem to stand upon the shores of a great sea, beyond which far out of sight lies a land mysteriour and silent, all unknown to us, we see the white sails less and less distinctly, of the ships which bear away from us to that other land, those whom we have known so long and loved so well, soon the last shadowy ghost-like gleam vanishes, and the vast restless ocean, with its solemn loneliness oppresses us, there are no sails coming back with messages of loving remembrance, out of the regions of that voiceless and immeasurable waste of waters, but we know that the land of promise is there, beyond the broad expanse of waters, and God's revelation of the truth to us is, that when we in our turn shall go away across the waters, we shall see and know again, the dead, whose memories are dear, and the token of their affection precious to us.

With best wishes for the success of the associated gathering of 1881, and final consummation of the object proposed, I remain,

Your Ob't Servant
CHARLES F. BROWN.

Letters of regret an account of inability to be present were also read from Thomas Coffin, Treasurer and Receiver-General of the Dominion of Canada, and from William H. Coffin of New York, who had gone to New York with the remains of his brother-in-law, Col. E. G. Pearl, whose decease at the Springfield House is generally known. The last letter contained a check of $100 from four members of Mr. Coffin's family to be devoted to the monument fund.

Miss Emma Nickerson read a fine poem in commemoration of Lucretia Mott, written by Mrs. Caroline Earle White of Philadelphia.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather the pilgrimage to the site of Tristram's house was deferred until this forenoon, and it was voted to assemble in the same place again at half-past 2 P. M.

The meeting in the afternoon partook of a social nature. There were interesting addresses by Judge Owen Tristram Coffin of Poughkeepsie, Charles F. Coffin of Indiana, Edward M. Marshall of Natic, Mass., Charles Coffin, of Walnut Ridge, Ark., Edgar H. Coffin, of Barrington, Nova Scotia. Miss Lizzie Coffin, of Brooklyn, N. Y., also recited a fine poem. The remainder of the afternoon was devoted to business which was transacted most harmoniously, though with considerable interesting discussion.

This morning there is to be a meeting of the executive Committee in Wendell's hall at 9 o'clock.

…ly in Nantucket, hoping I could accept it. The date, I regret to say, conflicts with other engagements while I cannot change. On the 18th opens the A. E. Merchants' and Manufacturers' Fair, which is instituted in the interest of th… commercial and industrial interests, and at the formal opening of which I have long ago promised to preside. The governors of the other New England states have all accepted invitations to be present, and as I received some of them on the 17th, and have extended them courtesies from the Commonwealth, I must be here on that day also to meet them. It promises to be an occasion of special importance and interest. But for this I should, both as a matter of personal regard, and as representing the Commonwealth, which has been so much honored by the name you celebrate, have been only too glad to take a trip to your historic and beautiful island. For you will commemorate something more also than a name—you will commemorate the virtues, the services to country and to literature, and the enterprise that are all associated with that name, and that have been exemplified by those who bore it.

Accept my most cordial good wishes for the occasion and please extend to the representatives of the family alter the congratulations and the words of esteem which I tender them for the Commonwealth and for myself. I am,

Very respectfully yours,
JOHN D. LONG.

…ng, of Boston, and …

…ght it credit by their distinareers, and their numbers will be increased in the future. The t "the almighty dollar" who ither expecting to find a primidle-hearted community, upon shadow will make a profound n, returns to his home a sadder man. In calibre of intellect, in ntelligence and advanced thought respecting dignity of mind and s peopleare in advance of the f their main-land cousins. Its w presents a brighter prospect portion of its past has realized. ious while may come now and sport of its very harbor, but he titled to his harmlessly revenge on the old captains for their Resale laughter of his kind. flocks longer feed upon the wards, as the famous "shearing th its gala festival is now un-

But while the minds of its people road anbright, they can well let the Puon rust in idleness; e scream of its feminine engine across the moors, they care not to the biting of the sheep, and uld willingly exchange its wellty of ydh and beauty of the or the oping assemblages of nd las of the days agone? congen visitors, attracted by rating health-giving climate, e pleat and sincere life here yed, arranging to it more and eir suer home, and the posts owndren will flood back thousands as the years go on. hences summer population ncreased ten-fold and more, sident abitants in like ratio, he st of the new period, and pu buildings correspon-em, have taken the places e-hord structures now in exnd uments will have been thereby memory of many nd parchs, by their numappitive descendants.

The memorials, but not of rust appear, standing upon on w the bounds of the n occupied by his tribe, sta in dusky bronze, repthe erable Indian Sachem ma the tried and true our stors. Save upon some ad within the lines of lony founded by the imhere is scarcely a spot in ossessions, where such a d with propriety be erect-ering invader. But here at boldly against the sky ch to any, for here the he rightful owner was re the native and the in peace together. The our fathers will be emgress, of civilization, of a rief American past, but expanding future; while form of the ancient saypical of a past running e twilight of the mythiof a future composed, ust and ashes, and of tions. Where, in all the pecies since the world be found passages so plete with pensive and as those relating to e of the forest and their iny! The statue should jestic figure, with its d, its great head half-*Expression of unutterbleness resting upon e, and with its imes turned in a sorze toward the crimhe earthly sun of the ill then have gone ve.*

…n of his address Hill's …n attendance, played …e and Bye."

…olger, of South Bos…oduced and read the …

Judge Owen Tristram Coffin, of Poughkeepsie read a poem written by a resident in anticipation of a reunion in 1860 in which the family names common to Nantucket were cleverly introduced. This closed the exercises at Surf-side for the first day. In the evening there was a grand promenade concert by the Band at Atheneum Hall.

SECOND DAY.

Wednesday opened bleak and stormy, but the inclemency of the weather did not prevent a large gathering of the clan at the Centre street M. E., church, which was well filled at the appointed hour.

The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Howard A. Hanaford, of Bedford, Mass., followed by music by the band, which was interspersed throughout the exercises.

Charles Carleton Coffin, Esq., of Boston, was then introduced by Tristram Coffin, Esq., of Poughkeepsie, who was master of ceremonies, and spoke substantially as follows:

AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

BY CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.

In every country and in every age, men have manifested by appropriate honors, their sense of obligations to the authors of their existence. In this expression of obligation and of desire to associate ourselves with departed worth, we exhibit our instinct, capacity and longing for immortality.

Justice, Liberty, Truth, Right, are eternal in their nature, and when men, in the exercise of those principles, have accomplished great things for their fellow-men, by associating ourselves with them, whether in life or after the departure of their spirits from this world, we become recipients of their excellence, and are thereby lifted to a higher state of being.

To be a descendant of Abraham, through whom all the world is to be blessed, has ever given the highest pleasure to the children of Israel. Ishmael, of the desert, walking its burning sands in the degradation of barbaric life, glories in his exaltation over the gentile of civilified society. The authors of the books of the Old Testament Scriptures, have ever dwelt upon this alliance with the Father of the Faithful as the highest incentive to duty and obligation. It is the inspiring theme alike of all the Hebrew poets, prophets and apostles.

To be born where great and good men have had their nativity, to live where they have lived, to be allied to them by kin, is, as it were, a patent of nobility. The poet king of Israel sets forth in exalted strains the inherent nobility of the citizen of Zion.

"And of Zion it shall be said, this and that man was born in her."

With unfeigned pleasure the Evangelists have placed on record the unbroken genealogic line from the garden of Eden to the manger of Bethlehem, and the great apostle to the Gentiles, dwelling upon the genesis, the fall, the long wandering, their Redemption, sets forth their ultimate glory and destiny through spiritual adoption into the house of Jacob.

Over far-reaching plains swept by storms, or parched by summer heat, the *pilgrims of the Orient wends his weary way, that he may kneel beside the prophets tomb and so secure to himself the* pleasures of Paradise.

"Soldiers of France, Four thousand *years look down upon you,"* so Bonapart addresses his soldiers, and in that one sentence lay enfolded, as it were the victory of the battle of the Pyramids. At Plymouth Rock, by Concord Bridge upon the green slopes of Bunker hill, upon the rocky ridge of Gettysburg, or wherever men have made great sacrifices for their fellowmen, whether by hardship, trials, suffering and endurance in the quiet walks

…their de… …the un… …well,—the …pairs,—the …well spring… …utting into …

…rn, beholds …ters of the …wer, & on …ay Flower …ing breeze …e western …ate to the …

…r were vi… …n a bleak …eir names …gging them… …oc. It was …The Mag… …ween king …one party …pl. It was an …t was self …d not con… …ts of oth… …greement …

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…other con… …n to Eng… …, but when …tain eas… …establish… …world.

…his family, …American …sed his de… …ation at … …the histo… …members …Then came …eginning of

…unts on the …n Tristram …river and …of him at …nessing the …to the set… …is keeping …crossing be… …, where his …e court for …for beer, …the price at …bushels of …best mother …shels per …That she …no ques…

…residing at …law-abiding …emigrants …If there …nt in exis… …orderly. …They were …They owed al… …but to …in the last …nd conception …them what …

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as announced, and then ensued a ramble for positions at the tables, which were quickly filled. Besides those set within the spacious depot tables were arranged upon the verandahs on either side, and upwards of five hundred sat down to dine. When order had been secured the divine blessing was asked by Rev. Herbert W. Coffin, after which the vast assemblage proceeded to consider the bill of fare. This consisted of clam chowder and baked clams, with tea, and coffee, and watermelon for dessert.

After the feast the hall was cleared long enough to remove the tables when the seats were again quickly filled and the after "feast of reason and flow of soul" began.

This was initated by the Secretary, Allen Coffin, Esq., who made a brief address of welcom, and closed by introducing Tristram Coffin, Esq., of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., as the orator of the day, who spoke very nearly as follows:

Mr. President, Kindred and Friends:

When the shadow of the approaching Revolution began to darken over the Colonies, the exposed situation of Nantucket caused many of its inhabitants to emigrate to the main-land. Among them was ABISHAI COFFIN, a descendant, of the fourth generation, from the patriarch TRISTRAM, who selected a home for his young wife and children in the valley of the Hudson. His dread of tide-water, as connected in his mind with the expected British men of war, possibly influenced his choice of a location, for he settled far out among the windings of the hills, beyond the reach, and almost beyond the sound, of their cannon, which soon after awoke the echoes along the river banks. His low, brown house, with long sloping roof, which stood hard by the country road, disappeared long ago, but the little spring near at hand is still as fresh and pure as when he first took up his abode beside it. Some among those of his grandsons who are with us here to-day, remember him well; his stout walking staff, broad-brimmed hat, and pleasant "thee" and "thou," are among their earliest recollections, and they speak with affectionate respect of his sincere nature, his upright life, and excellent standing in the community in which he lived and died. Sixty years have scarcely elapsed since he was laid at rest in the old Nine Partners' grave yard, and already his descendants now living number about two hundred and fifty souls. They are scattered far and wide in many States, from New England to California, and are represented at this gathering by about one-twelfth of their entire number.

I trust that you will pardon me, if it seemeth to you unwarranted that I should thus, in my opening remarks, wander aside from the main stream, and pause, even for a few moments, by one of its tributary rivulets. I should have felt that I had been remiss in the performance of a filial duty to the spotless memory of my great-grandsire, if when standing here upon his native heath, and lifting up my voice in the midst of this wilderness of kindred—his and mine alike—I had failed to briefly report what befell him after he left the island, the good character he maintained, and the subsequent progress of the fruitful branch of which he was the founder.

Let us now turn from this simple record of an ordinary life, to more distinguished personages, and to other and more distant times and scenes.

At the time Tristram Coffin sailed for America in 1645, England was in a most unhappy state. The stormy period that preceded the bloody conflict between the Crown and Parliament, which resulted in the execution of Charles I., and the elevation of Cromwell to the position of Lord Protector, had shaken the political fabric

reer opening before him, and the cheering prospect of a happy home in a fresh new land, where he could enjoy his life, and the golden memories of by-gone years, unmolested, a strong man could not well have felt otherwise.

A few weeks ago, while journeying toward and along the valley of the Upper Mississippi, I saw everywhere along the route large numbers of lately arrived foreign emigrants. They were always present in force at the pripcipal railway centres and upon most of the westward and northward bonnd trains. You would be glad to grasp each one of them by the hand and bid them God-speed, but the light of long-cherished hope about to be fulfilled already shines in their eyes; their eager faces are turned toward the abounding West; they are self-reliant, asking neither aid nor sympathy, feeling no longer the need of encouragement. But even were it otherwise, how little do they require assistance in the vast, free, productive American of to-day, compared with the emigrants of two hundred and forty years ago! And the fact that those who now come to us in such vast numbers have, with few exceptions, always been obliged to earn their daily bread by severe manual labor, and to practice the most grinding economy, adds largely to the advantages with which they are favored, and which the early pioneers did not enjoy. The latter were generally from the intelligent classes; very many of them were well born and bred, with ample leisure, and accustomed to the luxuries of life. But they exiled themselves from their homes, friends and country, and were content to endure the hardships and privations of a primitive and laborious existence, rather than surrender, or suffer martyrdom for, their religious beliefs or political principles. Such were the men and women who maintained for many years a desperate contest against the most fearful odds, and who achieved a triumph more creditable than the most famous victories that stain with blood the history of nations. In the lexicon of human being composed of such sound and ringing metal, "there is no such word as fail." Were the brawny, illiterate emigrants of the present era, of whom I have spoken, and who are peopling, and prospering upon, the broad grain-growing prairies of the West, obliged to encounter upon their arrival here, obstacles as numerous and difficult, (I say it not to their discredit,) their are not ships enough floating upon all the waters of our planet, to carry them whence they came as rapidly as they would wish to go.

While we cannot easily forget or forgive the obnoxious laws that were tolerated, and the atrocious crimes committed under their sanction, by some of the old colonists, we must recollect that those who thus lastingly disgraced themselves were comparatively few in number; that they lived in a benighted age, and were probably conscientious in what they did. So let us remember them all as bold, sincere, indomitable spirits—as mountain peaks far soaring above the valleys and hills of the ordinary throng, upon whose lofty brows the sunshine of the new dawning of liberty first rested, and caused to germinate foster and spread abroad, the strength, and ambition, the patriotism and persistence, requisite and necessary to settle, subdue, civilize and preserve our great and beloved country.

Bear with me while I speak still further, but briefly, upon this well-worn and time-honored theme, as connected with the immediate subject of my remarks. For eighteen years our ancestor and his true-hearted and ready-handed wife, Dionis, continued a never-ceasing combat against all manner of adverse circumstances. With them, as with the rest, it was doubtless a severe struggle from the outset. Three times they changed their place of residence in the hope of improving their situation; three more children were added to their fireside circle, and one was taken

and sincere friendship [illegible] hearted red man whom they found ready in exchange for the dreaded and too often fatal companionship of their white brethren.

Here our patriarch lived for more than twenty years, a prominent citizen, taking an active part in all matters connected with the welfare of the common domain; conducting, with others, successful negotiations with the Indians, parcelling off land among the new comers, commissioned and acting as the first chief magistrate of the island, and occupying other positions of trust and confidence. In 1675 we find him and Matthew Mayhew, Peter Folger and John Gardner, representatives from Nantucket and Martin's Vineyard, before Gov. Andros in New York, in a contested matter relating to the Courts of the two islands, the hearing lasting for three successive days. The New York of that day was composed of a small cluster of buildings near the Battery, and its population numbered less than five hundred souls. The selection of these representatives, their long voyage to and from New York, their conferences, and hearings before the Governor, and his final decision, we may be sure, were regarded as very important matters by the islanders. Could those four worthy patriarchs now revisit the scene of their diplomatic mission of two hundred and six years ago, clad in the quaint costume of those days, and take an afternoon stroll along Broadway, there would no doubt occur a succession of mutual surprises that would be well worth witnessing. His autograph letters written to Governor Andros about this time, which may be seen at the office of the Secretary of State at Albany, are neatly penned, and exceedingly well composed, indicating his possession of a better education than was common at that period. His six sons and one daughter (the famous Mary Starbuck) had now grown to maturity and were already influential members of the community. The Indians, who outnumbered the whites more than ten to one at the outset, were gradually fading away, but the little settlement prospered, and rapidly increased in numbers. The fact that no warfare ever occured with the Indians is the best of evidence that the latter were honestly dealt with and kindly treated by their pale-faced neighbors. The fathers and mothers of the island, the original settlers, were not exempt from trials and tribulations but nothing happened to materially disturb the even tenor of their lives. It was a little paradise to them all after their trying experiences of former years, and most if not all of them continued to make it their home to the end of their days.

Tristram and Dionis had meantime grown old. Forty years of constant and laborious effort had written deep historic lines upon their aged features; the voices of children were no longer heard around their hearth-stone—the chirp of the cricket had succeeded them—their day was nearly over, their work almost done. We may imagine them upon some quiet autumn afternoon, slowly strolling, arm in arm, along the beach, or over the green knolls surrounding their abode; white clouds are floating silently above their heads across the blue arch of the sky, but they do not see them; the great waves are breaking upon the sand at their feet, but they do not heed their solemn roar; they are gazing far over the tossing waters beyond "the steel-blue rim of the ocean;" their thoughts are in distant Devonshire, amid the scenes of their joyous youth; their faces light up with smiles as they live over again the halcyon days before the turbulent times came on; full of hope they cross the wide Atlantic to America; they spend the heart of their lives in a contest for existence, and for the support and education of their children; new troubles thicken about them, greater than those which caused their flight from their native land; they seek refuge in a sea-girt island, the home of the friendly red man, and dwell therin

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seventy-five years he [redacted] for various military companies. [redacted]xty-ninth annual parade of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, he was the drummer of the day.

In 1822 he raised the Boston Brigade Band of twenty-two pieces. During the war of the Rebellion, he was with the New England Guards at Fort Independence, at Readville, and while they were at Fort Warren, as a guide to Mason and Slidell, during the confinement of the latter in the fortress. Afterwards, he accompanied the Guards to Annapolis, and during all these expeditions occupying his favorite place as drummer. There is little doubt but his vigorous stroke frequently cheered the men, and inspired them to action. The veteran drummer educated the noted Ned and James Kendall, the clarionet and bugle players; James accompanying Jenny Lind on her tour in America. To Major Simpson, more than any other person, Ned Kendall owes his success as a bugler, and he never forgot his old instructor. Few men enjoyed such a happy old age, surrounded by his grandchildren and his great-grandchildren, in his beautiful home by the sea.—*American Musician.*

THURSDAY.

The executive Committee held a session in Wendell's Hall at 9 A. M. and voted to have the banquet at Surf-side at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Quite a considerable amount in sums of $25 and $50 was subsided by various parties. Discussion then ensued regarding the character of the memorial to be erected and lasted until 10 o'clock, the hour appointed for the services in the church.

These were opened with prayer by Rev, H. W, Coffin of Plymouth, after which Judge Owen Tristram Coffin was appointed Master of Ceremonies. Prof. Selden J. Coffin was the first speaker and delivered the following address;

From my pleasant home in Pennsylvania; at the Forks of the Delaware, where David Brainerd breached and prayed for the conversion of the Indians, I have come to bring my offering of affection and reverence, to lay it on the grave of our common ancestors, and to extend my most cordial greetings to this large company, who are the inheritors of their name or of their blood.

It is not given to all of us to have equal or even like abilities, and my gift does not run in the line of genealogical lore. I have a profound regard for the skill of those who construct genealogical tables and "family trees," an art beyond my ken; but lost in admiration of their rare patience, I can only exclaim, "Woodman, spare that tree."

The noble oak still growing is indeed a beautiful emblem of a strong and vigorous family; but when I stand up to tell its story or to sound its praise, I feel by no means able to don the Sophomores' motto, *Isos Ergo*,—Equal to the work.

When the grain is to be gathered in from the harvest field, it is caught up in bundles, tied with a band of the same material taken from the sheaf itself. And so this rich ripe field of family recolle-

CLAN COFFIN CELEBRATION.

IN HONOR OF

TRISTRAM and DIONIS

"Long Tom Coffin."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING POST:

SIR: A few days ago I sent to a relative of mine a very interesting letter on Nantucket, taken from the EVENING POST. "Long Tom Coffin" was one of the noted characters mentioned in the letter; and so by way of compensation for the favor he sends me the epitaph on "Long Tom" composed by his brother. You may take enough interest in the matter to give it to the public. W. C. MACY.

NEW YORK, January 22.

LINES IN MEMORY OF CAPTAIN REUBEN CHASE.

Free from the storms and gusts of human life,
Free from the squalls of passion and of strife,
Here lies
Reuben Chase,
Anchored; who has stood the sea
Of ebbing life and flowing misery.
Though not dandy rigged, his prudent eye foresaw
And took a reef at fortune's quickest flaw;
He luffed and bore away to please mankind,
Yet duty urged him still to head the wind,
Rheumatic gusts at last his masts destroyed,
But jury masts a while he still enjoyed;
Laden with grief and age and shattered head,
At last he struck and grounded on his bed.
When in distress and careening thus he lay,
His final bilge expecting every day,
Heaven took his ballast from his dreary hold
And left his body a wreck—destitute of soul.
Died February 15, 1824, aged 69 years,
Long Tom Coffin in Cooper's 'Pilot.'

[Epitaph on Long Tom Coffin, written by his brother. Copied at Nantucket August 31, 1882, from papers in possession of Philip Macy.]

For the Inquirer and Mirror.

The Nantucket Ancestry of Benjamin Franklin.

Mr. Editor:

The record is familiar to those who are interested in the local history of the island and to many visitors, but it will bear re-telling, especially in connection with the placing of a mark on the spot where Franklin's mother was born. This spot is in plain sight on the right hand side of the Maddequet road, about half a mile beyond the outskirts of the town. It is located on Mr. Allen Smith's farm. The Nantucket Improvement Association have just put a sign on this spot, with the following inscription:—"Site of the house in which Abiah Folger, mother of Benjamin Franklin, was born, August 15, 1667. Located by William C. Folger."

The following record of the Folger family, or the branch of it to which Franklin belonged, is gleaned from the

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY WILL OBTAIN MUCH INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF THE

A MAN

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

[We have referred the foregoing letter to our Nantucket authority, whose reply we print be-

Rotch had ... elegant man as clerk. Madam Haley solicited the services of this gentleman to go out to England to trans-

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SHERBURNE HOUSE,
Nantucket, Mass.,
THOMAS H. SOULE, JR.,
PROPRIETOR.

ets, do they live forever?" (Zach. 1, 5.) As generation after generation is counted off on the dial of human history, the fathers are indeed gone from the earth, but they live in our memories enshrined. The white hairs that adorn the aged around me testify that not yet has been lost the savor of the ancient promise "thy days shall be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

The people of the Flowery Kingdom annually burn tinsel and gilt paper and incense over the graves of their ancestors. It is ours to improve upon this ancient example by revering our forefathers, recording their excellencies and copying their virtues. The good never die.

And as I survey this assemblage I am deeply grateful for our privilege of looking back to find our family springing from so worthy a couple as the stout-hearted Tristram and the capable and wifely Dionis. Equal honor to the courageous spirit of each.

Not boastfully, but with christian pride, I offer the sentiment, that we are proud of our line. Who can estimate the influence for good exerted for two centuries in the propagation of the influence and correct principles of a worthy christian household?

I will not enter on the oft-tried and ever commendable effort of pronouncing an enconium on the high character and holy motives of the Pilgrim Fathers, but leave that labor of love to those who are to the manor born.

Robert Vaughan wrote, "Rarely do we meet with such lucid proof of sincerity, as in the case of the pioneers of New England, the first party in Christendom to advocate the cause of religious liberty—we mean, to advocate it fully and consistently. No explanation of their conduct can be given apart from that which they themselves supply—a sacred sense of duty to their God. No other motive could have sustained them. Their state involved a relinquishment of every tie to earth; and what could have supported this, except that religion which includes a vigorous hold on the future and the eternal?

Daniel Webster thanked God that he "had been born *where* he was born and *when* he was born; that the portion of human existence allotted to him had been meted out to him in this goodly land, and at this interesting period. To this we can add the joy of multiplying a record, honorable in the past, by the increasing opportunities for good that lie present to our grasp. If this be not our delight, we are a degenerate brood, and deserve no place in the Clan. Better for our land than its wondrous mines of California quartz or Colorado carbonates is the possession of a primal stock, whose zeal for just and equal rights, whose incorruptible integrity gave form to its constitution, impress to its people, credit to its resources, and tone to the nation.

It is accounted a great achievement in science that recently the unheard-of feat has been accomplished, in Paris, of charging a box of a cubic foot with the accumulated electric energy of a million feet, and transporting it to Glasgow with the power preserved intact. What is this but an application to the science of Physics, of what was done by our progenitors, centuries ago, when they gathered the power and energy of old Devon, that was borne by them across the wide ocean, and was not only preserved intact, but was increased in intensity as it was applied; Plymouth eclipsed Paris, and Faure was outdone by the forefathers. When a dividend is to be declared on the early American stock, we claim our rightful share; and expect that on such an occasion Courage, Intelligence, Honesty, and a broad love of Humanity shall be especially awarded to the Coffin family. Their gettings have been less of wealth than of other endowments. A certain nomadic tendency seems to have [illegible] been largely characteristic of the blood, resulting in their wandering, and either occasioned by, or else occasioning and impelling many of them to follow the ocean, often ending in their finding new and distant homes, and thereby adding an untold amount to the labors of our diligent Executive Committee and our indefatigable family historian. Where were J. Fenimore Cooper's "Pilot" and "Red Rover" without a "long Tom Coffin?"

My father was named from two uncles, James and Henry Coffin, who knew and sought the retreats of the whale, and of whom I have understood that one perished in this hazardous occupation. Indeed I do not know but that the appellation "Captain" was so numerously the possession of our clan, that the designation, "Captain Coffin," a generation ago, (before the pitiful and impolitic decline of American shipping,) would have been perfectly useless as a means of attempting to distinguish the individuals who bore marine honors. Their keels have traversed every sea. You will find one of the names so far west as the last extreme of our continent, in the mammoth ship chandlery at the very foot of California street, as you leave San Francisco for the Golden Gate. Numerous are the Admirals, both living and deceased, who have borne the name of Coffin, in England. Nor ought we ever to forget that it was by the promptness with which Captain Reuben Coffin, of Athens, N. Y., during the late War of the Rebellion, bore the famous Monitor to its destination—although at a speed against which the government officers made their protest—that the vessel came to Hampton Roads in time to save to the nation many valuable lives and millions of property.

This nomadic tendency, promoted by a life on the ocean wave, and preventing an aggregation of the Family in any one region, except in the case of those who remain here about the old roof-tree, together with a certain trace of inflexibility, or at least tenacity of purpose, perhaps referable to the same manner of life, have held the family out of that line of political advancement that depended on the elective franchise.

In other words, we have not been elected to office in any great numbers. We have not been subservient to the whims or caprices of the public, and so the title of Governor or Senator is yet to be a prenomen with us. Less conspicuous, *if not less toilsome positions have been the lot of our tribe.*

As closely allied to the characteristic last noticed, I may say that a goodly measure of the pioneer spirit has found place in our lineage.

Of the descendants of Lieut. John Coffin, Tristram's eighth child, I may be permitted to mention one of the sixth generation from Tristram, Robert Allen Coffin, whose name stands first on the Roll of the Matriculates of Amherst College. At the Semi-Centennial celebration of that institution, in 1871, when it was ascertained that all the fifty classes, save his (that of 1825) were represented in the attendance; in response to a telegram he came, and what a buzz of jubilee went through the great assemblage, as he quietly appeared upon the platform, and there, in a representative capacity, filled the quota. He was a successful teacher, the author of a work on Natural Philosophy and of a Prize Essay on Town Organization. His daughter, here with us to-day, Mrs. Rev. A. J. Chaplin, is the authoress of numerous Sunday School books, besides a History of the Missions of the Baptist Church, and a volume for which she gained a prize of $500 against 73 competitors. I hear also that but recently his nephew has made his way from a homeless newsboy in the streets of Chicago, through a full collegiate and theological course into the ministry of the Baptist Church. His youngest brother, Matthew Coffin, now a Justice of the Peace, in Otsego, Michigan, pushed into the wilds of the West, over forty years ago, settled in the forest, having his nearest neighbor ten miles away, and waited for the tide of population. His son, by inevitable heredity, followed the paternal example, and eight years since sought a home in Nebraska, one hundred and seventy miles distant from Post Office or railroad, to find himself to-day the pioneer lawyer in Ord county, and honored by being a member of your Executive Committee.

And who shall say that the daughters have not shown equal virtue and fortitude in braving the trials of frontier life: their sons delight to tell their praise.

The purpose that convenes us requires no apology for filial mention of my revered father, Prof. James Henry Coffin, LL.D., distinguished as a scientist and a christian, who for over forty years in the incessant activities of a teacher's life, chiefly as Professor of Mathematics in Lafayette College, found portions of time for the study that led him on to the discovery of the laws that govern the atmospheric cirulation over the surface of the earth; and whose elaborate researches are embodied in the charts of the British Admiralty, and in the quartos of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. He was also author of text-books in Mathematics and Astronomy, and was a member of the National Academy of Sciences.

Turning to another branch of the family record, we find Prof. John H. C. Coffin, who has spent a long and useful life in the U. S. Naval service, since 1866, and many others distinguished for their culture of whom you have not time to hear. May it be ours to emulate the virtues of those who have bequeathed us their names, and to rejoice in the blessed Re-Union above.

A letter was read from Mr. ——— Coffin, of Prince Edward's Island.

Dr. Arthur E, Jenks, being next introduced delivered the following poem written for the occasion:

Among historic Islands, far and near,
Nantucket leads the royal lineage;
And sparkles on th' Atlantic's bosom, like
Antilles' Queen!
'Tis said the Spaniards—moved
With wonderment akin to worship, when
They landed in America—first named
A brilliant constellation of the sky,
"The Southern Cross." The crimson coronal
Which graced the form of the Jicara Tree,
They called "The Passion Flower;" their settlement
Within the Southland borders "Vera Cruz,"
Or The True Cross!

In the broad conclave of our history,
Behold our constellation; cultured minds,
And pure refinements of a noble race!
Prophetic to our stranger guests I ween,
As were the silent stars to these brave sons
Who fled the land of the Alb[illegible]
Lo, in our midst [illegible]mura's shade!
[illegible], stands the Ancestral Tree,—
The new Jicara of our Northern home!
And intertwined among the branches, cling
The tender vines of our memorial,
Its blossoms typify the vigor, hope
And a resistless energy, and will
Indomitable, that once nerved the hearts
Of Tristram and Dionis!

A fleecy cloud, poised on the zenith's arch
But yester e'en, glowed with the golden sheen
Th' retiring sun flung o'er its shining form!
Thus falls the mantle of our ancestors,
Upon all worthy sons and daughters, who
In the rich splendor of this joyful feast
Reflect the names of their progenitors
In vital industry, in Christian faith,
Or labor for the common weal!

As o'er the heather of fair Scotland's hills
And bonnie braes, the pibroch sounded clear,
The glad roll call of all the Highlanders;
Till her sweet moorlands, lakes, and crystal streams,
Already glowing with the love of Burn,
Seemed jocund with the thrilling bugle-call;
Across our own Mill Hills, and purple vales,
Sounded the key-note of the Coffin Clan!
It echoed thro' the land its *reveille*;
North, South; from East to West, it rolled e'er the
Nevada Mountains to the Golden State!
Then, every home became a bristling camp.
Wherein a leaf of genealogy
Lay treasured; or a vestige of the old
Armorials of Portledge! Far and wide,
The call was answered! Now, within this grand
Pavilion, proud descendants meet to day,
To share the orator's remembrance; meet
To celebrate the anniversary
Two centuries have hallowed and to mark
With monumental art, the rugged life
And peaceful death of the heroic twain;
The first among an honorable race,
To found a home upon New England soil!
Our Commonwealth has one all-hallowed shrine.
The Mecca of the New World! Reverent feet
Pause there; and the fond heart thrills with new pride
In holy thought of our Forefathers' Day!
From English shores the fugitives embarked,
Landed on Plymouth rock; built Church and School.
(We all do venerate the grand old Rock!)
Still flow the waves within the peaceful Bay;
That wore the Mayflower on its heaving breast.
The Pilgrim Band bequeathed forevermore,
A legacy of Liberty and Love
Poised on its pedestal of granite, with
Uplifted finger, pointed to the skies,
Faith's statue stands; imposing monument!
Art has no grander figure anywhere—
The Guardian Angel of the Pilgrim's home!
Nantucket is her sister town, and brave
Hearts throbbed in bosoms of her pioneers;
Within their veins the blood of Winslow and
The Carvers flowed; and kindred altars were
Erected on this sea-beat shore! And God
Was worshipped; and His name adored!

Here lived the early toilers of the sea;
And from this ancient town, went forth the men
Whose deeds, recorded by the pen of Burke,
Became historic. Their unflinching faith,
Endurance, and amazing hardihood,
Set the great seal of deathless Industry
Upon their labors; carving for themselves
With cumbrous ploughshare, and the rude harpoon,
The titles of a true nobility—
Lords of the soil, and kings upon the seat
Their stout hearts, loyalty, and their right arms
Were the defenders of their island home.
They loved their wives and children; every blast
Which mocked them in the pin of rattling shrouds
Eoch wave that smote their vessel as they sailed,
But welded their affections; and they stood
Firm at the helm; so valiant, I know not
In all the annals of courageous souls,
Men truer to their posts of duty. Thus
Was our loved township born, its childhood life
Was cradled on the ocean—in the storm!

What wonder that she grew in wealth and fame,
Among the first marine ports of the world?
For this, and for the honor of her name,
Let us remember, with the choicest speech,
And classic verse, the father's sacrifice,
The prayers, the patience and the constancy
Our Island mothers breathed, endured, and kept
By hearthstone-fires, thro all the dismal wail
Of wintry winds that marshalled the wild waves
And sent them, thun'dring to their trembling doors!
An, ever in the window towards the sea,
A light was burning. O'er the harbor Bar,
It flickered, and the weary sailor's heart
Knew that his loved ones welcomed his return.
There is a pathos in this memory,
Too tender for our human language and
I leave for tearful eyes, and quiver of
Love's lip, alone to draw the portraiture;
So sacred that it transcends utterance!
But since that day? In commerce; in the track
Of Trade; to all the learned Professions, has
Nantucket given many a manly son;
Our institutions are our Country's pride!
When threatened with complete disunion, and
Their shining towers shook midst the thunders of
Gigantic Civil War, Nantucket, then,
Gave freely of her sons. They left in scores;
Marched to the front; thro' dreaded Baltimore,
And, with the dauntless Sherman, to the sea!
On every field they struck a trenchant blow—
Worthy descendants of their early sires.
Read in the Archives of our Commonwealth,
Their record. There shines not a brighter star
In all our battle history!
In our United States, the highest schools
Have sought our Island's daughters; gracefully
They bear their honors; with their brothers, lay
Upon the table of this splendid feast,
Their wreath of momory, inscribed with love!

The old roof-tree
Bends tenderly above them, and they have
A share in this commemoration, for
Fidelity in all their public trusts!
Nantucket! 'Tis a name as fair to see,
As that of any Island 'neath the sun!
Nor Scotia's Bard, nor England's Laureate
E'er found in mossy dell, on Albion height,
Themes that presaged more valorous honore,
The Covenanter's faith no dearer than
Our own! stability of character,
Equal to theirs—courageous evermore!
New England stock as good as Britain's best!
As brave in War—magnanimous in Peace!
This is no idle boasting. Manhood's seal
In honor, is Nantucket's coat of arms!
The grand heraldic emblem of that life,
Whose rectitude ignores all counterfeits!
To-day, as ne'er in all her history,
She takes he. rightful place;
The chronicler of this event will give
Our imperishable names,—
More lasting than a scroll of bronze, carved by
The sculptor's cunning art. That which we trace
Upon the heart immortal is; and this
Reunion, bright with moral grandeur, pure,
In proud affection for nativity,
True in the birthright of a grateful clan,—
Rich in in its legacy of common sense
Bequeathed us from the early fathers,—
Will yet convey to our posterity,
The glory of her past, her present worth;
Twin stars set in the graceful arch of all
Her future years.

Five minute speeches being next declared in order, Mr. William Penn Lyon was introduced and made a brief address abounding with humor which drew forth frequent applause.

At this point, Mr. Charles C. Coffin of Boston, introduced the following resolution:

Resolved,—That in this hour of painful suspense, when the President of this Republic, James A. Garfield, hovers between life and death, we, as members of a family gathered from many states of the Union, extend to Mrs. Garfield and family our condolence and sympathy, praying that if it be consistent with the Divine will, he may yet be restored to health and strength.

This resolution was unamiously adopted by a rising vote and the Secretary was directed to forward a copy to the Secretary of State,

A call was then made for the man who looked like President Garfield and when Mr. George W. Hancock of California ascended the pulpit, the resemblance was conceded to be very striking. Mr. Hancock began by stating that while he might resemble him who was elected President, he was related to that other candidate who was not elected President. [Applause.] He claimed direct descent on his father's side from John Hancock whose name stands first upon the Declaration of Independence, and on his mother's side from General Lee, who commanded the American armies in the Revolution. He however married a Coffin [illegible] and paid a fine tribute to his wfie and the Coffin Clan.

Joseph S. Barney, Esq., followed with a characteristic speech full of enthusiasm.

The exercises were concluded by the singing of the following anthem, in which the audience united, led by Hill's orchestra.

Re-union Anthem.
Air, "America."

BY MRS. ELIZABETH STARBUCK.

Our native Isle! of thee
With voices loud and free,
Praises we'll sing;
Let children's children come
To their ancestral home,
Wreathed by the deep sea's foam,
And tribute bring!

Our fathers bless'd thy soil;
Those hardy sons of Toil
Found refuge here
Upon thine unbroke sod,
From Persecution's rod
That bath'd the earth in blood,
The heart in fear.

Their light as diff'ring star
Shineth, still gleams afar
To guide us on;
In Learning's sacred bower
It glads with magic power,
And Youth's gay sunny hour,
Is rife with song.

Bright golden skies are thine!
Rich flowers; the clust'ring vine;
The outstretch'd plain;
Thy waters murmuring low;
Or, surging, as they flow
Wild waves in grandeur go,
And loud refrain.

Welcome ye kinsmen dear!
Welcome thou stranger here
Within our gates!
Ye cherished, absent ones!
As shade of sadness comes
Love hears your echoing tones,
Your presence waits.

In this communion sweet
Hands clasp; hearts are replete
With joy—with pain;
Our lov'd, with voices hush'd,
Strengthen faith in the trust,
"That somowhere meet we must"
And live again.

God-bye! ye loving hearts
Good-bye! the tear-drop starts
To say good-bye!
The mem'ries of the day
Shall linger 'round our way,
Long after we shall say
Good-bye! good-bye!

By 1 o'clock the Square in front of the railroad office was thronged with eager applicants for transportation and every outwsrd bound train from that time until past the dinner hour was crowded to its fullest capacity.

As on the former occasion, the seating capacity within the depot was inadequate to accomodate the banqueters and a surging crowd pressed vainly up to the entrance long after the hall was filled. Seats were provided on the verandas, however, and ultimately all were served.

The banquet was dispatched with a relish and comprised the following extensive bill of fare: Tomato soup, baked blue-fish, Madeira sauce, broiled sword-fish, stewed lobster and wine sauce, eight varieties of cold meats, green pease, corn, potatoes, cucumbers, tomatoes and lettuce, several varieties of cake and pastry, tea and coffee, with vanilla, strawberry, lemon and chocolate ice cream, Troy pudding, bananas, grapes, watermelons and cantelopes for dessert.

When the inner man had been satisfied, the literary exercises were inaugurated by Mrs. Baxter of Rutland, Vt., who recited the old mottoes of the Coffin school, after which all who had ever attended the Coffin school were called upon to raise their hands.

Ex-Judge Robert S. Hart was then called upon and made an interesting and humorous address, followed by Mr. Andrew G. Coffin of New York who paid a glowing tribute to the mothers of our ancestors.

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Charles Carleton Coffin, Esq., of Boston, was the next speaker and related a telling anecdote of the pluck exhibited during the Revolutionary war by his grandmother, Rebecca Hazleton Coffin.

Charles Franklin Coffin, of Indiana, George W. Hancock, of California, and Matthew Barney of Nantucket, folowed in turn with brief remarks and reminiscences.

The concluding address was made by Charles Coffin, of Walnut Ridge, Ark. Mr. Coffin's sympathies and aid were enlisted in behalf of the "lost cause" during the Rebellion, and he gave an account of the relations between the slaves and their owners in former years. He rejoiced, however that the shakles had been stricken from the bondmen and had only kindly feelings and hearty greetings for his northern cousins.

The grand ball in the evening, which closed the day's festivities was a marked success and all went merry as a marriage bell."

In Memoriam.

Lucretia Coffin Mott, died November 12th, 1880.

Well may the mighty waves, Nantucket!
Break on thy wild and lonely shore;
Well may the winds with mournful tumult,
Among thy cliffs and headlands roar.

Well may the gulls in wild commotion,
Circle around thy distant isle;
With cries above the din of ocean
Sounding a requiem the while.

Nature may well show desolation,
May travail as she did at birth,
For this the greatest of thy children,
Had onward passed away from earth.

The brain so clear and penetrating,
So fraught with intellectual [illegible]
Ever with interest debat[illegible]ower;
The questions [illegible]ing,
[illegible] of the day and hour.

The heart so warm and sympathetic,
So filled with love for all mankind;
Knowing not creed, nor caste, nor color,
And sure in all some good to find.

The fluent tongue always contending
Against oppression, greed and wrong;
The poor and weak always defending
Against encroachments of the strong.

The busy hands that never wearied
From early dawn till set of sun
In working for the sick and needy,
And finding good that could be done.

The feet that aye were gladly speeding,
Love's kindly office to fulfill;
To visit those who help were needing,
All these are now at rest and still.

But throwing off its wordly fetters,
The disembodied spirit soars;
And with new gifts and powers supernal,
The mighty God of Heaven adores.

What words can tell its blest condition,
What flowers of language prove amiss?
What hope attaining to fruition,
It enters on a world of bliss.

Break forth in joyful praise, Nantucket!
Rejoice, thou island of the sea!
Let gentle zephyrs, softly blowing
Among thy cliffs, make melody.

Let swallows, with their airy sailing,
Descend to earth then heavenward soar;
Let Sunshine play among thy valleys,
The waters dance upon thy shore.

Let Nature sound one mighty pæan,
One Universal song arise;
While this, most favored of thy children
Ascends to mansions in the skies

CAROLINE EARLE WHITE.

mes call him Rotch merely, as if he were not titled to a Christian name; and he it was who ited upon the mob in the Old South Meeting-house.

August 16, 1775, the General Court of Massasetts passed a resolve "that from and after 15th day of August instant, no ship or vessel uld sail out of any port of this Colony on any aling Voyage whatever without leave first and obtained" from the said court. On 30th of the same month the court gave persion to Francis Rotch, of Dartmouth, and ron Lopez, of Rhode Island, "to put to sea Vessels in which they are Interested on a aling Voyage," provided all "the Oyl and e by them taken" be landed in any port of colony "except the Ports of Boston and Nanett."

he author of the paper in the EVENING POST s it is a pity that the life of William Rotch, Nantucket, could not be fully written. It was y written, in 1814, by himself, in his eightieth r—'Autobiographical Memoirs'—and has n published in the New England Historical Genealogical Register of 1878. Further inmation about his life may be found in 'Nanket in the Revolution,' by Alexander Starbuck, published in 1875. These Memoirs are very

THURSDAY.

The executive Committee held a session in Wendell's Hall at 9 A. M. and voted to have the banquet at Surf-side at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Quite a considerable amount in sums of $25 and $50 was subsided by various parties. Discussion then ensued regarding the character of the memorial to be erected and lasted until 10 o'clock, the hour appointed for the services in the church.

These were opened with prayer by Rev, H. W, Coffin of Plymouth, after which Judge Owen Tristram Coffin was appointed Master of Ceremonies. Prof. Selden J. Coffin was the first speaker and delivered the following address;

From my pleasant home in Pennsylvania; at the Forks of the Delaware, where David Brainerd breached and prayed for the conversion of the Indians, I have come to bring my offering of affection and reverence, to lay it on the grave of our common ancestors, and to extend my most cordial greetings to this large company, who are the inheritors of their name or of their blood,

It is not given to all of us to have equal or even like abilities, and my gift does not run in the line of genealogical lore. I have a profound regard for the skill of those who construct genealogical tables and "family trees," an art beyond my ken; but lost in admiration of their rare patience, I can only exclaim, "Woodman, spare that tree."

The noble oak still growing is indeed a beautiful emblem of a strong and vigorous family; but when I stand up to tell its story or to sound its praise, I feel by no means able to don the Sophomores' motto, *Isos Ergo*.—Equal to the work.

When the grain is to be gathered in from the harvest field, it is caught up in bundles, tied with a band of the same material taken from the sheaf itself. And so this rich, ripe field of family recollections, traditions and reminiscences stands ready; we have been busily reaping in this week, and now it is to be bound in sheaves, that it may be borne into memory's storehouse. Let us bind every sheaf with the family straw, and tie it well, that it may hold its place in the great accumulation.

The inner track is sought in the course. *Palmam qui meruit ferat.* If we are charged, or are chargeable, with the fault of having organized, and without a charter having nevertheless most successfully conducted a Mutual Admiration Society, the most easy way out of the difficulty is to acknowledge the charge as an undeniable fact, and make the stockholders jointly bear the loss. Under our circumstances, is mutual admiration so far removed from family affection that it must remain tabooed as a vice?

In the matter of admiration—and perhaps further—I avow full belief in predestination. It is courteous, and I trust does no violence to history, to rest in the *belief that our ancestors fondly admired those whom they chose, or by whom they* were chosen, as partners for life; and they continuing in this good frame of mind, with all its delusions, we, by the best of the laws of heredity, confirm our right to the family name and inheritance, by full and cordial love and unveiled admiration for those who are joint partakers with us in the collateral inheritance. We were predestinated so to do.

Such energies as we here expend are put forth in a noble cause. The Fifth Commandment of the Decalogue is kept in the spirit that prompted this assemblage. When the lustre of sacred history had grown dim, and the second Temple was building, Zechariah, who for his brilliance has been styled a sun among the minor prophets, exclaimed in sadness and yet in hope, "Your fathers, where are they? And the proph-

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material taken from the sheaf itself
so this rich, ripe field of family

B. & O. R. R.

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Four doors below the Post-office, where he intends to do all the latest styles of hair cutting, shaving champooing, and hair dyeing. **The cutting of children's and misses' hair a specialty.** He hopes by strict attention to business to merit a share of the public patronage.

Ladies' Switches made over; Ladies' Switches made to order, and combings made into switches.

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CURED BY HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Another case writes: "I have had catarrh four years. Last April, the dropping in my throat became so troublesome that I became alarmed, as it affected my right lung. I took two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it cured me. My appetite, which was variable before, is first rate now." Very truly yours, Charles N. Griffin, 69 Summer Street, Lowell, Mass. We desire to say to all who try this medicine for catarrh, that probably the discharge will increase at first, then grow more watery and gradually stop. The odor disappears very soon in most cases. By continuing Hood's Sarsaparilla after all signs of the disease are removed, a more permanent cure is effected. Hood's Sarsa-

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[We have referred the foregoing letter to our Nantucket authority, whose reply we print below.—Ed. Evening Post.]

To the Editor of The Evening Post:

Sir: Joseph Rotch came to Nantucket early in the last century and married Love Macy, daughter of Henry and Deborah Coffin. She was born in 1713. Their children were: William, born 1734, who became the great New England merchant; none that I ever read of surpassed him. The next son was Joseph, born 1746, who died while in England in 1767, the same year his mother died here. The next son was Francis, who was born in 1750 and died in New Bedford 1822.

Joseph Rotch (the elder), moved to New Bedford, then called Dartmouth, in 1764. Francis, his son, soon followed him. The old gentleman was burnt out by the British and came back to Nantucket. He died in 1784 in New Bedford. Francis built the *Dartmouth* on Hazzard's wharf, where John and James Howland's store now stands; William was interested in all of his brother's enterprises, as my books indicate—oil, candles, merchandise in general. In 1773 the *Beaver* was loaded here with sperm oil, and sailed on June 26 for London. In London the East India Company loaded the ships with tea. I have the invoices outward. When they came into Boston, Mr. Francis Rotch met these ships, and went through what Bancroft relates in his sixth volume, page 474. When the ships were unloaded, the *Beaver*, Capt. Hezekiah Coffin, came down to Nantucket and was fitted for Brazil Banks, accompanied by a sister ship, the famed *Bedford*, Capt. Robert Meader; both ships filled, the *Beaver* going to London, where Francis Rotch met her and disposed of her oil in 1776. The *Bedford* came here to Nantucket to William Rotch, and here she lay till 1782, when she was hauled down and filled with 487 butts of oil, and sailed for London under charge of Captain William Mowes, arriving in London on the 7th of February, 1783, giving the officials much trouble and perplexity, as she was a "rebel"; and Trinity House did not know how to proceed in her case, and applied for advice of the Crown officers. Captain Coffin died in London, 1778. While they were upon the Brazil coast one Seymore, a hand on board of Captain Coffin, wanted to exchange places with a sailor on board of Captain Meader, which had the consent of the captains. On the American arriving in London, he claimed more than the papers he held called for, as each had exchanged, taking each other's place in everything. Captain Coffin dying, they could not settle this matter until they sent to Nantucket for facts in the case. I have the affidavits taken before Hon. George Gardner, who was the first Custom-house officer appointed here under the United States in 1783.

The *Dartmouth* came down here after the tea difficulty and loaded with sperm oil, and sailed for London April 4, 1774, consigned to Champion & Dickerson, of that city, William Rotch, shipper. I could adduce 100 of these voyages, but I fancy this will be enough; if not, will give you some even more convincing that the brothers worked together, even if they lived apart.

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William Rotch died in New Bedford, May, 1828, near ninety-four years of age. I have his autobiography, published by the Genealogical Society in Boston, 1874. F. C. Sanford.

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New York, January 22.

Lines in memory of Captain Reuben Chase.

Free from the storms and gusts of human life,
Free from the squalls of passion and of strife,
Here lies
Reuben Chase,
Anchored; who has stood the sea
Of ebbing life and flowing misery.
Though not dandy rigged, his prudent eye foresaw
And took a reef at fortune's quickest flaw;
He luffed and bore away to please mankind,
Yet duty urged him still to head the wind.
Rheumatic gusts at last his masts destroyed,
But jury masts a while he still enjoyed;
Laden with grief and age and shattered head,
At last he struck and grounded on his bed.
When in distress and careening thus he lay,
His final bilge expecting every day,
Heaven took his ballast from his dreary hold
And left his body a wreck—destitute of soul.
Died February 15, 1824, aged 69 years,
Long Tom Coffin in Cooper's 'Pilot.'

[Epitaph on Long Tom Coffin, written by his brother. Copied at Nantucket August 31, 1882, from papers in possession of Philip Macy.]

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Mr. Editor:

The record is familiar to those who are interested in the local history of the island and to many visitors, but it will bear re-telling, especially in connection with the placing of a mark on the spot where Franklin's mother was born. This spot is in plain sight on the right hand side of the Maddequet road, about half a mile beyond the outskirts of the town. It is located on Mr. Allen Smith's farm. The Nantucket Improvement Association have just put a sign on this spot, with the following inscription:—"Site of the house in which Abiah Folger, mother of Benjamin Franklin, was born, August 15, 1667. Located by William C. Folger."

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Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

[We have referred the foregoing letter to our Nantucket authority, whose reply we print below.—Ed. Evening Post.]

To the Editor of The Evening Post:

Sir: Joseph Rotch came to Nantucket early in the last century and married Love Macy, daughter of Henry and Deborah Coffin. She was born in 1713. Their children were: William, born 1734, who became the great New England merchant; none that I ever read of surpassed him. The next son was Joseph, born 1746, who died while in England in 1767, the same year his mother died here. The next son was Francis, who was born in 1750 and died in New Bedford 1822.

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Free from the storms and gusts of human life,
Free from the squalls of passion and of strife,
Here lies
Reuben Chase,
Anchored; who has stood the sea
Of ebbing life and flowing misery.
Though not dandy rigged, his prudent eye foresaw
And took a reef at fortune's quickest flaw;
He huffed and bore away to please mankind,
Yet duty urged him still to head the wind.
Rheumatic gusts at last his masts destroyed,
But jury masts a while he still enjoyed;
Laden with grief and age and shattered head,
At last he struck and grounded on his bed.
When in distress and careening thus he lay,
His final bilge expecting every day,
Heaven took his ballast from his dreary hold
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The following record of the Folger family, or the branch of it to which Franklin belonged, is gleaned from the genealogical records of William C. Folger:

John Folger, of Norwich, England, with his son Peter, came to this country in 1635. On the same ship with them was the family of Rev. Hugh Peters. Among the reverend's household was one Mary Morrell, Mrs. Peter's serving maid, fair and bright-eyed. Vicinage in cramped quarters on a long passage was too much for Peter and Mary. They were bethrothed before the passage was over. Sometime previous to 1648, the date of their first child's birth, they were married. When the father and son reached the colonies, they settled in Watertown, Massachusetts. The father soon became one of the prominent citizens of the town. This is evident from the fact that when the family moved to Martha's Vineyard, he was detained for a time by his duties in the General Court of the colony, as representative of Watertown. The family moved to the Vineyard some time previous to 1660, with Thomas Mayhew, jr. Peter at once found employment as a school teacher and land surveyor. He also assisted Mr. Mayhew in his work among the Indians.

John Folger died at Edgartown in 1660. His widow whose maiden name was Meriba Gibbs, was living in 1663. Whether she was his first wife who had come with him from England, or his wife by a second marriage does not appear from Mr. Folger's records. In 1662--63, Peter was on Nantucket surveying land; and on the Fourth of July, 1663, the Island proprietors voted to give him one-half a share of land if he would move to Nantucket, and serve as Indian interpreter, and land surveyor. Peter accepted this offer, and land was assigned to him at what was then known as Roger's Field, on what was known at a later date as the Jethro Folger Lane, now a portion of the Maddequet Road. Peter died in 1690. Mary, his widow, died in 1704. The children numbered nine, not a large family for those times:—1. Eleazar, born 1648: married, 1671, Sarah Gardner, daughter of Richard; died 1716. 2. Joanna, married John Coleman, son of Thomas; died 1719, 5th month, 18th day. 3. Bethiah, married John Barnard, Feb. 26, 1668--9; both drowned in June 1669. Dorcas, married James Pratt; died 1675. 5. Patience, married (1) Ebenezer Harker, (2) James Gardner; died, 1718, 1st month o. s. 6. Bethshua, married Joseph Pope, jr., Salem Village, Mass., 1698. 7. John, born 1659; married Mary Barnard, daughter of Nathaniel; died 1732, 8th month, 23d day. 8. Experience, married John Swain, jr., son of John; died 1739, 6th month, 4th day. 9. Abiah, born August 15, 1667; married Josiah Franklin, being his second wife, died 1752. She was the mother of Benjamin Franklin.

S. D.

Devices on Coin.

THE HISTORY OF THE VIGNETTES.

The act of April 2, 1792, which established a mint in Philadelphia, then the seat of the Government, provided that upon one side of the gold and silver coins of the United States there should be an impression emblematic of Liberty, with an inscription of the word "Liberty" and the year of the coinage, and upon the reverse the figure or representation of an eagle, with the inscription: "United States of America."

The act of January, 1837, made similar provisions, and when the silver bill providing for the restoration of the "dollar of our daddies" was enacted, it was provided that the same inscription should be placed on the standard dollar. But few people outside the mint understand the care and delicacy required to produce well-finished coins; but the work of coining or perfecting a piece is as nothing compared with the designing and engraving of a die. The extremely limited space presented by the surface of a coin for a display of artistic embellishment is of itself a very unfavorable condition imposed upon the inventive faculty of the artist, and when the more rigid limitation upon the relief is considered, it is obvious that the artist has to work with fetters on his hands to an extent unknown in any department of art. It has often been the case that artists of well-known reputation, but having no experience in engraving of coins, have had designs of great artistic merit rejected simply for the reason that such designs were not adapted to the purpose for which they were intended.

The device on our coins, emblematic of Liberty, is no doubt devised from a similar device on the coins of the Roman Republic, anterior to Augustus, and has much of classic authority in its favor. Its adoption does not seem to have been determined by any specific act or instructions, and, in fact, the journals of the Senate and other proceedings of Congress show that the head of the President was at first intended as the device for one side of the coins.

The first coins struck were cents, in 1793, on which the emblem was a female head, with hair flying wildly behind. In 1795 the cap of Liberty was introduced, supported on a wand projecting behind the head. In 1796 or 1797 the cap was discarded.

The first silver coins were struck in 1794. The head of Liberty, with flowing hair and without the cap, formed the obverse. This style was maintained with slight modifications until about the year 1808, when a more pleasant head of Liberty, with hair dressed and cap, was adopted. The device was taken from life and was considered a model in good taste of the fashion of the time. The inscription of the word liberty was at that time transferred from the margin of the coin to the band of the cap.

The first gold coins struck in 1795 were ornamented with a head of Liberty and a cap head-dress, corresponding with the fashionable head-dress of that period. This continued until 1806, when the head-dress on the gold coins was made to conform with that on the silver. Upon the change of standard in 1834 the liberty cap of the goddess was removed from the head and the hair confined by a band inscribed with the word "Liberty." The next change took place near the end of the year 1838, the hair being looped up behind and entwined with braids, a couple of stray curls hanging loosely upon the neck, and the front of the head embellished with a tiara inscribed "Liberty." Since then the changes in the artistic devices and designs upon coins have been few and unimportant. The reverse of all our larger coins has always presented to a certain extent the heraldic elements forming the arms of the Union, and no doubt in accordance with the almost universal usage of the independent sovereignties of preventing a device on the reverse of their coinage bearing heraldic allusions more or less elaborate, to the arms of the government or sovereign authority. In the various changes made from time to time, every effort has no doubt been made to present as beautiful coins as the limited space would permit, and also to secure designs which would present no difficulty in mechanical execution. The head of "Liberty" on the standard dollars, designed by a young English engraver, is chaste and beautiful, and is considered by artists the best executed head that has ever appeared upon United States coins. It is so well distributed as to be susceptible of easy work under the die, and, like its predecessor of 1808, was taken from life.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Gen. Spinner's Invention.

Postal currency, which was the "change" during the war and until the resumption of specie payments, was the invention of General Spinner, who had represented the Syracuse district of New York in Congress, and had been appointed Treasurer of the United States by President Lincoln. Small change had vanished, and in buying a dinner in the market change had to be taken in beets, cabbages, potatoes, and what not. General Spinner was constantly appealed to from all quarters to do something to supply the demand for small change. He had no law under which he could act, but after buying a half-dollar's worth of apples several times and receiving for his half dollar in change more or less different kinds of produce, he began to cast around for a substitute for small change. In his dilemma he bethought himself of the postage stamp. He sent down to the post office department and purchased a quantity of stamps. He then ordered up a package of the paper upon which government securities were printed. He cut the paper into various sizes. On the pieces he pasted stamps to represent different amounts. He thus initiated a substitute for fractional silver. This was not, however, a government transaction in any sense; it could not be. General Spinner distributed his improvised currency among the clerks of the department. They took it readily, and the trade folks more readily, and so it spread throughout the country.

The first coin ever issued in this country was the old fashioned cartwheel cent. The first issue was in 1793, and there were three dies made. With the single exception of the year 1815 there has been no break in the issue of cents from that time to the present. The labor required to secure a sample of the three varieties of cents made in 1793 is very great, and they bring from $3 to $5 each. The cent of 1794 is a trifle more common and can be bought for about sixty cents, while a sample of the issue of 1795 is worth $1 25. It was in this year that the liberty cap was changed to the fillet head, and these were issued regularly for thirteen years, when the Goddess of Liberty appeared on the face of the coin, with thirteen stars surrounding it. A cent of the issue of 1799, in good condition, is worth $40 or $50.

On the farm of Joseph Frake, near Columbus, Warren county, has been found a Revolutionary medal bearing a representation of the Goddess of Liberty striking the British lion with a spear and the dates October 17, 1777, and October 12, 1781. It is supposed to be one of the several stolen from Marquis Lafayette nearly a century ago.

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Town Celebrating Its Two Hundredth Anniversary.

FOURTEEN WISE SETTLERS.

Acquackanonk Grant and How It Was Talked About Yesterday.

1886

Passaic City was yesterday arrayed in holiday costume; its buildings were ornamented with festoons and flags were flying from every prominent point. Many of the manufacturers had granted their hands either a whole or a half holiday, and women and children, dressed in their Sunday garments, were promenading the streets. The men were principally engaged in discussing what was going on two hundred years ago in the place now occupied by Passaic's stately residences and many mills, for the people of Passaic and vicinity were celebrating the two hundredth anniversary of the delivery of the Great Grant of Acquackanonk by which nearly three thousand acres of ground were transferred by the lords proprietors of England to fourteen settlers, mostly of Holland birth, who had before that time paid rent to the English owners. As the property transferred included not only what is at present the city of Passaic, but also the land now lying in Acquackanonk township and a large portion of the city of Paterson, Passaic was celebrating not only its own two hundredth birthday, but also that of nearby settlements. The first intention of the committee of citizens having the matter in charge was to have a celebration confined only to Passaic, but public interest in the celebration increased and the news of what was going to be done soon spread through all parts of the State. The various railroads passing through Passaic did all they could to help the celebration by a reduction of the rates of fare, and every train that arrived in Passaic yesterday brought a number of visitors. A number of the military organizations of the State and Grand Army posts arrived by special trains on the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad. This road had placed some elegant coaches at the disposal of the committee, and on these arrived the Governor of the State, Congressman Phelps and a number of other high officials. This train was started from the depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad and switched off on the Erie tracks at Marion. It arrived in Passaic shortly after two o'clock and was received at the depot by the committee of citizens and Company B of the Fourth regiment of the National Guard of the State of New Jersey. Under this escort the distinguished guests proceeded to the First Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of Acquackanonk, a stone structure, situated on a prominence in the heart of the city. The church is a small one, and could not hold one-tenth of the persons who were anxious to gain admission. All the seats in the church had been reserved for invited guests, and the committee had been necessarily parsimonious in the distribution of tickets. Prayer was offered by Rev. John Gaston, and after this there was singing by a local society.

THE HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

Then came the feature of the day, the delivery by ex-Judge Henry P. Simmons of a historical address, on the preparation of which he had spent considerable time. The ex-Judge is an old man and a fine specimen of the Jersey Dutchman. His ancestors "fit in the Revolution," and his relatives on all sides have done a great deal toward building up the county of Passaic. He is regarded as supreme authority in all matters pertaining to history, and there are very few people in Passaic who believe Bancroft in points of history on which the ex-Judge differs from him. He began his address by saying that the history of the settlement of Acquackanonk ought to be told in the Holland language in order to do justice to it, and that therefore his effort could only be regarded as a translation. The ancient spelling and pronunciation of the name of the place was Hockquackanonk. He then referred briefly to the various tribes of Indians who formerly had their homes in the neighborhood, and recalled an incident of his youth when he found a Dr. Pratt digging for bones in an old Indian burying ground near the present site of

[illegible]saic. The fact that [illegible] At this point made [illegible] he has by the [illegible] early the attempts of white settl[illegible] 1673 Stephen Bassett and Harinsee V[illegible] settled in this neighborhood. Va[illegible] was a brother-in-law of Walling Jacobso[illegible] founders of the Van Wagoner family [illegible] since become numerous in all parts of [illegible] Bassett was a tanner and had a ta[illegible] corner of Ferry and Pearl streets in New[illegible] removed his tannery to Passaic and here [illegible] the speaker learned his trade. In 1678 [illegible] Hoogland obtained a grant to a tract o[illegible] across the Passaic River in Bergen cou[illegible] the settlement of Dundee is now situate[illegible] four Hollanders obtained a grant of [illegible] Indians in this vicinity and in 1684 the [illegible] of Acquackanonk was obtained.

FOURTEEN WISE HOLLANDERS.

The speaker here exhibited the docum[illegible] referred to which had been handed dow[illegible] ancestors. The document is of parch[illegible] three feet wide and one and a half fe[illegible] document was read. It contains a gr[illegible] verbiage, the purport of which is [illegible] proprietors of the province of East [illegible] veyed to Hans Diederich, Garret Ga[illegible] Jacobs, Elias Machielsen, Hartma[illegible] Johannes Machielsen, Cornelius Mac[illegible] Post, Urian Tomasen, Cornelius Row[illegible] Jacobs, John Hendrick Speare, Cornelis[illegible] and Abraham Bookey a certain tract [illegible] roughly bounded by the Passaic Rive[illegible] Mountain and the boundary of the town of [illegible] The consideration mentioned in the deed [illegible] The property thus conveyed embraces th[illegible] of the city of Passaic, the township of Acquack[illegible] all of Paterson with the exception of the Fi[illegible] Second wards, and a portion of the township [illegible] tle Falls.

FROM AN ANCIENT LADY.

After the reading of the grant the speak[illegible] that these settlers brought with them John V[illegible] a surveyor, who laid out fourteen farms, eac[illegible] grantees taking one. Hoogland and Van W[illegible] obtained the part at present constituting [illegible] of Passaic, and between their properties [illegible] was a gore of fourteen acres, whic[illegible] left after the division and which be[illegible] to the settlers in common. This was then deed[illegible] the church. The speaker produced this deed [illegible] read it. Half of this property was subsequently [illegible] and the rest devoted to church and burial purpo[illegible] This was previous to the year 1694, in which yea[illegible] church had already been erected. The speaker t[illegible] continued as follows:—

It may be said, how does the speaker know all th[illegible] matters? My reply is, I have heard them from some[illegible] the ancient people themselves. John Post, whose[illegible] mains lie in yonder churchyard awaiting the great [illegible] account, died at the age of ninety-seven, a captain[illegible] Washington's army. Elizabeth Ackerman, his w[illegible] lying by his side, placed there by my own hands, a[illegible] she had lived to be 103 years old, were [illegible] their lifetime neighbors of my father and my fath[illegible] family, which consisted of fourteen brothers and sist[illegible] who were all born and grew up in the second or Goth[illegible] section of this place.

The speaker then described the finding in an [illegible] garret of a trunkful of old documents, which c[illegible] roborated the information he had obtained from [illegible] relatives.

THE WORK OF A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

The part taken by the ancient colonists in the Wa[illegible] of the Revolution was briefly told as follows:—

And now comes the great event of the colonies, the breaking out of the war for independence. The battle of Long Island had been fought, and Washington was in full retreat. He had crossed into New Jersey, his only hope of escape. The North River was crossed at Fort Lee, and the Hackensack River had been reached. The Hackensack had been crossed while the British cannon were thundering on the rear ranks of our forces. If there was a time that tried men's souls it was at Old Bridge, just above the village of Hackensack. The great chief called for help. On this spot, within the hearing of my voice, Robert Drummond, a major in the British service before he came to this country, the principal merchant in this place, had married a daughter of Hartman Michaelsen, one of the patentees of Acquackanonk, sole owner of the 278 acres called Hoogland's patent; he had raised a company of 172 men from both sides of the river and had joined Lord Howe to cut off Washington's retreat and capture his small army if possible. Let us hastily view the situation:—Washington, with the main portion of his army at Old Bridge, above Hackensack; Lord Howe, with his victorious legions, about a mile below. Drummond, being well acquainted with this country, was chosen by Lord Howe to pioneer his army to the Passaic, which he readily consented to do, being anxious for fame and reward. Washington had in his little company at that time a private in the person of John H. Post, recommended to him by William Colfax, the grandfather of Schuyler Colfax, late Vice President of the United States. Post was as well acquainted with this section of the country as Drummond. His remains lie in this burying ground. He, with others, were sent by Washington to destroy the bridge over the Passaic River. Post, knowing every one here opposed to British rule, called upon them to aid him in the destruction of the bridge. The planking was thrown into the river and the sleepers cut in two. My father helped to destroy that bridge. Twenty times did he point out to me its position; it was directly opposite this church, and but a few years ago the abutment could still be seen on the other side of the river. Washington made Post a captain in his army for this act.

The speaker then went into detail in the history of Washington's crossing the Passaic. He told how his father and his uncle were taken prisoners by the British and owed their escape to their knowledge of the country. He described how the American army, under the supposition that the British would follow their track, carried huge boulders to the top of a neighboring mountain for the purpose of hurling them down on the British troops as they passed. The speaker had often seen these heaps of stones. He then told of the murder of Jonathan Hopper in the spring of

[illegible]pular man, of genial temper, well [illegible]ed and the most dignified man in [illegible]k. Afterward this house was occupied by Alexander N. Dougherty whose leather store was on the opposite side of the street. Next to this was the brick residence of Moses Smith (father-in-law of John Hartshorne) a man of the most kindly spirit and the original poor man's friend in Newark. He had a leather store in what had been the church building of Moses N. Combs on the southwest corner of Market and Plane streets. He was Sheriff of Essex county two or more terms, and was said to have lost much money by his desire to assist poor men. In those days men owing debts could be, and often were, shut up in the county jail until they furnished bail that they would not break the limits, which then consisted of ten acres around the jail. In case the debtor went off of the limits, his bail had to pay the debt. Mr. Smith went bail for many who were careless and had to pay their debts. Moses Smith and Luther Goble were much alike in their sympathies for poor men but with this difference. Mr. Goble became security and furnished work for those he befriended while Mr. Smith went security and paid the debts himself. In later years this house was occupied by Smith Halsey. The next house was built for and occupied by William Garthwaite, whose currier shop was on the opposite side of Market street.

We come now to the one and a-half story house of James Searing on the corner of Market and Plane streets. A Miss Hixson had a school in one of the rooms more than sixty years ago, which I attended, as did also George and Augusta Nelson, children of the late George Nelson, who lived at the head of Market street. Mr. Searing was a plane maker, having several apprentices and journeymen. His shop was in Plane street just around the corner. Mr. Searing made good work and he found customers in all parts of the country. He subsequently sold this corner to Richard Miller, and bought the Jotham Clark property on the opposite corner, and building a large two-story shop engaged very extensively in his business. The lock above the inclined plane was on Mr. Searing's land, and I think he afterward built a house on it and removed there. Having crossed Plane street and spoken of the Jotham Clark house, which was on the northwest corner of Market and Plane streets, we reach a tenement house with the end to the street occupied by Lewis Peck and others.

The next building was that of Elihu Crane, who was quite a character in his way. He had some property in various localities. Sixty [illegible] ago was a man of over sixty years of [illegible] living alone, he [illegible] Mr. Logan took pleasure i[illegible] public interest. [illegible] Mr. Cullom thought it was rather a great [illegible] of the Hennepin canal.

[illegible] Mr. Plum, in presenting some of these petitions, said they all seemed to emanate from some central source, as they were printed handsomely printed, and while greatly resembling the bodies that sent the petitions presumed there must be some strong private interest behind this movement in the interest of the Hennepin canal.

WASHINGTON, March 8.—Speaker Carlisle pitched to-day into the Congress Hall occupied by [illegible] and liquor store [illegible] street, was a vacant [illegible] angry at the Baron [illegible] completion of the [illegible] 1833, filled by a dr[illegible] Rodney Wilbur as [illegible] action results in [illegible] this was an old, low, [illegible] view to electric[illegible] tion of the Hond[illegible] ly painted yellow, and [illegible] its [illegible] an old couple named Witheral, [illegible] be the first ones to make and sell in Ne[illegible] molasses candy. As I remember it, the gr[illegible] ing of the street made it necessary to go do[illegible] one or two steps to enter the store, which was, no doubt, high enough when the building was erected. The next building was a double two-story house, the east end of which was used as a boarding house by a Mr. Pierson, who gave way to Philander Wordan, who occupied the west end, and, taking out the partition, used the entire building as a restaurant a[illegible] fish market. He was said to be a fi[illegible] shoemaker, but gave up his tra[illegible] fish, etc. His place was [illegible] over a [illegible] those wanting boile[illegible]

oyster soup. This building was torn down and Wordan moved to Academy street, where he had a ball alley opposite the Fourth Presbyterian Church. The next building was the tin shop and store of Derrick Lynch, who afterward removed to the corner of Broad and New streets, in the store previously occupied by Deconders & Eagles. The store and shop of Mr. Lynch was on the corner of Market street and Lynch's court, a short alley, where was a cheap tenement occupied by Patrick Dougherty, a day laborer, who sometimes drank to excess and abused his family.

On the opposite corner of the court was the residence of Jesse Baldwin, Senior, who removed there when his previous residence, on the southwest corner of Broad and Market streets, was torn down. Next to Mr. Baldwin's house, and separated from it only by a passage way to his garden, was a store built for and occupied by Jesse Baldwin, Junior. He had a general store and occupied the premises until he removed to the corner of Broad and Commerce streets. The store was then occupied by John Weldon, sign and carriage painter. He was captain of the Newark Volunteers, a light infantry company, cotemporaneous with the Union Blues, commanded by Capt. Thacker. This store was on the corner of Camack's alley, running from Market to Bank street. On the opposite corner of the alley was the leather store and currier shop of Hugh Camack, a two-story wooden structure with the end to Market street, and was burned one afternoon in 1835, and the same afternoon the old museum building, nearly opposite, also took fire. I think the latter building at that time was used by the Central Presbyterian Church, Rev. Charles Hoover, pastor, to hold their meetings in. Mr. Camack was pound master for many years. The pound institution was in the rear of his shop and access to it was by a narrow alley some three feet wide between his shop and his residence. The blessings of the pound became eminently practical every Spring just before public training by the Essex Brigade and Col. Plume's Independent Battalion, and just previous to the Fourth of July. How many boys have vexed their righteous souls in trying to persuade some vagrant swine to look through the narrow alley, while their heads were the other way and looking south. I never was principal in any of those efforts, but have often sweat profusely in a friendly trial to assist some others to earn a few honest ducats for the coming training.

Adjoining this alley was the double two-story brick dwelling, the east end of which was the residence of Hugh Camack, while the west end was owned and occupied by Aaron Munn, Esquire Munn, as he was called, for many years a Justice of the Peace and a public-spited man. He was, physically, the largest man in Newark. His office was adjoining his residence, and was afterward enlarged and occupied by his son Albert Munn, as a merchant tailor. Next to the premises of Esquire Munn was the two-story residence of Charles Grant. Next to this was the stone-cutter shop of his father, Zepheniah Grant, who was then well advanced in years, and had lost the use of one eye. At this time he did the greater portion of the stone-cutting in town, and he it was that prepared the monumental stone for the jubilee of 1826 and which I presume now lies at the lower end of Military Park.

When Harrison street (now Halsey street) was opened from Market to William street, it passed through the skirting of the old burial ground, and several remains were exhumed. Among others, was the remains of some man who had been buried with his clothes on. As in those days a shroud was about all that a corpse was expected to need, this very unusual circumstance, proved by the metal buttons of English manufacture, gave rise to suspicion that a murder had been perpetrated, and some excitement resulted, but was allayed by the explanation of Mr. Grant, who said that many years before a stranger came to what was then the hotel of Stephen Roff, and was suddenly taken sick and died from what was feared to be an infectious disease, and he (Mr. Grant) was called to bury him; that the stranger was said to be an Englishman, with plenty of money; that he buried him with his clothing on and received his pay for it, but who the man was, or what became of his money, he never knew.

The stone-cutter shop was on the corner of Grant's alley, extending from Market to Bank street. On the opposite corner of the alley was the house of Zepheniah Grant, above named. Next was the residence of Mrs. Justice (a sister of General Isaac Andruss), who, with her two daughters, occupied it. This house was quite conspicuous for the shrubbery in front of it. Then came a vacant space, afterward filled by the house built by Samuel M. Howell, uncle of Theodore P. Howell, who was then a boy of some twelve years living with his uncle. Next to this was a cooper shop with the end to the street, having two doors, one over the other. The shop had been painted with Spanish brown paint, and on the upper door was painted with black paint the words: "Garret Society keep dark." The first coat of paint had mainly worn off by the elements, but the black paint being intact gave the appearance of raised letters. When a small boy I often heard the Garret Society spoken of as a joke, but never heard the strange injunction explained. The cooper shop was on the premises of Timothy Andruss, I think. There were two brothers named Timothy and Elijah Andruss, one of whom lived in Washington street, and the other on the corner of Market and Washington, and this was, I think, Timothy; his residence was on the corner, and he owned and tended the only hay scales in that part of the town. The scales had four large iron rings to fit over the hubs of the wagon wheels, and then, by turning a windlass, the wagon and hay was lifted from the ground, and by heavy iron weights the weight of hay was ascertained.

Washington street is of good width, and just on the line of Market street, not far from the Andruss house, stood a buttonball tree, the largest tree in that vicinity, and was sometimes used as a convenience in the punishment of chicken thieves. There was a well-known negro named Tone Smock, who lived at the upper end of William street, and was an incorrigible thief, and sometimes would be brought before Esquire Andruss, and, being convicted of larceny, would be sentenced to a whipping. The constable would take his prisoner to the tree in question and securing him in position, would inflict the number of stripes on the bare back of the thief.

The centre of Washington street at its junction with Market, was low, and after a rain there was usually quite a pond hole, but when Protection No. 5 Fire Engine Company was organized, with George Andruss as Foreman, the low place was filled up and the engine house was built there. The northwest corner of Washington and Market streets had on it a two story brick house occupied by Esquire Andruss until he built his residence in Washington street, near Bank street.

The corner building was afterward occupied by John Dey, and by other parties. The next building was also brick and used by Alvah Sherman as a boot and shoe store, as was also the adjoining one occupied by Abel Evans, a Welshman, who afterward removed to the corner of Bank street and Camack's alley. Next to this was the Deliplaine House, afterward the residence of Halstead Andruss, who was the eldest son of General Isaac Andruss, and the son-in-law of Luther Goble, called the poor man's friend. Next to this was the trunk shop of Joel Tate, where the boys of the times would gather evenings on the piles of lumber under the sheds to expound riddles, tell stories and take heaps of comfort. Near to this was the grocery of Edward Jones, Sr., formerly a baker. Near to his store was his low two-story home. From the front of this was taken the monument stone placed on the lower common, as it was then called, July 4, 1826. In front of this and the next house were two large black-walnut trees, and children in passing during the Fall of the year would stop to gather the nuts lying on the ground.

Next to this was the fine and pretentious double two-story brick house of Charles T. Shipman. He was Captain of the Light Horse Company, as it was called. Adjoining the Shipman residence was the soap and candle warehouse of Abner Campbell, whose manufactory was on the opposite side of the street. For some years Mr. Campbell used the basement of his dwelling for that purpose, and I have many times worked for him when a boy of some ten years, in stringing and tying up the various sizes of candles which were weighed out by himself or his son Lewis. This warehouse was subsequently used as a picture frame factory. Next to this was the two-story wood residence of Mr. Campbell, after which we reach a vacant space afterward filled with a double two-story brick building, the east end of which was occupied by Richard Sweasy as a shoe store. Next to this was the two story wooden residence of James H. Robinson, of the firm of Shipman, Robinson and company. Mr. Robin-

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Congress Proceedings.

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over a new theatrical trouble. The citizen have been looking forward with pleasure to the completion of the new Holburg Theatre which, in addition to its other architectura attractions, is to be lighted throughou with electric lamps. The station to supply the light was located near the residence of Parson Von Orczy, the Hungarian Minister near the Emperor's person, and this made him very wroth. The Baron has finally instituted legal proceedings against the completion of the station near his residence, on the ground that it will be a nuisance, and his action will compel a delay until the question shall be settled in its final stage of litigation. As the construction of the Holburg had been carried on with view to electric lighting, Baron von Orczy action results in postponing indefinitely th completion of the theatre. The Viennese a angry at the Baron for his dilatory action.

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Washington street is of good width, and just on the line of Market street, not far from the Andruss house, stood a buttonball tree, the largest tree in that vicinity, and was sometimes used as a convenience in the punishment of chicken thieves. There was a well-known negro named Tone Smock, who lived at the upper end of William street, and was an incorrigible thief, and sometimes would be brought before Esquire Andruss, and, being convicted of larceny, would be sentenced to a whipping. The constable would take his prisoner to the tree in question and securing him in position, would inflict the number of stripes on the bare back of the thief.

The centre of Washington street at its junction with Market, was low, and after a rain there was usually quite a pond hole, but when Protection No. 5 Fire Engine Company was organized, with George Andruss as Foreman, the low place was filled up and the engine house was built there. The northwest corner of Washington and Market streets had on it a two story brick house occupied by Esquire Andruss until he built his residence in Washington street, near Bank street.

The corner building was afterward occupied by John Dey, and by other parties. The next building was also brick and used by Alvah Sherman as a boot and shoe store, as was also the adjoining one occupied by Abel Evans, a Welshman, who afterward removed to the corner of Bank street and Camack's alley. Next to this was the Deliplaine House, afterward the residence of Halstead Andruss, who was the eldest son of General Isaac Andruss, and the son-in-law of Luther Goble, called the poor man's friend. Next to this was the trunk shop of Joel Tate, where the boys of the times would gather evenings on the piles of lumber under the sheds to expound riddles, tell stories and take heaps of comfort. Near to this was the grocery of Edward Jones, Sr., formerly a baker. Near to his store was his low two-story home. From the front of this was taken the monument stone placed on the lower common, as it was then called, July 4, 1826. In front of this and the next house were two large black-walnut trees, and children in passing during the Fall of the year would stop to gather the nuts lying on the ground.

Next to this was the fine and pretentious double two-story brick house of Charles T. Shipman. He was Captain of the Light Horse Company, as it was called. Adjoining the Shipman residence was the soap and candle warehouse of Abner Campbell, whose manufactory was on the opposite side of the street. For some years Mr. Campbell used the basement of his dwelling for that purpose, and I have many times worked for him when a boy of some ten years, in stringing and tying up the various sizes of candles which were weighed out by himself or his son Lewis. This warehouse was subsequently used as a picture frame factory. Next to this was the two-story wood residence of Mr. Campbell, after which we reach a vacant space afterward filled with a double two-story brick building, the east end of which was occupied by Richard Sweasy as a shoe store. Next to this was the two story wooden residence of James H. Robinson, of the firm of Shipman, Robinson and company. Mr. Robin-

...popular man, of genial temper, well ...ed and the most dignified man in ...s. Afterward this house was occupied by Alexander N. Dougherty whose leather store was on the opposite side of the street. Next to this was the brick residence of Moses Smith (father-in-law of John Hartshorne) a man of the most kindly spirit and the original poor man's friend in Newark. He had a leather store in what had been the church building of Moses N. Combs on the southwest corner of Market and Plane streets. He was Sheriff of Essex county two or more terms, and was said to have lost much money by his desire to assist poor men. In those days men owing debts could be, and often were, shut up in the county jail until they furnished bail that they would not break the limits, which then consisted of ten acres around the jail. In case the debtor went off of the limits, his bail had to pay the debt. Mr. Smith went bail for many who were careless and had to pay their debts. Moses Smith and Luther Goble were much alike in their sympathies for poor men but with this difference. Mr. Goble became security and furnished work for those he befriended while Mr. Smith went security and paid the debts himself. In later years this house was occupied by Smith Halsey. The next house was built for and occupied by William Garthwaite, whose currier shop was on the opposite side of Market street.

We come now to the one and a-half story house of James Searing on the corner of Market and Plane streets. A Miss Hixson had a school in one of the rooms more than sixty years ago, which I attended, as did also George and Augusta Nelson, children of the late George Nelson, who lived at the head of Market street. Mr. Searing was a plane maker, having several apprentices and journeymen. His shop was in Plane street just around the corner. Mr. Searing made good work and he found customers in all parts of the country. He subsequently sold this corner to Richard Miller, and bought the Jotham Clark property on the opposite corner, and building a large two-story shop engaged very extensively in his business. The lock above the inclined plane was on Mr Searing's land, and I think he afterward built a house on it and removed there. Having crossed Plane street and spoken of the Jotham Clark house, which was on the northwest corner of Market and Plane streets, we reach a tenement house with the end to the street occupied by Lewis Peck and others.

The next building was that of Elihu Crane, who was quite a character in his way. He had some property in various localities. Sixty years ago he was a man of over sixty years of age. An industrious man living alone, he amassed considerable real estate. He was once a brick maker, and his yard was in Warren street, extending from Plane street to the rear of a garden fronting on Washington street, opposite the residence of Deacon Obadiah Woodruff.

When the Fourth Presbyterian Church was mobbed in the fall of 1833, on account of its anti-slavery proclivities, on the first evening (Friday,) the meeting was broken up, and the threat made that the next evening the edifice would be burned. The citizens resolved to prevent it, and organized a column of stalwart men to act. At dark the rioters took possession of the church. I stood outside near the door to see the result, when a long line of citizens approached from towards Market street. They were locked arms, two and two, and at the head of the column were Elihu Crane and Jonathan Keen, each with his cane. The moment previous the house was filled with noisy rioters, but now there were none present but the citizens. The rioters had all jumped out of the windows, and the citizens could do nothing better than to go home, which they did.

But to return to Market street. Next to the premises of Mr. Crane was a low two-story house owned by the widow Hall, and adjoining this was the shoe store of Richard M. Crane. He transacted considerable business in the Southern States, especially with Virginia. Next to his store was his house, of the old-fashioned kind, and extended out to Crane's alley, as it was then called. Across the alley was the building used by John Dey, as a residence, and a part of it as a harness shop by David Baldwin. Adjoining this was the residence of Deacon Hugh McDougall. It was a wooden building with a high basement and a verandah to the front of the principal story. Mr. McDougall in early life was a cabinet maker, and had a shop in the rear of his house, where he sometimes worked until age prevented. Next to his was the two-story brick house of Jedediah Crane.

On the same premises and some distance back from the street was his father's residence, one of the old style, two-story double stone houses with the roof on the back descending to within about eight feet from the ground. Mr. Crane would sometimes tell of the Indians who lived back on the hill coming to his father's house, when he was a boy, and asking for cider, which was always kept on hand. I think it was on a mid-Summer night in 1826 that the large barn belonging to the premises just a little back of the stone house burned, it was thought, by the spontaneous combustion of new hay, which had just been placed therein. Next to Mr. Crane's was the grounds of the widow Allen, extending along Market to High street, and bounded by Bank street on the north. There was a large orchard on the premises, and it was a great convenience to buy for a few cents as many Granny Winkle apples as might be required for the dinner apple dumplings. The residence was a two-story wooden house back from the street. Mrs Allen had a son who was a shoemaker and was a member of a band of music using all wooden instruments, prominent among which was a huge serpent, as it was called from its serpentine shape.

On the opposite of High street was a tenement house, occupied for many years by Isaac W. Morehouse, but about 1853 or '54 moved to New York. There was no other building on that side of Market street, between Broad and the junction of Market and Bank streets. The ancestors of these men settled in Newark a century and a-half before their time. The greater number were Presbyterians, but there were some Baptists and one or two Universalists, as well as a Methodist or two. There was no characteristic for which Newark was more noted than its observance of the Sabbath. On that day no person did any work or walked the streets, except for public service. A Sabbath silence ruled then supreme, broken only in the morning by the harsh notes of Zadoc Meeker, from Camptown, as he would disturb the quiet of the morning with his cry of milk. A former Newarker, over ninety years of age, Oliver Morehouse, lives in this vicinity.

A. F. MOREHOUSE.

PORTLAND, Ionia Co., Mich.

MARY AND HER LAMB.

Who Mary was, and the Author of the Poem.

WM. B. SAWYER writes in the Springfield (Mass.) Republican an interesting personal history of the poem, "The Lamb at School," so familiar to all. The lines

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It is partly filled with water. She is in a danger-
s position.

AFGHANISTAN.

EXCESSIVE TAXATION.

RISING AGAINST THE AMEER ON ACCOUNT OF

[BY CABLE TO THE HERALD.]

CABUL, Oct 30, 1886.—The Ghilzai tribe and a portion of the Hazaras have been joined by the renowned robber Sadu, and, under command of the sons of the notorious Mushk Alum Mollah, have risen against the Ameer. Near Ghugnee they attacked and dispersed an Afghan regiment, which was acting as escort to a treasure train. The rising is attributed to the popular discontent over the excessive rate of taxation.

CURRENT TOPICS BY CABLE.

[BY CABLE TO THE HERALD.]

LONDON, Oct. 30, 1886.—In the election for Lord Rector of Edinburgh University to-day the Earl of Iddesleigh was chosen. He received 1,094 votes, and the Right Hon. Sir Lyon Playfair 747.

A despatch from Pesth states that the Hungarian budget shows a deficit of 22,000,000 guldon.

Near Listowel, county Kerry, Ireland, a court was attacked a bailiff named Barry, and treated his skull. The officer lies in a precarious condition. No arrests have been made.

THE HAWAIIAN CABINET.

A CHANGE OF GOVERNMENT WHICH BODES ILL FOR CLAUS SPRECKLES.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 30.—The steamer Mariposa, which arrived from Sydney and Honolulu today, brings news of the resignation of the Hawaiian Cabinet and the appointment of a new Cabinet as follows:—Minister of Foreign Affairs and Premier, Walter Murray Gibson; Minister of the Interior, Luther Aholo; Minister of Finance, Paul P. Kanoa; Attorney General, John L. Kaulukou. The resignation of the old Cabinet was due to a defeat, on the 13th inst., of the Ministry's amendment to the bill securing the two million dollar loan recently authorized by the Hawaiian Legislature. The object of the amendment was to secure the payment of $7,000,000 previously loaned to the government by Claus Spreckles. Owing to this action of the Legislature Claus Spreckles has returned all his decorations to King Kalakaua.

HIGHWAYMEN IN NEW JERSEY.

EXPRESS MESSENGER ASSAULTED AND HIS COMPANION ROBBED.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

MOUNT HOLLY, N. J., Oct. 30, 1886.—A daring attempt to rob Samuel Mathias, an Adams Express messenger, was made last night near Burlington. Mathias had considerable money about him and was driving to Mount Holly in company with Henry Grooms, when three footpads stopped them and ordered them to surrender their money. They dragged Grooms from the wagon and tied him to a tree and when they attempted to seize Mathias he pulled the whip on his horse, which, breaking away, threw Grooms down and escaped. They took what money Grooms had and let him go.

SCHOOL BUILDING BURNED.

DESTRUCTION OF A PRIVATE MILITARY ACADEMY—PUPILS ALL ESCAPE SAFELY.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

CAMDEN, N. J., Oct. 30, 1886.—One of the most disastrous fires that has visited Haddonfield for many years broke out there this morning at eleven o'clock. It resulted in the complete destruction of Riley's St. John's Military Academy and St. Agnes' Hall, for the second time in sixteen years. The flames broke out in the roof, and are supposed to have been caused by a defective flue. A quantity of the students' trunks were saved.

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EXTRA SUPERFINE PURE OLIVE OIL.
PURE OLIVE OIL. Finest for salads.
Importers for 35 years.
Import agent, JAMES P. SMITH, New York, Chicago.

COLOR AND PAINT GRINDING TRADE.—LEADING Firm in States and Canada wanted, to take sole agency for specialty in Golden Calfora. None need apply unless having large connection and good references. Address COLOR, Messrs. Deacon's, Leadenhall st., London, England.

EPPS'S COCOA.
GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING
FOR BREAKFAST
MADE WITH BOILING WATER OR MILK.
SOLD ONLY IN HALF POUND TINS, LABELLED
JAMES EPPS & CO., LONDON.

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ERNEST KEES,
28 Rue du Quatre-Septembre,
Paris.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, LIVER AND LUNGS THE UNFAILing remedy is "The Barry Hoffman Arabica Food." PARK & TILFORD, 917 Broadway, New York.

NOTICE.
The cashier of an important bank of Constantinople, having the best references, desires to represent some business houses. Offers and R. 1,333, will be forwarded by RUDOLF MOSSE, Vienna, Austria.

NEW PATENT NEW—ENGLAND, No. 6,668—1886: Invention of WATERPROOF LEATHER SOLES, for all kinds of boots and shoes, which are considerably more durable than the best bend leather soles, is for sale by the inventor, EMIL KASEMODEL, ZWICKAU, Saxony, Germany.

PARIS.—GRAND HOTEL DE LONDRES, 5 RUE CAsimir Delavigne, patronized by the elite of Americans.

HOTEL DES DEUX-NONDES, AVENUE DE Vendôme, 22 Paris.

PARIS—HOTEL DE LILLE AND D'ALBION, 223 RUE St. Honoré. Every comfort: lift, baths, billiards, telephone, electric light.

PARIS—RESSIS (HIGHLY ELEGANT). THE MOST stylish Rooms. CONVENIENCE, 37 Boulevard des Capucines.

GARRIAGE BUILDERS.—MILLION, GUIET & CO., 63 Avenue Montaigne, Paris.

WINES—(FIRST GROWTH)—CLARET, BOURGOGNE, Champagne, Sherries, Brandies. CUVELLIER, 18 Rue de la Paix, Paris.

LE ROY & FILS, HORLOGERS DE LA MARINE, 13 and 15 Galerie Montpensier, Palais-Royal, Paris.

SWEARS & WRIGHT,
42 PRESENT ST., LONDON,
manufacturers and warehousemen of first class dry goods to the country and leading families in Europe, Asia, Africa, America visiting London should omit to inspect the unrivalled variety of high class manufactures on view in this celebrated establishment, founded in 1816.
SPECIALITIES.
British hosiery, London made gloves, London made Erskine style shirts and underclothes, boys', London made Eaglish styles of clothes, style, London made millinery, infants', children's and ladies' London made Eaglish made silk underwear, 3 and 16 strand Eaglish made silk underclothing, cellular, ladies' and gentlemen's London hand made boots and shoes, &c., &c.

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AT HITCHCOCK'S MUSIC STORE.

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A splendidly lithographed edition has been printed in six colors, showing the face of France and the United States, portraits of Washington and Lafayette in vignettes, the figure of Liberty, with the Statue in bronze color, together with a bird's-eye view of the harbor and the adjacent shores and Brooklyn Bridge, being a most effective picture; the whole, with words and music, mailed upon receipt of 30 cents; also the

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SONG, ARRANGED FOR MALE QUARTET		10 cents
SONG, ARRANGED FOR MIXED VOICES		10 cents
SONG, ARRANGED FOR SMALL ORCHESTRA		30 cents
LIBERTY MARCH	Composed by P. A. Rotheslein. Musical Director Wilbur Opera Company.	25 cts.
LIBERTY GALOP		25 cts.
LIBERTY GAVOTTE		30 cts.
LIBERTY WALTZES		30 cts.
LIBERTY LANCIERS		35 cts.
LIBERTY QUADRILLES		35 cts.

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"BIZARRE." "GAVOTTE." "ECLIPSE." GALOP. "ONLY a Loving Smile" (song), J. P. Skelly; "Angel Face of Dear Old Mother" (song and chorus), C. W. Nathan. SPEAR & DERNHOFF, 717 Broadway, New York.

"BEAR ROBIN, I'LL BE TRUE." "Her Own Boy Jack." "We Fought in the Same Campaign." "Because She Ain't Built That Way." Music with Great Applause in Theatres, Fretrose & West's Minstrels by
BANKS, WINNER, F. W. OAKLAND, J. P. O'KEEFE and BILLY RICE.
For sale at all music stores. Published by WILLIS WOODWARD & CO., 842 Broadway.

PHILLIPS' ELITE DIRECTORY CONTAINS 30,000 Householders' names in New York city and suburban towns of New York, New Jersey and Staten Island. Invaluable for reaching private families direct by circulars, price $6. For sale at 31 Nassau st., Beekman's and

HE MAD KING'S PALACES.

escription of the One in Which He de Never Received a Guest.

th very interesting private letter, written to th ashington lady by a former resident of that an who has been travelling in Europe, dated de Obernais bei Meran in the Tyrol," October sa describes the last of the four palaces built ru the late mad King Ludwig, of Bavaria. br authorities have opened the four palaces to po public at a charge of fifty cents a ticket, th have thus realized $100,000, and with it th paying Ludwig's debts. The Chinese pal- re ie, at which the King never received a guest e d which even his own mother had never seen h til after his death, copies the style of that b uilt by Louis XIV. at Versailles, and the mad r ing seems to have to have taken the extrava- o ant French monarch as his model. The en- t ance hall is a miniature copy of the entrance th the Grand Opera in Paris, the walls encrust- th with fine marbles and ceilings superbly fres- o ed. By means of a grand staircase of white to arble a series of sumptuously decorated and r rnished rooms are approached.

The first is hung with maroon velvet, em- roidered in gold, trimmed with a knotted old fringe; the curtains, portieres and up- olstery of the heavily gilded chairs is all of re is velvet and in the walls superb paintings n gilt frames form panels. The second room a of turquoise blue, with gold embroidery. In his are six Sevres porcelain tables each with a large painting in the centre, bordered with turquoise blue porcelain, put together with gilt e bronze and having a pedestal of the blue por- celain. There are also a red and gold room, a green and gold one and a throne room of pur- ple and gold.

The state bed room is of Gobelin tapestry and gold. The bed is on a dais and the bed- stead covered with decorations in bas-relief. The frieze of this room, three feet wide, has on it Cupids in full relief the size of babies, made of carved wood gilded with 19-carat gold. Small crescent-shaped windows, with pink-glass panes, temper the light of the larger windows, to pre- vent the glare so much gold would produce. In every room are two or more immense chande- liers, each holding 350 candles. The King's bed-room is decorated with lapis lazuli, blue and gold. On the Gobelin tapestry forming a canopy over the bed is depicted the crucifixion, and above it a white dove. From the centre of the gilt foot-board arises a pedestal, on which rests the large ball of lapis lazuli which held the night lamp. The approach to the roy- al couch was guarded by a gilt fence across the room. The toilet articles of Sevres china are in blue and gold and the dressing glass is draped by a point lace veil, which falls to the floor on either side, held above the mirror by a gilt cherub. Satin hangings, trimmed with fine point lace, cover the toilet table.

This chamber Ludwig used but twenty nights. Adjoining it on one side is a dressing room copied from Marie Antoinette's, and a bath- room on the other, elaborately frescoed with mermaids and sea nymphs. Twice a day he used a large swimming bath of white marble thirty feet in diameter and six feet deep. The smoking room is hung with white satin em- broidered with baskets of flowers and birds. The mantles and mirror frames and chande- liers are of fine white china, decorated with china flowers. The door panels have lovely pic- tures on china. The dining-room of red and gold was so arranged that the table could be lowered and spread, then raised, and no servant need be in attendance in that room.

The grand salon, or hall of glass, contains chandeliers and candelabra, holding 2,500 can- dles, which are reflected many times in the mirrors. It took twenty men one hour to light these candles, and all of them and the 2,500 in the other rooms were lighted every night when the King slept at the palace.

MARY AND HER LAMB.

Who Mary was, and the Author of the Poem.

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A MARBLE SHRINE OF ART.

The Stewart Mansion and Its Treasures Described.

MARVELS OF BRUSH AND CHISEL.

Tapestries and Ornamentations of the Principal Rooms--Harmony and Elegance.

GLIMPSES OF HIDDEN BEAUTIES.

Now that the Stewart mansion in Fifth avenue is about to have a new owner the desire which the public has always felt to know something about the treasures of art contained therein is especially keen. How many, indeed, are there who can boast that they have inspected its wonders? To the thousands who pass it daily on their way through Fifth avenue it is a closed book which they have longed in vain to pore over. The beauties of the art gallery, the drawing room, the dining room may be known to the limited number fortunate enough to have been invited to one of the rare entertainments given by Mrs. Stewart. A number more limited still can boast that they have seen all the marvels with which the building teems. Those to whom fate has given this pleasure comprise Mrs. Stewart's few relatives, people like the Hiltons, whose intimacy with her has been so close and so long that they may be considered relatives, and her few old personal friends. Through the kindness and co-operation of one of this happy few the HERALD is enabled to present a complete pen picture of the palace.

As the carved rosewood doors roll to behind the the visitor his steps are arrested at the threshold by the enchanting vista which stretches to the picture gallery, the open entrance to which faces him. The hallway is cruciform. At the centre, four galleries of art hard to parallel in this country for magnificence in architectural construction, artistic decoration and superb furnishings, feast and fill the eye, not alone by the individual attractions of the valuable collection of paintings, statuary, bronzes, ornaments of brass and rare and costly ceramics which they contain, but by exquisite harmony.

Many famous marbles are grouped here, and familiar among them, by exhibition or world wide celebrity, stand the stately "Demosthenes," from the hands of Crawford; Hosmer's "Zenobia," queenly, even though loaded with chains, and Rogers' "Nydia," her garment tossed by the storm of destruction, recalling all her pathetic story.

A great clock of polished Scotch marble, upon the top of which stands a figure of bronze, in the fingers of which the great pendulum slowly swings, tells time's flight in tinkling numbers as the hours drift slowly into the cycle of eternity. In the centre of the hallway is a great vase of hammered brass, fashioned in a succession of basins, filled with cut flowers and trailing vines.

The stairway rises to the left of the centre of the hall and winds up flight after flight to the softly tinted dome. It is of solid, gleaming marble, and its massive outlines are in bold relief to the clustering gems of art at its base. At each story a wide and lofty hall breaks from its graceful curve, a new delight in artistic arrangements of paintings, statues and vases. The doors of the different appartments are of solid rosewood and slide into the walls.

THE DINING ROOM.

The doorways are all draped with plush portières, trimmed with wide bands of gold appliqué embroidery, the designs being in harmony with the frescoes and uses of the several apartments. For example, the grand dining room, at the left of the entrance, is draped with peacock blue portières, the reverse side terra cotta, embroidered with grotesque heads and crolls supporting flagons. These bands are very elegant in detail and repeat the idea of the general decorations of ceiling and walls in this charming room.

Even the curtains and carpets are part of a perfect whole, as a close inspection will discover a reflex in the minor designs. The furniture is rosewood and Gobelin tapestry. Rosewood buffets, one blaze of crystal and gilt, divide the honors with the dining table, covered with an embroidered crimson plush cloth, upon which rests crystal and gilt table service in great profusion.

Above a low marble mantel, ornamented with a silver gilt service, gilt sconces and lovely Dresden vases, carved female figures rise on either side of a great mirror, the polished surface of which is a reflex of all the trifles that glint and glitter there. From a clock, a model of the Strasbourg Cathedral in gilt ormolu, the soft chimes ring a mellow cadence. Here is a lovely bronze, a "Florentine Youth Testing His Rapier," the pose of the figure the perfection ease and gracefulness. Two ebony figures of Nubian women, with gayly colored tunics and turbans studdied with stones, hold aloft lamps, the soft light falling from the tinted globes and breaking into play a million prismatic colors from the delicate and fragile crystal strewn on every side.

HOMELIKE ELEGANCE.

From the dining room you step into the breakfast room, still on the left of the entrance. Here the portières and curtains are of bluish green color, the bands embossed with dragons and scrolls, running into conventional designs of fruits and flowers. An ornately carved white marble mantel, high in the centre and low on each side, supports a wide mirror, a bronze clock and side ornaments, above a low grate glowing with a cannel coal fire which flashes a sudden gleam upon the rich silver that waits service on the buffets. Here and there a marble bust upon a pedestal, a tall vase, an étagère for silver or objects of vertu, give an air of homelike ease to this quiet-toned room.

To the right of the entrance is a reception room, the portières and curtains being more delicate in tone, as the frescoes, carpets and furniture are in light colors. Among the numerous pictures that hang in this room are "Hamlet and Ophelia," by Mérle, and "Bonnet Rouge," by Sortez. Cabinets and tables, themselves works of art, are covered with costly bric-à-brac. Tripods and pedestals support bronzes and busts, arranged with excellent effect and thrown into high relief by the tinted background of rich upholstery. There is a golden bronze, "La Patricienne;" the name being fully exemplified in the delicate curve of the nostril, the dainty ear and the proud poise of the finely modelled head. "La Fiancée" and "The Bride" are lovely companion busts in marble. A marvellously embroidered screen, a cushion, an easy chair, gifts from cherished friends, find a place and give a careless elegance and an aroma of occupation to this tasteful apartment.

Directly opposite and on the right hand across the hall, occupying the last quarter of the cruciform, is the music room. The decorations of the portières and curtains are in harmony with the frescoes and symbolical of musical of instruments. The lyre, the lute and the pipes of Pan, caught in intricate scrolls, with dancing faun and nymph, gladden the coldness of coloring and furnishing in this room, the effect of which would otherwise be sombre from the rosewood and ebony that prevail. A grand piano, with an elaborately embroidered scarf of plush thrown over it; cabinets adorned with costly vases, richly embroidered and upholstered for winter, and over all the flickering, fitful gleam of a wood fire that burns upon the hearth, lighting up the bronzes on either side the wide fireplace and throwing a cheery glow upon the many and rich pictures on the walls, complete this luxurious nook.

WONDERS OF THE DRAWING ROOM.

Occupying the entire front on Fifth avenue is the grand reception room. It is a symphony in dead gold. Gold tinted satin curtains are gathered back from the rich lace draperies at the windows. The furniture is gilt, upholstered in gold colored satin; the portières gold colored plush, reversed with crimson.

A delightful bit of coloring is added by the introduction of two cabinets in crimson plush, with gilt trimmings, having plate glass fronts and containing frail and priceless treasures in Sèvres, enamel, crystal, gilt, silver and carved ivory ornaments. One of the most artistic pieces of furniture is a chair in pale blue satin, with a cluster of blush roses painted upon it, the work of a friend and exquisitely executed. Poised upon polished shafts of marble or onyx, here and there a marble bust gleams in its purity of outline against the golden setting.

A whole chapter of mythology is graven on the bevelled edge of a magnificent table of Mexican onyx and gilt. So many knick-knacks are upon it, all so rare and costly, so delicate in design and so frail to look upon, that they seem the work of fairy fingers in the myriad forms and colors they possess.

At the four corners of the room gilt candelabra, about seven feet high, crowned with clusters of crystal globes, and, pendant from the ceiling, two immense chandeliers of gilt and crystal, flood this magnificent apartment with soft and mellow light.

THE LIBRARY.

Immediately above this room is the library occupying the same frontage on the avenue, the general tone of coloring being a deep crimson. Bookcases containing the usual standard works of a well equipped library, in quiet, tasteful bindings, line the entire wall spaces. The tables are stocked with a wealth of dainty appointments, the uses and abuses of which a poor scribe would little heed, but to a dilettante they should prove an inspiration if surroundings have aught to do in aiding one in the wooing of the muses. Placed in conspicuous positions at each end of the apartment are two great globes—terrestrial and celestial—between three and four feet in diameter.

In this room are but two pictures—portraits on easels; one veiled from scrutiny, the other the fair, sweet face of a beautiful woman on whom the years lay lightly, that of the late mistress of this palatial home.

Over the music room is [illegible]

hangings and upholstery of which are of a dark green color. There is a room on this floor called the lace room, from the frescoes. The walls are shaded blue, deepening in tone toward the ceiling, with a faint suggestion of a star now and then, and over all white lace draperies seem to be flung and knotted and wrinkled into a filmy tapestry. The furniture is rosewood, with marquetry trimmings, upholstered in light blue satin, and thrown over the bed is a black satin quilt, embroidered with golden cranes.

TRIUMPHS OF THE BRUSH.

On entering the picture gallery, which is an oblong annex to the main building, spacious and well lighted from the roof, the drapery and wide strip of carpeting a rich maroon, the attention is at once attracted to the frieze, which contains a succession of medallion portraits of the following artists, under them being grouped the works from their hands:—Paul Delaroche, Huntingdon, Church, Bierstadt, Elliot, Rosa Bonheur, Horace Vernet, Meissonier, Gérôme and Conture.

In the center are pictures on easels and marbles, while here and there an easy chair, or divan, entices to restful contemplation of the magnificent art feast spread before the visitor.

At the further end of the gallery hangs Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," celebrated for strength and vigor of treatment.

Just the opposite effect is experienced by looking at the canvas of Auguste Bonheur, facing it at the other end of the apartment—"Cattle in the Wood." The sunshine filters and flickers through the foliage upon a group of lazy, sleepy cattle, lying or standing in the sun or shade, but alike under the drowsy influence of the air, that breathes of the golden summer time.

A very pleasing picture is Bouguereau's "Return from the Harvest," the handsome, pleasant mother and naked innocent being outlined upon the fine, pale gleam of sky behind them—the baby real enough to lift down from the rugged donkey and kiss.

"The Disputed Boundary," by Nichols, gives an excellent idea of the bucolic element in an argumentative mood. The scene is the interior of an inn. On a table are spread maps and papers, and several men are engaged in a hot dispute over a certain boundary, which seems to be like Paddy's hurricane—all ways at once.

They have risen in their anger and the figures are full of action. Back and to the right a few villagers sit smoking, drinking and listening, while to the left the wholesome looking landlady advances, carrying a tray of "home brewed" toward the excited men.

"Blind Man's Buff" and "Reading a Letter" are carefully and finely painted with all the nicety of execution for which Charles Baujnet is famous. In the former a number of ladies in charming costumes are playing at the game, one of them, blindfolded, is seeking to catch her companions, who elude her grasp by mounting on chairs and sofas and in every attitude, clearing her outstretched arms. The sheen of the satins and glint of the jewels are done to perfection.

"After the Bath," a nude figure, represents a sleeping girl attended by a slave. The treatment of the flesh tints and the pose of the figure are admirable. This is from Kellock.

A canvass, full of color, is an interior, by Herpfer, called the "Godfather's Visit," the costumes being quaint and beautiful in detail.

"Un Antichambre au Louvre," by Edouard de Zamocois, is a grouping of famous artists, attired as courtfools of the time of Henri III.

Two Murillos are shown, "Boy Scraping a Pot" and "Boy with Mouse."

POWERFUL EFFECTS.

Here is a Jimenez y Aranda, "An Auction at the Close of a Fair in Spain," the auctioneer, in the beautiful dress of his class, occupying the centre, with his back toward you, while all around are activity and interest, from the game cocks under the table to the pretty señora whose foot has been stepped on. Old and young, priest and duenna, jostle and make merry side by side.

Step back to this example of Constant—"A Scene in Algiers." It is a housetop in the twilight; masses of rugs are hung and thrown around and on them are stretched the harem beauties, while a slave leans far over the gray wall to pluck an orange from a near bough—the contrast in the grays of the stone work and the rich hues in shawls and rugs treated with fine effect.

"Thusnelda," by Carl Pioloty, shows the procession of the conquered queen and captives before the conquerer. Thusnelda is the figure in whom the interest centres; the still unconquered pride drawn in every line of the haughty, rigid figure that moves with uplifted front and stately tread amid the barbaric throng and treasures at her very feet—a painting containing much material for long and close study.

Just a little beyond is one of the best effects in the gallery—"Arrest of Charles I. at Dawn," by Camphausen. It is a strip of seashore. The rising sun flushes the water and breast of the advancing horse. The air seems crisp and cool, for the breaths of the men and horse thicken into mist. The wounded Charles and his son stagger in front of the escort, and the day is so young that as yet they are in shadow, only the higher objects catching the rosy light. The lights and shadows are awesome, as they play upon the death-doomed captives.

Another study in lights is Von Schendel's "Market Scene"—candlelight in the foreground over the faces at barter, and high above and back the wan moonlight falls upon the spires and housetops.

A Roman amphitheatre with madly racing charioteers needs but a glance, and the original of the numerous copies in engravings and photographs reveals and unfolds itself as the masterly work of Gerôme.

J. H. Beard's "Brunette and Blonde"—a saucy black and tan and a delicate greyhound on a gay mat—look out at you full of questioning alertness.

An attractive and pleasing exhibit is "Henry V.," from the brush of Bakalowitz. The King and courtiers are engaged at archery, the ladies looking on at the play, the costumes very elegant and the technique excellent.

CONTRASTS.

Almost at one's feet is a haunting picture of the battle of "Inkerman." Far back rolls the smoke, dimly concealing the troops engaged in the hottest of the fray, while in the foreground are grouped, on horseback, the Austrian officers. The dead and dying are being brought through a narrow defile to the left of the group and several of the poor fellows salute as they are borne past. The stiffened attitude of the dead and the pathos in the dying faces is a chapter of agony that holds one spellbound.

Above this Knaus' "Childs' Party, or the Cat's Christening," sends the tears back to make way for the smiles that such a collection of sticky—awfully sticky—youngsters must draw from one. Two long tables are spread in a funny old Dutch kitchen, with wondrous beams and rafters, long, low window and garden glimpse beyond, and the quaint clock and dresser and mugs and jugs and pewter dishes that adorn the interior. In the background sit the old folks, and in front the children, cats and dogs are feasting—no, gorging would be better. The baby's face and hands are covered with jam, and he is in a dilemma, evidently, and is earnestly regarding the state he is in. It is not an appetizing spectacle, but they are enjoying themselves hugely.

Two pictures—the originals of familiar engravings—"The Prodigal Son," by Dubuffe, and Huntingdon's "Lady Washington's Reception"—demand long and earnest attention to master all the pleasing details.

Merle's fine, clear touch in "Beatrice and Benedick" is a charming study, daintily and exquisitely interesting.

Yonder is an unfinished Fortuny. Death stayed the hand of the mighty colorist, but left this scrap among the gems he created, like an open book to his disciples.

High in a stream of sunlight hangs Church's "Niagara," the gush of sunshine just needed to make the rainbow quiver on the face of the pouring water.

Meyer von Bremen's little gems greet us. What could be more happy than the clearness and transparency of his touch? Verboeckhoven, with familiar groups of sheep gathered on the heather clad hills; with dark loch and mountain background. Eastman, Johnston, Willems, Valles and Escosura are recognized, as are the faces of friends, by their favorite studies.

Madrazo's style and coloring are well exhibited in "Girl Teasing an Ape."

Munkacsy's "Visit to the Baby" gives a lovely interior, a boudoir, the young mother listening with a pleased smile to the praise baby evokes.

After one has walked slowly around the gallery and enjoyed the interesting and varied mass and all the attendant emotions that the contemplation of the gravest and most dignified exhibit of representative names, alike familiar to fame and fortune, calls forth, there still remains the pleasure of inspecting the mounted gems and marvels of this magnificent collection in the centre of the gallery.

Again Madrazo greets us; this time a life sized, half length portrait, "La Marquise," a concious beauty, whose fair hand holds a mirror in which she smiles at her own loveliness—the attitude listless, the tone and treatment delicate and pleasing in the blending of pinks and grays.

THE MEISSONIERS.

Meissonier has three exhibits grouped near together—one on the right wall, two on easels—while a portrait of the artist leans against a foot rest on the floor. The largest and most celebrated is "1807," after the battle of Friedland, with the wonderful horses in full gallop coming right out at you. "L'Aumône," shows a woman with a child in her arms, her toil worn hand extended to receive alms from the mounted trooper. Her face shrewd, full of character, grown hard with endurance and patience that only the poor know of, and the expectancy in the baby's look contrast finely with the quizzical aspect of the soldier. It is a picture not easily forgotten. Again, there is a scene, apparently in Algeria, with white walls, deep, sharp shadows, and a knot of soldiers in gay uniform, the treatment of the atmospheric effect being wonderful.

Almost opposite hangs a Meissonier, *fils*, "Un Villa à Nice," showing the glow and beauty of a tropical garden—through the leafy rifts a glimpse of bright, blue water, and the idea conveyed by the brilliant dashes of color of the "fulness of the spring." Seated at the left are two figures, the artist and his wife; the lady clad in a charming costume, the pink lining of her parasol adding force by the gay bit of brightness it gives to the fairylike handling of this worthy "son of his father."

An Oriental scene is the next picture. It shows apparently the outer gallery of a harem, overlooking the sea, the distant shores green with tropical foliage and the rising domes and minarets of mosque seen in the openings, the architecture Moorish, and beneath the slender columns cushioned divans, upon which the women lie or rest in attitudes of languid interest. The women are types of Oriental loveliness, and Nourmahal, all that fancy has painted her; the shawls, the jewels, and in truth the whole canvas, full of the greatest care and infinite pains in detail, for which Richter stands, not alone as a colorist, but for miniature exactness, preeminent.

down turned thumbs—makes one seek a happier conception, "The Cid and His Sons." The custom was—so the tale runs—to give his sword to the favorite son when age told upon the father, and it was believed that fortune and favor followed the gift. The Cid, loving his three sons equally well, decided to bind their hands, and he who burst his bonds won the trophy. It is a large composition. Three figures stand to the right, rather in the shadow of the grim hallway. In the centre, a little back, the Cid, clothed in sombre garments, with snowy hair and beard, looking upon his younger son not displeased, but rather gratified after all with the result, one thinks. A little to the right of the centre, dressed in scarlet and white, the boy, in the full strength and beauty of adolescence, has torn asunder the cords, and on the wrists and fingers is a suggestion that the blood has started at the feat.

"Virgin, Child and Youth Offering an Urn" is a Titian.

Loitering slowly backward, two life sized marbles, "Eve Before the Fall" and "Eve After the Fall," engage full attention; the same, yet not the same; in one, perfect innocence; the other, "naked and ashamed." A little further on is another example of Powers in the same exquisitely moulded "Greek Slave," the delicate proportions and fine outlines that his nude figures all possess, nothing coarse or heavy in modelling, all of his creations essentially refined in both conception and execution. "Flora," a lifesized statue of the goddess, from the chisel of Crawford, appears to be floating in air, scattering blossoms, that fall at her naked feet, the treatment of the drapery and pose of the rising figure being excellently rendered.

"Icily regular, spendidly null," jingles through the brain as one lingers at the feet of "Religion," an ideal conception, severe and classic in treatment.

So rapid a tour can convey but an idea of the notable collection. It is uncatalogued. [illegible] portieres and upon velvet and in the walls superb paintings in gilt frames form panels. The second room is of turquoise blue, with gold embroidery. In this are six Sevres porcelain tables each with a large painting in the centre, bordered with turquoise blue porcelain, put together with gilt bronze and having a pedestal of the blue porcelain. There are also a red and gold room, a green and gold one and a throne room of purple and gold.

The state bed room is of Gobelin tapestry and gold. The bed is on a dais and the bedstead covered with decorations in bas-relief. The frieze of this room, three feet wide, has on it Cupids in full relief the size of babies, made of carved wood gilded with 19-carat gold. Small crescent-shaped windows, with pink-glass panes, temper the light of the larger windows, to prevent the glare so much gold would produce. In every room are two or more immense chandeliers, each holding 350 candles. The King's bed-room is decorated with lapis lazuli, blue and gold. On the Gobelin tapestry forming a canopy over the bed is depicted the crucifixion, and above it a white dove. From the centre of the gilt foot-board arises a pedestal, on which rests the large ball of lapis lazuli which held the night lamp. The approach to the royal couch was guarded by a gilt fence across the room. The toilet articles of Sevres china are in blue and gold and the dressing glass is draped by a point lace veil, which falls to the floor on either side, held above the mirror by a gilt cherub. Satin hangings, trimmed with fine point lace, cover the toilet table.

This chamber Ludwig used but twenty nights. Adjoining it on one side is a dressing room copied from Marie Antoinette's, and a bath-room on the other, elaborately frescoed with mermaids and sea nymphs. Twice a day he used a large swimming bath of white marble thirty feet in diameter and six feet deep. The smoking room is hung with white satin embroidered with baskets of flowers and birds. The mantles and mirror frames and chandeliers are of fine white china, decorated with china flowers. The door panels have lovely pictures on china. The dining-room of red and gold was so arranged that the table could be lowered and spread, then raised, and no servant need be in attendance in that room.

The grand salon, or hall of glass, contains chandeliers and candelabra, holding 2,500 candles, which are reflected many times in the mirrors. It took twenty men one hour to light these candles, and all of them and the 2,500 in the other rooms were lighted every night when the King slept at the palace.

An Old Homestead.

The sale is announced of the Hetfield homestead at Elizabeth, which existed long before the Revolutionary War, and has an interesting history. The estate comprises twenty-two acres of land valued at $1,000 an acre. There is an old well on the ground, and an inscription on the stone surrounding it tells that it was sunk in 1701. The farm is situated on what was known in olden times as the Furnace Road. Streets have since been cut through part of it.

The Hetfields, owners of the property, were Tories during the Revolution, and after the war was over their possessions were confiscated by the Government. The estate, according to the decree, was sold at public auction in 1790 in the yard of the ancient First Presbyterian Church. The New Jersey Legislature afterwards, through influences brought to bear, passed a bill restoring to the Hetfields their property and the rights of citizenship. It continued in the possession of their descendants until 1872, when it passed into the hands of the late Edward G. Brown, who, in 1873, mortgaged it to Thomas Braniff, a rich Mexican.

Mr. Brown is credited with repeatedly saying during his last illness that this historic land was the thing that he thought most of among all his large possessions, and that he was anxious to preserve it from passing into the hands of a stranger. He always during his lifetime punctually paid the interest on the mortgage.—*Elizabeth Journal.*

The Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York city, was thronged with guests yesterday afternoon to witness the marriage of Miss Julia J. Stimson, the youngest daughter of Henry C. Stimson, to Dr. Henry P. Loomis. The bride's dress was of historical interest. It was worn by her mother some forty-five years ago when she was married, and also by her great-grandmother, Mrs. Elisha Dyer, who was wedded in Newark in 1778, when Alexander Hamilton was groomsman and General George Washington and his staff of officers were among the guests. Shortly after the ceremony the General received an alarm and all the military guests present were obliged to mount and ride away. The gown looks as fresh as if just made. The full court train of palest pink brocaded in clusters of pink and cream roses, is edged with lace. The petticoat of heavy white satin is intricately quilted in a design of orange blossoms and the square corsage and puffed sleeves are edged with old point lace. This was worn with a veil of point lace held by diamond pins, and she carried a large bouquet of white roses and lilies-of-the-valley.

A HEROINE OF THE WAR.

HOW A QUAINT QUAKER MAID HELPED SHERIDAN AT WINCHESTER.

Surrounded and Suspected by Confederates, Rebecca Wright Successfully Sends Important News to Sheridan—How She Obtained the Information from a Rebel—The Ball of Tinfoil—The General's Reward.

[*From the Washington Star.*]

A modest little Quaker woman in the redemption agency of the Treasury Department wears a gold watch on which is inscribed: "Presented to Rebecca L. Wright, Sept. 19, '67, by Gen. Phil. H. Sheridan. A memento of Sept. 19, '64." The watch is attached to a long gold chain, fastened at the neck with a clasp representing a horseshoe, a military gauntlet and stirrups. Hanging to a short end is a sword, a key and a seal. The wearer of this is a lady of fifty, but she appears ten or fifteen years younger. Her manner is quiet, and her face expresses amiability and the gentler womanly qualities. There is nothing strong-minded or warlike about her bearing—nothing to suggest the wearing of military honors. Yet no soldier who followed Sheridan into Winchester on the 19th of September, 1864, did a greater service than did this little woman on that occasion. It was due to her that Winchester was captured, and Sheridan always spoke with pride of his "little Quaker girl." She was little more than a girl when he first met her.

When Sheridan was lying before Winchester in 1864 a family of Quakers lived within the town, then held by the rebel forces. They were one of a very few Union families who remained in the place during the war. As Quakers they were opposed to war, and by the teachings of their faith they were loyal. During the heat of the contest the father, an old man, was made prisoner by the Confederates, and died from confinement and hardships. The mother, one daughter and a little boy lived together, and were much respected, notwithstanding their want of sympathy with war and rebellion.

The daughter was Rebecca Wright, then about twenty-five years old, and she it was who furnished Gen. Sheridan with information concerning Gen. Early's forces, which led to the successful battle of Sept. 19. She has been married since then and is now Mrs. Bonsal. A *Star* reporter called on her at the Treasury the other day, and she told him her story and showed him the watch, which she seems to prize more as a present from Gen. Sheridan than as a tribute to her own service. She is a refined and very intelligent woman, and must have been a remarkably pretty girl when she risked her life to serve the cause of the Union. She had never seen Gen. Sheridan at that time and knew nothing of him.

"I was engaged in some household duties," she said, recounting her story to the *Star* man. "It was about noon on the 16th of September, '64. I was interrupted by a knock at the door, and, on opening it, I found an intelligent-looking colored man, who asked to see Miss Wright. There were two Misses Wright living in Winchester, and I asked which he wanted. 'Miss Rebecca,' he said; 'the other is in sympathy with the rebels.' He would not say what he wanted, but, after looking about carefully, asked to be allowed to speak with me alone. I was impressed by his manner, and took him into another room. He at once closed the door, and I became alarmed, as my mother and I were alone in the house. But he immediately said he had a note from Gen. Sheridan, who wanted me to give him all the information I could concerning the rebel forces. He took from his mouth a little wad of tinfoil, which proved to be a letter from Gen. Sheridan written on tissue paper. The colored man said he had carried it all the way in his mouth, and had been instructed to swallow it if molested by the Confederate pickets. He was engaged in carrying provisions through the lines for the use of the town, and Gen. Sheridan had secured his services in this matter. I was taken by surprise and did not know what to do. I did not know how far I could trust the man, fearing that there might be a trick to get me into trouble, and I told him that I knew nothing about the rebels. But the man spoke very intelligently and gave such evidences of earnestness that I concluded to trust him. While he was talking I was tearing the tinfoil.

"'Don't, don't!' he said. 'You will need that to wrap the reply in.'

"He said he would return at 3 o'clock.

"After his departure I read the note. It was written on very thin yellow tissue paper, which was greatly wrinkled and mussed from being folded so tightly."

Mrs. Bonsal showed the *Star* man the letter put in a small picture frame behind a glass for protection. It was written in a very fine hand, evidently by dictation, and signed by the General. The sheet was only a little larger than ordinary note paper.

It said simply this:

SEPT. 15, 1864.

I learn from Major-Gen. Crook that you are a loyal lady and still love the old flag.

Can you inform me of the position of Early's forces, the number of divisions in his army and the strength of all or any of them, and his probable or reported intentions. Have any more troops arrived from Richmond, or are any more coming or reported to be coming.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
P. H. SHERIDAN,
Major-General Commanding.

You can trust the bearer.

"After reading the letter," continued Mrs. Bonsal, "I went at once to my mother and told her what had occurred. We were almost overpowered by the thought of the great danger we were in, but we concluded to run the risk.

HOW THE INFORMATION WAS SECURED.

"If it had not been for an accident, that seems to have been providential, I should have known nothing to tell Gen. Sheridan that would have been of value to him. As it happened, I did not know how valuable the information I possessed might be. My mother and I were known to be loyal, and the Confederates had very little to do with us, so we knew nothing of them or of what was going on. But a Confederate officer, who had been wounded and was then convalescent, was boarding with one of our neighbors. As a convalescent he wandered about at will, and knew all about the strength and movements, the dangers, the hopes and the fears of Early's forces. It chanced that just two evenings before I got Gen. Sheridan's letter, or before I had any thought of serving him or the Union cause, this young Confederate asked permission to call on me. He had often observed me from his window arranging or gathering my flowers, and he was lonely and sought my company. So it chanced that two evenings before I got the note this officer was at our house. We were strangers, with [illegible] ing in common to talk about, so the [illegible] ER. turned upon the war, and more esp[illegible] of affairs directly about us. He [illegible] held the raft in the cradle [illegible] ation from his standpoint—ho[illegible] had and what they must re[illegible] ay, and the great log structu[illegible] tions without any purpose e[illegible] ically and easily out upon the conversation, and he answere[illegible] e bay. The tugs Underwriter and idea of what importance all t[illegible] were at once made fast to the would ever come of use to m[illegible] was pulled clear of the warp Gen. Sheridan's letter it at o[illegible] ored at a safe distance that I could tell him what the G[illegible] re. Then began the work of fitme.

"When the colored man ret[illegible] for its long voyage, chief among answer to the General's letter, [illegible] rations was the getting of it in of troops, their situation, and [illegible] was not so difficult as might b had been called off for servi[illegible] or in a few days Mr. Leary se him, in fact, the very things, [illegible]00 worth of insurance on the bi most wanted to know; but I [illegible] ominal premium. Besides this I could not give more inf[illegible]d to have it towed that the mai would try to gather more for[illegible] the messenger back in a day [illegible] expense was attendant upo

"The colored man put th[illegible]ery in the Erie Basin. and left the house quietly. [illegible]om the shore at [illegible]lege Po next day, Saturday, and [illegible] not look unlike that [illegible] the l followed, I wondered wha[illegible]s torpedo mode mes[illegible] to senger and what would re[illegible]ze. Although

THE TERRIB[illegible]even longe[illegible]

"When I was awaken[illegible]s if it [illegible]y morning by the booming of cannon[illegible] m[illegible]st thought was whether my note had anyt[illegible]g to do with it. It was a terrible fight, and in the afternoon, when the streets were filled with troops, wagons, cannon, and the poor suffering wounded, and the buildings were on fire all around us, my mother asked me, with tears in her eyes, if I thought my note had anything to do with this battle. I had thought of that all day, and I was overwhelmed. I hid my face in my hands and cried: 'Oh! no, no! I don't believe he got it.' It was the most terrible day of all my experience. Houses about us were on fire, our own fence was burning and shells fell so near that my mother and I went into the cellar for safety. Finally the rumbling of battle grew fainter and fainter, until it got so quiet I could not endure to remain in the cellar in ignorance of the result. From the first floor I could see nothing; nothing from the second floor, but from the garret windows I saw the old American flag coming in the town. I dropped upon my knees. I soon learned whether my note had to do with the battle. Hearing sabres clattering against the steps I started to the front door and met two Union officers already in [illegible] the house. One introduced himself as Gen. Sheridan. He told me that it was entirely upon the information I had sent him that he fought the battle, and he thanked me earnestly, saying he would never forget my courage and patriotism. I was so fearful of suspicion that I would hardly permit him to speak to me. I knew that should the Southern people discover the part I had in the battle my life would not be worth much, and I was afraid to have the General talk to me. I begged him not to speak of it; that my life would be in danger when the Federal troops went away. Gen. Sheridan replied that the Confederates would never come again. He wrote his report at my desk and called in the morning to say good-by before following Early to Fisher's.

"He rode a beautiful black horse that morning. I lived on quietly at Winchester," she continued, "until 1867, and no one suspected me. They knew nothing of the matter until this watch arrived, accompanied by a letter from Gen. Sheridan. Then the Union people gathered around me in astonishment. I remember an old man who took both my hands in his and said: 'Why, my little girl, there was not a man in the place who would have dared do such a thing. As much as I liked the Union I would not have had the courage.' Most of the community were wild with indignation, but the war was over and they could do me no injury. But they showed their dislike for me in many ways. The boys used to spit at me on the street.

SHERIDAN'S ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

"I had no conception of the service I had done until I received this letter:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF GULF,
NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 7, 1867.

MY DEAR MISS WRIGHT: You are probably not aware of the service you rendered the Union cause by the information you sent me by the colored man a few days before the Opequee, on Sept. 19, 1864. It was on this information the battle was fought, and probably won. The colored man gave the note rolled up in tinfoil to the scout, who awaited him at Millwood. The colored man had carried it in his mouth to that point and delivered it to the scout, who brought it to me.

By this note I became aware of the true condition of affairs inside of the enemy's lines, and gave direction for the attack. I will always remember this courageous and patriotic action of yours with gratitude, and beg you to accept the watch and chain which I send you by Gen. I. W. Forsyth, as a memento of Sept. 19, 1864.

This letter is put in a double frame, so as to show the writing on both sides. On the back of it is an indorsement by Gen. Grant, in his own hand, asking an appointment for (then) Miss Wright to a position in the Treasury Department. While in the Treasury she met and married Mr. Bonsal.

The Limits of Oxford, Md.

For the information of the residents of the town of Oxford the Commissioners of Oxford deem it proper to define the boundary of the said town, the same being the limits described on a plat in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Talbot County, labeled Oxford, alias Williamstadt, surveyed and laid out by Phillip Hemsley, surveyor, appointed the twenty-fifth day of September, sixteen hundred and ninety-five.

Beginning for the same at a point on the shore of the Tred Avon River, which point is marked by placing a stone on the bank directly east of it, and running thence due east, one hundred and twenty-three and one-half perches, passing through the railroad lot, and marked opposite the principal street of Oxford by a stone and also at its eastern terminus in Dr. S. Chamberlaine's field by another stone then running thence across the public road leading from Oxford to Easton, and through the land of Chas. Willis, due north one hundred and eighty-three and one-half perches to a stone planted on the bank of Town Creek, then still due north towards and out of the mouth of said creek, to a point due east from the most northerly point on the shore of Vancouver's Island, then with the shores of the Tred Avon River, west, southwest and south to the beginning.

COMMISSIONERS OF OXFORD, MD.
Per O. S. Gallup, Clerk. 6,16,3t

May Ball at Tred Avon Inn, Oxford.

A May ball was given at Oxford, Monday night, to celebrate the opening of the Tred Avon Inn, formerly the Riverview Hotel, which has been modernized under the new proprietorship of James R. Keenan, of the Shoreham House, Washington, D. C. The ball was attended by a large number of ladies and gentlemen from different parts of the State, Washington city and elsewhere. Among the ladies present were Miss Virginia Lee Adkins, who wore black tulle; Miss Zoe Trail, white mulle and blue ribbons; the Misses Morris, white silk mulls, lavender trimmings; Miss Margaret Stewart, pink silk and lace trimmings; Mrs. L. W. Trail, white and Blue silk, and lace trimmings, turquoise and diamond ornaments; Mrs. C. H. Gibson, heliotrope moire, trimmed in violets, diamond ornaments; Mrs. Owen Norris, white mulle over Yellow satin, diamond ornaments: Mrs. N. F. Aldridge, white mull and yellow ribbons; Miss Madge Goldsborough, white muslin, with pink ribbons; Miss Alice Adams, white muslin, yellow ribbons; Misses Causey, of Milford, Del., white crepe and pearl ornaments; Miss Landana, white mulle, Mrs. Delehay, pink silk, white lace; Miss May Thomas, blue gauze, with pink flowers; Miss Tyson, of washington, lavender satin, with brocade; Mrs. Taylor, of Washington, black and blue brocade, with diamond ornments; Mrs. Sweet, black Gauze, and diamonds; Mrs. Kidder, New York, gray brocade and point lace; Miss Kidder, white silk over pink; Mrs. J. J. Keenan, blue India silk, scarlet trimmings; Miss Benson, black tulle, Mrs. T. B. Stewart, black silk; the Misses Stewart, black lace.

The gentlemen were:—

W. F. Kidder, New York; S. L. Sweet, Montreal; E. S. Johnson, G. E. Wallace, E. B. Coe, Jas. W. McElory, Baltimore; F. C. Campbell, R. W. Poynton, J. J. Keenan, Philadelphia; James Bradford, Wilmington; Mr. Taylor, Washington, Murray Sullivan Cambridge; L. W. Trail, Wm. G. Dawson, G. E. Haddaway, Wilfred Bateman, Henry Hollyday, Jr., Elias O. Dawson, P. K. Wright, James Wright, A. B. M. Wilson, Chas. F. Stewart, Thos. B. Stewart, E. B. Hardcastle, H. Hardcastle, E. W. Hughlett, Dallas B. Hayward, H. G. Pascault, Frank Johnston, W. Todd, Norman Smithers, Chas. W. Adams, E. Wetherill, Agustus Trippe, M. Harvey Wooters and Douglass Stewart.

A Supper consisting of all kinds of salads and refreshments was served. Mr. and Mrs. Keenan were voted the thanks of the company assuring them that many of them would be pleased to join them again in dance at Tred Avon Inn.

DEPARTED.

Per Empress of China, for Hongkong and ports:—Mr. Starkey, Mr. Littlewood, Mr. and Mrs. Holm, Mr. Ray, Mr. Orange, Mr. Rankin, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Brown, Mr. Ross, Mr. B. C. Howard, Mr. Marians, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Mills and 3 children, Mrs. Dennig and 2 children, Mrs. Stafford, Capt. Kidder, Mr. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Hopper and Capt. Hunt in cabin.

An Evening in Japan

WITH AN EXHIBITION OF

Articles of Native Dress

Brocades and Embroideries

—WILL BE GIVEN BY—

Mrs. William F. Kidder,

—AT THE— **SEA CLIFF INN,**

Thursday Evening, August 5,

At 8 o'clock, under the patronage of

Mrs. Rebecca A. Morse, Mrs. Caroline Parker Hills, Mrs. Catherine Starbuck, Mrs. Joseph S. Barney, Mrs. Richard White, Mrs. Benjamin Sharp, Mrs. William B. Gurley, Mrs. Dr. Harold Williams, Mrs. George Mackay, Mrs. Henry Ralston

ADMISSION, 50 Cents. Tickets can be had at the various hotels and Congdon's Drug Store.

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

Mr. Editor:

Among the pleasant souvenirs that some of our island visitors will take away with them, allow me to mention one in particular that is deserving of remembrance. This is the lecture on Japan, given at the Sea Cliff Inn, on Thursday evening of last week, by Mrs. W. F. Kidder. Two years residence in that land of marvels, with abundant opportunity for travel, has enabled so accurate an observer to bring before us the details of every-day life among the Japanese. Her enthusiasm in relation to their many delightful traits of character was readily imparted to her audience. Many a voyager returning from that romantic shore, gives the same verdict; surprising us with fairy-land descriptions of the sacred mountain, Frijiyama, the cherry-blossom feast in spring and the chrysanthemum feast in autumn. There was a fine display of various brocades and embroideries, typical of oriental taste and artistic skill. Numerous colored photographs were shown, at the close of the lecture, illustrating the customs, manners and dwellings of the people, their temples, flowers and scenery.

C. P. H.

FORT WASHINGTON POINT, HUDSON RIVER. R. D. Gloeckner.

440 pound raft
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blocks which held the raft in the cradle were knocked away, and the great log structure slid majestically and easily out upon the waters of the bay. The tugs Underwriter and Ocean King were at once made fast to the raft, and it was pulled clear of the warp and anchored at a safe distance from the shore. Then began the work of fitting the raft for its long voyage, chief among which preparations was the getting of it insured. This was not so difficult as might be imagined, for in a few days Mr. Leary secured $[illegible],000 worth of insurance on the big raft at a nominal premium. Besides this he so arranged to have it towed that the majority of the expense was attendant upon its safe delivery in the Erie Basin.

Seen from the shore at College Point the raft did not look unlike one of the late John Ericssons torpedo models grown to an enormous size. Although but 595 feet long it seemed even longer, and its 55 feet of breadth looked as if it had been somewhat added to since the monster was launched. No one could doubt that the structure was 38 feet deep when they gazed upon the fifteen or more feet of solid logs that rose above the water line nor that the ship weighed all that it is claimed to weigh—18,000 tons. The big chain with its great links a foot long, over half a foot wide and two inches thick, looked as though it might be a mammoth backbone of iron running completely through the ship from end to end, and the cross chains of one-inch iron, with links four inches long and three inches wide, that extended in all directions at intervals of ten feet, seemed to complete the semblance to a human vertebræ. The girth of the raft, which is of a uniform size—150 feet—to within thirty yards of either end, where it begins to taper down to forty-eight feet at each, appeared to be even greater. The logs or piles of which the raft is composed are about forty feet long, from fifteen to sixteen inches wide at the butts and taper off to a few inches at the ends. They are placed in tiers overlapping each other to the depth of thirty-eight or forty feet, and are held together by more than sixty miles of the finest steel wire. While in tow about two-thirds of the raft was submerged, and its displacement was enormous.

A SKETCH OF THE VOYAGE.

The raft was in charge of Capt. F. J. Riley, who has had a most interesting experience with his novel craft and is as pleased with his success in bringing her safely down the coast and through Long Island Sound, as a schoolboy twirling his first hoop. The start was made from Nova Scotia in thick foggy weather accompanied by rain, thunder and lightning and after going about ten miles Capt. Riley decided to wait a while. The big

days. The only accident that marred the trip was to an oiler of the tug Underwriter who caught his arm in the machinery while at work and had it torn from his body. Otherwise the trip was uneventful except that the novel craft drew crowds of sightseers to the shores by which it passed and was saluted by every vessel that it passed on the ocean.

The big raft came to anchor about 7 o'clock last night between College Point and Riker's Island, and this morning hosts of people went out to inspect it. It was a harvest for the owners of small boats. Passengers were paddled out to the monster log ship at prices ranging from ten to twenty-five cents a head, and the boatmen picked up many dimes. Early this morning preparations were begun to bring the famous raft through Hell Gate. The Boston tugs Underwriter and Ocean King were augmented by four others, so as to keep the raft's nose due south, and let her shoot the gate free and clear. In anticipation of its coming the shores on either side of the river were crowded with people, and the East River bridge was one mass of surging humanity. It is expected that the great structure will pass under the Brooklyn bridge about 4 o'clock. It will be taken direct to the Erie Basin, and after remaining on exhibition for one or two, it will be photographed and then broken up, and the logs composing it will be sold.

HISTORY OF THE SCHEME.

The scheme of towing rafts [illegible] in the manner attempted for the first time last summer and attended with such disastrous results, and more recently in the now famous Joggins-Leary raft, was originated by Hugh R. Robertson, an old-time lumberman. Mr. Robertson not only thought out the idea, but he has taken out letters patent on the raft structure, and can, in consequence, count himself to-day a comparatively wealthy man. The plan is one conceived years ago. Its development was slow, but the investing of capital in the scheme was slower. Mr. Robertson, it is said, has made overtures time and time again to some of the largest and most wealthy lumbermen in the country to the end of attempting the plan which has now been successfully carried out in the Joggins-Leary log ship, but none of them had sufficient confi-

have won for it years ago.

The big barge John Mason, which has been towed here for the use of bathers, is anchored a sh[ort] from the shore, and as soo[n] been furnished with dressing will form another novel featur[e] place.

It is quite a coincidence cacti which grow among the have bloomed this summer for th[e] time in forty years. These the only ones in this part of the and nowhere else are they found North.

NANTUCKET'S TRANSFORMA[TION]

Nantucket Letter to the Boston Congrega[tionalist]

Nantucket loses some of its charact[er] year by year. The annual visitor is un[a]conscious of paint this season as he wa[nders] accustomed streets and looks in vain weather beaten house fronts with which [he] has been familiar, and which made Nantucket an[ti]tique and peculiar. New windows, with only two panes of glass to the sash, stare out from some of the back-street houses like silver-bowed spectacles on the brow of a negro. Electric lights are edging their way into stores and hotels and private residences; they even hang from the antiquated ceiling of the old North Meeting House. Men are surveying for a street railroad, and there is talk of electric cars to 'Sconset by the mile-stone road. Dog carts are seen in the streets, and dogs of aristocratic environment are not unknown; dock-tailed horses scandalize the representatives of the Massachusetts Humane Society dwelling here. Last week a buckboard appeared, and no doubt before the season closes a tally-ho will rattle over the stony streets of Nantucket. Contue is being developed. It has hourly steam connection with the town, and offers bathers a novel way of getting into the water, viz., by the toboggan slide. The jetties in process of construction threaten to demolish the bar which has for all time prevented deep-draught vessels from entering the harbor. Taxes are coming up toward the fashionable zone, especially on property commanding a view of the water. Shade of the Coffins and Starbucks defend us from further innovations!

YE OLD SETTLERS.

Inscriptions Indicating Those Whose Remains Are Being Exhumed.

The "oldest inhabitants" yet living maintains that a brook formerly meandered across the Old Burying Ground, somewhat parallel with Broad street, and it was conjectured that no remains would be found in the low ground in the centre, but the men have uncovered boxes full within thirty inches of the surface. The skeletons are imbedded in sandy soil in perfect position, and it is evident that, as they were probably originally placed further from the surface, that section has been washed away rather than filled in.

Wherever the Commissioner can uncover the remains of a family, known by the yet standing headstone, he deposits them together in one box and marks it, that it may still be identified. Very few can be thus designated, however, and the fallen stones, though found a foot or more below the ground, afford no identity to remains in that locality, as they have been thrown around more than half a century.

A number of descendants of the early settlers and others interested, visited the Burying Ground to-day and examined lettering on the headstones in search of a familiar name. The Commissioner cannot use them as was contemplated in Fairmount Cemetery, and is at a loss what deposition to make of them. Those without any visible inscription, many of which never had any, are thrown back in the trench and reburied and will be found again when excavations are made for the foundations of buildings. The Commissioner desires it known that families desiring to take possession and preserve any of the stones may do so. A few of them are so cleanly cut that no trouble is experienced in reading the letters chisselled a hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago, but the greater part have scaled off to a degree that makes decipherment difficult or impossible. Very few of those standing have been reached yet, and those unearthed as well as those in the huge pile that has so long occupied the summit of the knoll, so far as can be read, are inscribed as follows:

"Ye visitors of the tombs of your ancestors stop a moment while you survey this repository of deceased moral virtue containing remains of JUDAH PENNINGTON, who by ye nature —— of heart maintained through every stage of his life an inviolate regard to ye sacredness of social obligations and moral truths and exchanged his life, it is hoped, for a more blessed abode, on the 20th of —25, in the 36 h year of his age."

Here lyes ye body of CALEB WARD, who died February —, 1735-6, in the 66th year of his age.

Here lyes interred an honest, pious soul,
Who must lye here until ye Judgment day,
And will with me have nothing then to say.
Momentomori.

Here lies interr'd ye corpes of MARY BANKS, wife of JAMES BANKS.

Both old and young as well as me
Must in Due time All Buried be
Under this Body of Cold Clay,
While in my Prime I'm Called away.

Cuffe Boudinot, 1817, aged 54.
Katurah, wife of Theopolus Pierson, died Aug. 9, 1798, 59.
Ward Sen, Dec. 14, 1768, 88.
Abigail, wife of Zopher Lyon, Oct. 1, 1787, 25; also their son Josiah, 6 days.
Nathaniel Nutman, Nov. 16, 1752, 22.
Stephen Sayre, Oct. 17, 1776.
Elizabeth, daughter of Malacha & Mary Pool, Oct. 10, 1756, 12 yrs.
Epenetus Beach, June, 1730, 33 yrs.
Job Treat Plume, Aug. 19, 1789.
Hugh Robert MacWhorter, son of Rev. Dr. Alex. & Mary McWhorter.
Sarah, wife of Caleb Camp, 1762, 26.
Mary, wife of Daniel Robaus, 1767, 24.
Infant daughter of John & Sally Noble, 1787.
Mrs. Elizabeth Camp, wife of Nathaniel Camp, March, 1783, 79.
Thomas Davis, 1738, 78
Jonathan Congar, 1733, 30.
Joseph Baldwin, 1771, 1 mo.
Wife of Benjamin Co——, 1787, 73.
Daniel Harrison, 1738, 77.
Elizabeth, daughter of David and Bithiah Hewell, 1736, 2.
Joseph Baldwin (said to be a 1694 stone).
Barney O'Donnel, 1824, 53.
Mother of Uzel Ward, 1780, 56.
Catherine, wife of —— Vanderpool.
—— of the Rev. John Brainerd.
Lydia, daughter of Abner and Sarah Ward, 18 years.
Joseph, son of Nath'l and Eliz. Camp.
Phœbe, daughter of Abner and Sarah Ward, 11 yrs.
Thomas, son of Hannah Ward, 20 yrs.
Hannah, wife of John Crane.
Eunice, wife of Joseph Beach, 1787, 38.
George Harrison.
Caleb Davis.
Capt. Christopher Wood.
Sarah, daughter of Simon and Lyba Huntington.
Timothy Bruen, 1778, 68.
Caleb Sayre.
Hannah Ball.
Jamima, daughter of Jonas and Eliz. Hinman, 1761, 21.
Hannah, wife of Josiah Ward.
James, son of Daniel and Esther Baldwin.
Elijah (Crane, 1790, 74.
Martin Tichenor, 1732, 3.
Hannah Pierson, wife of Abraham Pierson.
Isaac Lyon.
Capt. Jonathan Sayre, 1782.
Mary, wife of Joseph Rogers.
Samuel Crane.
Jonathan Johnson.
Mary, wife of Stephen Morris, 1770.
Eliz., daughter of Samuel Baldwin, 1730.
Samuel Hawthorn, son of John & Margaret.
Robt. Lupton, son of Wm. & Eliz. Lupton, 1784.
Obediah Bruenhe, 1774, 64.
Abigail, wife of Daniel Tichenor, 1733.
Captain John Curtis, 1764.
Hon. James Wheeler, 63 years of age.
John Treat, Aug. 1, 1714, 65.
—— Crane, Esq.
Lillie, wife of John Johnson.
Samuel, son of Abigail & Samuel Alling.
Col. John Cooper, Esq., 1736.
Elizabeth, wife of John Nutman.
Thomas Griffith, 1788, 70.
Joseph Bruen, 1753, 70.
Daniel Brewen, 1770, 35.
Joannah, wife of Joseph Camp, 1779, 61.
William, son of Phebe and Uzal Johnson, 1758.
Captain Josiah Pierson, 1785, 54.
James Vanderpool, also Vandike Vanderpool, also Ashbel Vanderpool, children of Anna and James Vanderpool.
Robert Boyd, schoolmaster, 1777, also—
Alexander Newland, aged 31 years, a native of Edinburgh, Scotland—to his memory this stone is erected by his friends.
Catherine, wife of Obadiah Lyon, 1789, 22.
Mrs. Hannah Schellenx, wife of Isaac, 1736.
By John Skagg, Jun., to memory of his mother, Mrs. Tabitha.
Mary, daughter of Phillip and Mary Pike.
Captain John Curtis, 1704.
Samuel, son of John and Ellenor Nesbet, 1785, 28.
Benjamin Camfield, 1788, 28.
Deacon Azariah Crane, 1730, 83.
Daniel, son of Jonathan & Temperance Harrison.
Mary Ball, wife of Moses Ball, 1747, 63.
Abigail, wife of Daniel Brown, 1788, 63.
Hannah, daughter of Joseph and Mary Sanderson.
Nathaniel Ward, 1788, 92.
John, and also his wife, Eleanor, Nesbitt, 1813, 87.
Mary, daughter of George & Azubah Harrison, 1736, 16.
Mary Treat, 1731, 78.
David, son of Abigail and John Robarts, 1738.
Here lies the body of John Meadlis, 1755. 8[illegible], born in the parish of St. Olane, Southwark, London.
Eliphelet, son of Capt. Eliphelet Johnson.
William, son of Joseph and Elizabeth Wheatnes, 1755.
Frances Redmond, born in Tauhman, in the county of Waxford, in Ireland, 1714, and died in Newark in May, 1753.
Mary, wife Josiah Pierson, 1772, 33.
John Styles, 1754, 65.
Mary Yong, wife of John Yong, 1735-6, 27.
Experience, daughter of Judah and Anna Pennington, 1741, 16.
Jonathan Harrison, 1732, 21.
Jabez Harrison, 1768, 40.
Mary, wife of Samuel Plume, 1754, 50.
Sarah, daughter of Obadiah & Darcos Bruen, 1746, 6.
Jonathan Dod, 1739, 22.
Martha, widow of Caleb Sayrs and Thomas Eagles, 1800, 87.
Deacon Joseph Camfield, 1733, 5[illegible].
Joseph Brown, 1733 34, 58.
Mrs. Phebe Cooper, 1720, 51.
James Green, 175[illegible], 64.
Phebe, wife of Caleb Gilbert, 1770, 33.
Experience Cooper, wife of Rev. Samuel Cooper, 757.
Esther, Relict of Nathan Baldwin.
Hannah, daughter of Mattaniah & Mary Lyon, 1758.
David, Son of Moses & Elizabeth Ward, 1776, 6.
Thomas Richards, 1783.
Phebe, daughter of Abner & Sarah Ward, 1779, 11.
Eunice, w. of Joseph Beach, Esq., 1787, 68.
Daniel Brown, 1776, 29. David Brown, 1807, 82.
William Heuston, 1765, 62.
Mrs. Hannah Cooper, widow and Relict of John Cooper, Esq., 1757.
Benjamin Lyon, 1747, aged above 53 yrs.
Mary, d. of Charles & Jonathan Ogden.
Rachael, daughter of Samuel and Mary Pennington, 1766, 10.
John Pool's two children.

Some Centennial Records.

DAILY ADVERTISER: I hardly need an apology in these "Centennial Times," when old records of bygone days are being turned over and re-read with interest, in obtruding on your notice the following memoranda, taken from an account book in my possession, of one of the earlier residents of the town of Belleville, or, as it was then called, "Second River." William Stuart, the owner of the book, came to this country somewhere between 1760-1765, from New Castle, in England, and settled at Second River in 1766. He married Ann Donnington at the same place, November 25th, 1770. They had two children, Mary Ann—who married Samuel W. Bonsall, at Second River, June 26th, 1793, and Hannah, who married William Du Vall March 16th, 1797. The first entry on the book referred to is as follows:

There is come to this place a young man qualified to teach school, who purposes (if agreeable to the inhabitants) to open as soon as possible any person wishing to encourage him may be assured of his best endeavors for their interest by their obedient servant, WM. STUART.

P. S.—Constant attendance will be given during school hours both parts of the day.

July 2d, 1766.

The following names of the patrons of the young school teacher, who confided to his care their children, may be of interest to your readers, showing some of the inhabitants of Belleville in 1766:

Colonel John Schuyler, Josiah Hornblower, Capt. John Shephera, Aury King, William King, Joseph Cain, Arthur Flowers, Henry Rumphrey, Wm. Van Embree, Samuel McChesney, Phill Van Cortland, Samuel Davis, Mrs. Gertrud Schuyler, Isaac Brown, Dr. D. Griffith, Henr Pearce, Rebert McChesney, Robert Livingstor Wm. Hornblower, John Kingsland, Charles Os born, Abraham Van Riper, John Van Emburgh Joseph Keen, John Winner, John Nichols, Cor nelius Joralomon, Dirich Joralomon, Richar Murphy, Thomas Cadmus, etc.

Mr. William Stuart, above referred to, die December 24, 1784. Dr. Thomas Steele, we known for many years as a resident of Bell ville, who died in 1813, married a sister of Mr Wm. Stuart, Abigail Donnington.

JAMES LODER RAYMOND.

ails of every-day life among the Jap-ese. Her enthusiasm in relation to ir many delightful traits of character s readily imparted to her audience. ny a voyager returning from that ro-ntic shore, gives the same verdict; prising us with fairy-land descriptions he sacred mountain, Frijiyama, the rry-blossom feast in spring and the ysanthemum feast in autumn. There a fine display of various brocades embroideries, typical of oriental te and artistic skill. Numerous col-d photographs were shown, at the se of the lecture, illustrating the cus-ns, manners and dwellings of the peo-, their temples, flowers and scenery.

C. P. H.

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Steamer Coskata made her first trip at 9 o'clock, and after that left on the hour, returning on the half hour. She carried all that the law allowed on each trip, and the statement overheard on Steamboat wharf, "everyone has gone to Coatue," was not much of an exaggeration. The toboggans were in constant demand all day, and hundreds of children enjoyed the exhilarating sport of a rapid shoot through the atmosphere, terminated by a plunge into the Atlantic. The use of the swings, while not quite so exciting, is a highly pleasurable and healthful exercise. The apparatus is so constructed that accidents are put in the realm of the impossible. Everyone was pleased with the opening day, and all things indicate that the barren peninsular, which, since the discovery of Nantucket in 1602, has been a place unknown and uncared for, has now stepped to the front as the most popular bathing resort on the island—a reputation which its fine beaches should have won for it years ago.

The big barge John Mason, which has been towed here for the use of bathers, is anchored a sh... from the shore, and as soo... been furnished with dressing ... will form an ...ther novel featur... place.

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Say to the railroad along South Shore?
And the strangers rushing down there to board
At prices which *they* could never afford?
O, wouldn't they think that man was queer
Who built a fine mansion at Nobadeer?
And wouldn't those serious old friends laugh
To hear of the Coatue Telegraph?
If one could rise from his century's sleep,
And wander where once he pastured his sheep,
And mark the changes that greeted his eye,
He'd clamor to know the how and the why;
And queries like these would rush to his lips,
Where, O, where, are the sheep and the ships?
And where are the oil casks, rolled in tiers?
What have they been doing these hundred years?
And what are they now proposing to do,
Build cities on Brant Point and on Coatue?
Their ways of living are strange and funny;
And what are they doing to earn some money?
And what in the world is to pay for it all?
They don't keep sheep, and their vessels are small,
And they get along *somehow*, without any sails,
But they never go out to catch any whales!
They've given up working for wool and whale oil,
And the most of folks seem to have got above toil;
Why, I met a young koof and a citified lady,
Just about where I used to meet Abram Quady
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Both seemed to be dressed up, terrible swell,
And they live on the Haulover—in a hotel.

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Has changed her designation,
And, having been enlarged in size,
As the "Coskata" now she plies
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She holds her prestige as of yore,
And higher even than before
People will estimate her;
She claims a large increase of speed,
And still will be a friend in need,
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Throughout Sunday evening the heavens to the north and west were quite frequently illumined by vivid flashes of lightning, which occasioned much comment from the fact that it was bright starlight and the electrical display was not accompanied by thunder. It is probable that this was in some way connected with the disturbance of the earth which occurred several hours later.

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One very novel and always attractive feature will be a bathing toboggan slide, on which the bather is glided swiftly and gracefully into the water from the shore. These toboggans have proved very popular wherever used, and will be a new and novel feature in bathing in Nantucket waters. The little steamer Coskata will run constantly between Steamboat wharf and the Coatue bathing beach during bathing hours. We venture to prophesy that Coatue will be in the swim as one of the most popular bathing places on the New England coast.

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FESTIVITIES IN THE ORANGES.

A TOBOGGAN CARNIVAL, AN ORGAN RECITAL AND OTHER ENTERTAINMENTS.

ORANGE, N. J., March 22, 1890.—The most important event of the week was the close of the season of the Essex County Toboggan Club, which was celebrated on Monday evening. There were ten huge piles of cordwood placed at intervals along both sides of the slides, which had been saturated with oil and other combustibles. At precisely eight o'clock the first two toboggans, one laden with the members of the House Committee and the other with the members of the Slide Committee, shot down the icy slope, while at the same instant the torch was applied to the piles of wood. Simultaneously with this there was a brilliant discharge of fireworks from the head of the slide, while Voss' Band burst into the stirring strains of the "Marseillaise."

Thereafter the slides were kept busy until long after midnight, and at intervals throughout the evening there were discharges of fireworks. Inside the club house all was ablaze with light, and a fine supper was served. There were fully 500 guests, and the picturesque toboggan suits of the members of the club contrasted finely with the many hued costumes of the ladies.

THE GUESTS.

Among the guests I noticed:—From New York—F. M. Gould, Mr. and Mrs. Gus C. Walton, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Brundage and Marshall Bishop. From Brooklyn—Miss Pendergast, Clarence Marshall, Mrs. H. F. Taylor and Miss Arnott. From Newark—Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Hedden, John B. Solley, William Sherrer, Miss Peddie, A. S. Littell, Walter Littell, Colonel J. E. Fleming, Miss Fleming, the Misses Dunn, Miss Sanborn, E. M. Duryee, A. Pennington Whitehead and Mrs. S. L. Levy. Philadelphia—J. H. W. Coe. Staten Island—Miss Durand. Chicago—Miss Beattie.

From the Oranges—Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Terhune, Miss May Allen, Miss Emma McGall, Miss Lena Rockfellow, Gilbert I. Herbert, Miss Gertrude Chur, Miss Gertrude Chittick, Harry G. Chur, Farnham Yardley, Bert Herbert, Edward Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Bramhall, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Swift, the Misses Stocking, Miss Hallie Kellogg, Mrs. W. F. Kidder, the Misses Kidder, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Willegerod, Robert Baird, of Montreal; Georgs Spottiswoode, George W. Wallis, William C. Dodd, A. Randon DeGrolier, Miss Estelle Iddings, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Chandler, Miss Moore, Miss Lucilla Moore, Mrs. A. D. Chambers, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Christian, Mr. and Mrs. S. Bayard Dod, Miss Caroline S. Dod, Miss Dimmick, Miss Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Newell, Miss Grace Newell, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Watson and Dr. F. A. Levy.

Into Society via Orange, N. J. Ward McAllister's book on "Society as I Found It," treats of the ways to get into society, and among other things the author says: Some men are born to a position in society, others have a position in society thrust upon them, and others attain to a position in society by way of Orange, N. J. The method is to rent a cottage at Orange and drive a dog cart to and from the station every day for a winter. After joining the commuters' club and gaining access to their special car, it is easy to get into the Essex county hunting set, and if you can ride only a little bit, and give a hunt breakfast or two, you are soon in the swim; and then after a

THE WEEKLY

BOX OF CURIOS.

Yokohama, January 27th. 1894

IT SEEMS FAIR.

THE *Bo's* Society Editor was asked to accompany Commodore William F. Kidder to a theatre party at Tokyo last week and he is loud in praise of the way the manager ran the Shebang. The object of the visit was to attend a grand performance given at the Kabuki Theatre, where the grand specialty was to boom the great virtues of Brandeth's Porous Plasters and if there was a Japanese in the theatre who was not cognizant of what it will do, it is simply an evidence of his being deaf, dumb and blind. The party consisted of were treading all over our corns, while the platform was so jammed that the door could not be closed, and as the train was running against a frozen Siberian wind, there was more enjoyment for about 10 miles than we ever before had without being frozen to death. We could not help suggesting to Willie that the next time we were invited to enjoy the pleasure of one of his "special" cars that we would either go third-class or walk. He seems to be a very particular man, and failed to see anything funny about our continued remarks, especially as we had been throwing them out promiscously for about an hour. After being 1 h. 36 m. late we arrived at Shimbashi and were met by a lot of bantos who placed us in

MACONDRAY BROS. AND LOCKARD, AGENTS,
No. 30, WATER STREET.

R. H. POWERS & CO.,
114 BUND, NAGASAKI, JAPAN,
SHIP CHANDLERS, GROCERS & PROVISIONERS,
WINES, CHOICE CIGARS AND TOBACCOS.
AUCTIONEERS & COMMISSION AGENTS.

JOHODO,
OLD REAL CURIO STORE,
No. 42, Noge Nichome, Yokohama.
HAVING collected a large stock of old genuine CURIOS and rare old KAKEMONO executed by famous Artists, we humbly solicit the Foreign Public the favor of inspecting them.
Price is very reasonable and only one.
Please remember the address,
No. 42, NOGE NICHOME.

TO LET.
IN SETTLEMENT.
CENTRALLY situated Seven-Roomed Bungalow, with Large Outhouses, Stabling and Garden, suitable also for business purposes. Early possession.
Apply to "BUNGALOW,"
Care of this Paper.

Nantucket's Fine Showing.

To the Editor of The New York Times:

Nantucket, with a population of probably something less than 4,000, subscribed to more than $400,000 worth of the Liberty Loan. Well, Nantucket was the banner town of Massachusetts in the matter of enlistments in the civil war. At least that is one of the proud traditions of the islanders.

Here is a letter which one Nantucketer, now off island, received from his mother on the island the other day:

I have such great news to report about dear little Nantucket's efforts to swell the amount for the Liberty Loan bonds that I am leaving all things else to write and rush to mail before 11 o'clock, time of the box collections. I am so anxious for you to get the good news before you receive your Mirror. Up to 10 o'clock last night, when the bank was closed to all buyers of bonds, the amount had swelled to $404,750. Just think of that for our little island!

The letter beat The Mirror.

WHALING.

New York, June 21, 1917.

Found a Response.

The story relative to "Mary and Her Little Lamb," which appeared in a recent issue, was evidently read with interest by both young and old, for a number of persons have spoken in reference to it, and several of them have been more than casually interested. One man informs us that he has a picture of the house where "Mary" used to live and is thoroughly familiar with the story, while we learn from another source that Mary Sawyer, the little girl who owned the lamb, was the aunt of Charles A. Sawyer, formerly of Nantucket, and that the Annie Sawyer, with whom Mary passed her declining years, was Mr. Sawyer's sister. This fact brings the story of "Mary and Her Little Lamb" closer home to Nantucket than we at first supposed, and, to add a touch of reality to the story, John G. Locke informs us that he has a piece of the yarn from Mary's little lamb, which was secured at the church sale referred to in our last issue, when Mary Sawyer, away back in the 70's, unravelled the stockings which were made from the lamb's wool and sold pieces of the yarn as souvenirs, for the benefit of the Old South Church. There is a touch of sentiment about the familiar jingle of "Mary and Her Little Lamb" which seems to have found a response in Nantucket.

GOOD.—Brent, in his 78th year, after a short illness. Funeral services at his late residence, 130 Morris Av., Long Branch, N. J., on Friday, Nov. 12, on arrival of train leaving Hudson Term. at 12:30 and Penna. Station at 12:34. Interment, Masonic services, at Hazelwood Cemetery, Rahway, N. J., on Saturday on arrival of train leaving Penna. Station at 9:30 A. M. London (Eng.) papers please copy.

GRINBERG.—Harold, at 8 o'clock Nov. 10,

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At 10.45 P. M., Saturday night, last, Mr. Kidder emerged from the Gilsey House and sauntered leisurely to the corner of 23d street and 6th avenue, boarded a down town elevated train on his way to Bath Beach. Arriving at the Whitehall street station he here discovered that unfortunately he had just missed a ferry boat and had the unalloyed pleasure of staring at his fellow passengers, and the remnants of newspapers, etc., that the night hands were trying lazily to sweep through a hole in the floor of the ferry house. Finally a boat entered the slip and all belated passengers hurried aboard and patiently waited for her to start. Frequently consulting his watch, Mr. K. finally began to feel just a little worried about catching the last train from the 5th avenue depot, and was finally very much gratified to feel the boat start; reaching Brooklyn he rushed for a car and squeezed himself into the last seat and continued to wonder if he would catch that train. Reaching 3d avenue and 25th street he started up the hill on a grand run and arrived at the corner of 5th avenue just in time to witness the much-longed-for train pull out of the depot and wend its way up the hill. Of course, Mr. Kidder's feelings were somewhat forcibly and uselessly expressed to the quantity of darkness usually surrounding this uninviting corner, and after the usual amount of relief had been experienced, Mr. K., a very much disgusted man, walked down the hill and waited longingly for a train to start for Fort Hamilton, and about 1 A. M. a train strarted with, in addition to Mr. Kidder, a very select crowd of Brooklyn toughs aboard, who proceeded to make things lively from the start and before reaching city line started to do up the conductor and all other passengers who attempted to interfere with their innocent amusement. On reaching city line Mr. Kidder learned with surprise that the train would go no farther and realized that he would now have the pleasure of either returning to Brooklyn or proceeding afoot on his way to Bath Beach. However he did not have much time to dwell upon his own unpleasant dilemma, for as he stepped from the train he found himself in the midst of a genuine free fight. One policeman had undertaken to arrest the entire crowd of toughs and the description given of the affair proves that the policeman had a very large contract. Heads were knocked down only to bob up again, and the manipulation of the quieting club was very telling and effective. Blood flowed freely from the cracked craniums of the crowd, who were very much surprised to find that the lonely policeman was evidently expecting them and had supplied himself with reinforcements enough to simply knock the festive toughs about like so many foot balls. After witnessing this little entertainment, varied by frequent dodges and ducks to the right or left in order to avoid a more than friendly fist or club, Mr. Kidder started on his midnight walk, and walked—then walked some more—and continued in his walk—to Fort Hamilton—thence around the water's edge along the face of the fort, gazing with pleasure on the many embankments, big guns, etc., and—still walking—wended his lonesome way along the shore road toward the Dyker and finally reached the Dyker Pavilion, and here Mr. Kidder—still walking—met the (at least to him) most exciting and interesting experience of his midnight stroll. As he was about to turn from the shore and follow the inland road, he discovered with sudden force, that was simply electric in its way, that a very *large yellow dog* had possession of the road, and in the most emphatic manner possible gave Mr. Kidder to understand that he proposed to keep it at any hazard. Mr. Kidder could not plainly see the dog, but knew he was yellow from the language he used. All the persuasive eloquence of a silver tongued orator was used by Mr. K. in order to arrange with his dogship for a right of way through the road, but to no effect. Boulders and large sized rocks were thrown where the dog ought to be, but when they reached their destination the agile dog was elsewhere. Mr. K. climbed the fence into an adjacent field and tried to steal a march on the dog in that way, but the dog was there also. Mr. Kidder walked, the dog walked; Mr. K. hollered, the dog howled; Kidder whistled, dog barked; K. whipped the air with his cane, dog snarled; Mr. Kidder kicked at dog, dog snapped at Kidder; finally a bright idea entered the head of Mr. Kidder—backing up against the long board fence on the east side of the road, he proceeded to walk along the fence sideways, keeping his body well up against the fence to avoid attack in the rear and with his cane described rapid half circles around his knees, and in this manner reached the corner of the road crossing the Dyker. At this junction the first gray streak of dawn enabled Mr. Kidder to more plainly see the enemy, and after thorough and mature deliberation he decided to boldly attack the dog and end the battle. Gathering several large stones he sprang into the center of the road and rushed straight at the animal. The look of puzzled astonishment that overspread the countenance of that dog was somewhat re-assuring, and with a grand rush the war continued on the part of Mr. K. until a large stone descended on the back of the canine who immediately gave a mighty howl and started toward Fort Hamilton on a dead run. The remarks of Mr. Kidder were few but very expressive—very. The dog ran, but Mr. Kidder gently picked up his cane and walked to Bath Beach, and now claims that hereafter he will *ride* or stay in the city all night.

FESTIVITIES IN THE ORANGES.

A TOBOGGAN CARNIVAL, AN ORGAN RECITAL AND OTHER ENTERTAINMENTS.

ORANGE, N. J., March 22, 1890.—The most important event of the week was the close of the season of the Essex County Toboggan Club, which was celebrated on Monday evening. There were ten huge piles of cordwood placed at intervals along both sides of the slides, which had been saturated with oil and other combustibles. At precisely eight o'clock the first two toboggans, one laden with the members of the House Committee and the other with the members of the Slide Committee, shot down the icy slope, while at the same instant the torch was applied to the piles of wood. Simultaneously with this there was a brilliant discharge of fireworks from the head of the slide, while Voss' Band burst into the stirring strains of the "Marseillaise."

Thereafter the slides were kept busy until long after midnight, and at intervals throughout the evening there were discharges of fireworks. Inside the club house all was ablaze with light, and a fine supper was served. There were fully 500 guests, and the picturesque toboggan suits of the members of the club contrasted finely with the many hued costumes of the ladies.

THE GUESTS.

Among the guests I noticed:—From New York—F. M. Gould, Mr. and Mrs. Gus C. Walton, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Brundage and Marshall Bishop. From Brooklyn—Miss Pendergast, Clarence Marshall, Mrs. H. F. Taylor and Miss Arnott. From Newark—Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Hedden, John B. Solley, William Sherrer, Miss Peddle, A. S. Littell, Walter Littell, Colonel J. E. Fleming, Miss Fleming, the Misses Dunn, Miss Sanborn, E. M. Duryee, J. Pennington Whitehead and Mrs. S. L. Levy. Philadelphia—J. H. W. Coxe. Staten Island—Miss Durand. Chicago—Miss Beattie.

From the Oranges—Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Terhune, Miss May Allen, Miss Emma McGall, Miss Lena Rockfellow, Gilbert I. Herbert, Miss Gertrude Chur, Miss Gertrude Chittick, Harry G. Chur, Farnham Yardley, Bert Herbert, Edward Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Bramhall, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Swift, the Misses Stocking, Miss Hallie Kellogg, Mrs. W. F. Kidder, the Misses Kidder, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Willegerod, Robert Baird, of Montreal; Georgs Spottiswoode, George W. Wallis, William C. Dodd, A. Randon DeGrolier, Miss Estelle Iddings, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Chandler, Miss Moore, Miss Lucilla Moore, Mrs. A. D. Chambers, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Christian, Mr. and Mrs. S. Bayard Dod, Miss Caroline S. Dod, Miss Dimmick, Miss Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Newell, Miss Grace Newell, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Watson and Dr. F. A. Levy.

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into Society via Orange, N. J.

Ward McAllister's book on "Society as I Found It," treats of the ways to get into society, and among other things the author says: Some men are born to a position in society, others have a position in society thrust upon them, and others attain to a position in society by way of Orange, N. J. The method is to rent a cottage at Orange and drive a dog cart to and from the station every day to meet [illegible] ters' club and gaining access to their special car, it is easy to get into the Essex county hunting set, and if you can ride only a little bit, and give a hunt breakfast or two, you are soon in the swim; and then after a

Editor Stone

THE WEEKLY

BOX OF CURIOS.

Yokohama, January 27th. 1894

IT SEEMS FAIR.

THE *Box's* Society Editor was asked to accompany Commodore William F. Kidder to a theatre party at Tokyo last week and he is loud in praise of the way the manager ran the Shebang. The object of the visit was to attend a grand performance given at the Kabuki Theatre, where the grand specialty was to boom the great virtues of Brandeth's Porous Plasters and if there was a Japanese in the theatre who was not cognizant of what it will do, it is simply an evidence of his being deaf, dumb and blind. The party consisted of five of the leaders of society and journalism and, to pay them the attention due their exalted position, the Commodore chartered what he called a special first class car. His intentions were liberal, honorable and well intended, but as a manipulator of special trains on a Japanese railway, he is, as the Latin poet has so tersely said, *offabus his headabus*, for he wasn't in it at all. Under ordinary circumstances, simply buying a first class ticket would give a traveller a whole car of three compartments to himself, but the car that Willie got only had two compartments, divided by a burglar proof partition that compelled a trip out in the cold cold world to get in at the respective ends. When Willie chaperoned his party to his "special car" he wore his Orange, New Jersey, smile as he waved them in, but, as he followed, his Orange smile wore a chilly cold turkey snicker that reminded us of the North pole. The cause for the change in the temperature was owing to the fact that his royal train was simply a box 6×8 feet, plainly draped with some hard cushions, but ornamented by a series of coal oil cans filled with ice water, which were to be used as "foot warmers." Two ladies being of the party Willie and our reporter could not smoke "Duke's Best Cigarettes," kindly supplied by manager Stone of the Am. Trading Co., who hoped to get a column advertisement in *The Box* without taking advantage of our unusually low rates. To be able to choke over the Duke's smoke the above named statesmen had to get out at Kanagawa and seek the comforts of the forward section of the iceberg "special." We had hardly hugged each other long enough to get warm, and the Commodore had just commenced to fill our alabaster ear with the advantages of using Brandeth's Porous Plasters early and late, when the train arrived at Kawasaki. After staying there for about 30 minutes Willie's special car had every seat filled, the floor was solid with Japanese who were treading all over our corns, while the platform was so jammed that the door could not be closed, and as the train was running against a frozen Siberian wind, there was more enjoyment for about 10 miles than we ever before had without being frozen to death. We could not help suggesting to Willie that the next time we were invited to enjoy the pleasure of one of his "special" cars that we would either go third-class or walk. He seems to be a very particular man, and failed to see anything funny about our continued remarks, especially as we had been throwing them out promiscously for about an hour. After being 1 h. 36 m. late we arrived at Shimbashi and were met by a lot of bantos, who placed us in rickshas and hurried us away to the theatre where private boxes had been kept. Pervious to our arrival, in the middle of an act, the actors had stopped the performance and addressed the audience about the virtues of Brandeth's Porous Plasters and what they would do. After they had been boomed everyone was given a sample and were told that the noted Doctor Brandeth would soon appear before them and occupy certain box. They also distributed among the Japanese ladies a beautiful hair ornament representing another of the plasters. When our party entered the private box the actors stopped acting and the whole audience got excited and feasted their eyes upon the commodore, who bowed and smiled in return with that heavenly aroma for which he is so noted. Whispers could be heard all over the house of "how handsome," "how sweet." "so graceful," until the commodore wore the same maid en blush he did in 1830 when he was proposed to. The drop curtain was a work of Japanese art, wholly dedicated to Brandeth's Plasters, and with the hundreds of lanterns dedicated to the same subject, gave a very beautiful effect. The audience were so wrapped up in the Doctor that soon after his arrival the performance was stopped. The party then retired to one of the leading tea-houses followed by the audience (the Main street being that way) and a fine banquet and dancing were furnished to a large number of the leading citizens of Tokyo and the bridal party from Yokohama. At a late hour the Yokohama party prepared to return, but when Willie spoke of getting another "special car" all got angry and declared that as they were in a hurry if he handicapped them in any such a way that they would walk. This resulted in the party all coming down as plain, ordinary, first class passengers as nice and as comfortable as could be. Dr. Brandeth can rest assured that he has Tokyo solid on Porous Plasters. W. F. Kidder

Nantucket's Fine Showing.

To the Editor of The New York Times:

Nantucket, with a population of probably something less than 4,000, subscribed to more than $400,000 worth of the Liberty Loan. Well, Nantucket was the banner town of Massachusetts in the matter of enlistments in the civil war. At least that is one of the proud traditions of the islanders.

Here is a letter which one Nantucketer, now off island, received from his mother on the island the other day:

I have such great news to report about dear little Nantucket's efforts to swell the amount for the Liberty Loan bonds that I am leaving all things else to write and rush to mail before 11 o'clock, time of the box collections. I am so anxious for you to get the good news before you receive your Mirror. Up to 10 o'clock last night, when the bank was closed to all buyers of bonds, the amount had swelled to $404,750. Just think of that for our little island!

The letter beat The Mirror.

WHALING.

New York, June 21, 1917.

Found a Response.

The story relative to "Mary and Her Little Lamb," which appeared in a recent issue, was evidently read with interest by both young and old, for a number of persons have spoken in reference to it, and several of them have been more than casually interested. One man informs us that he has a picture of the house where "Mary" used to live and is thoroughly familiar with the story, while we learn from another source that Mary Sawyer, the little girl who owned the lamb, was the aunt of Charles A. Sawyer, formerly of Nantucket, and that the Annie Sawyer, with whom Mary passed her declining years, was Mr. Sawyer's sister. This fact brings the story of "Mary and Her Little Lamb" closer home to Nantucket than we at first supposed, and, to add a touch of reality to the story, John G. Locke informs us that he has a piece of the yarn from Mary's little lamb, which was secured at the church sale referred to in our last issue, when Mary Sawyer, away back in the 70's, unravelled the stockings which were made from the lamb's wool and sold pieces of the yarn as souvenirs, for the benefit of the Old South Church. There is a touch of sentiment about the familiar jingle of "Mary and Her Little Lamb" which seems to have found a response in Nantucket.

GOOD.—Brent, in his 78th year, after a short illness. Funeral services at his late residence, 130 Morris Av., Long Branch, N. J., on Friday, Nov. 12, on arrival of train leaving Hudson Term. at 12:30 and Penna. Station at 12:34. Interment, Masonic services, at Hazelwood Cemetery, Rahway, N. J., on Saturday on arrival of train leaving Penna. Station at 9:30 A. M. London (Eng.) papers please copy.

GRINBERG. [illegible] Nov. 10.

ER 11. 1915.

BRENT GOOD DIES AT 77.

Medicine Manufacturer Was Shocked in a London Zeppelin Raid.

Special to The New York Times.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Nov. 10.—Brent Good, President of the Carter Medicine Company, 45 Murray Street, New York, died this afternoon from an attack of kidney disease in his seventy-eighth year. While he was in London recently Mr. Good suffered a shock in a Zeppelin bomb raid there.

He was the son of Brent Good, and was born at Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 23, 1837. His early life was spent in the Bay of Quinby, Canada. After serving as a druggist's apprentice in Canada he arrived in New York with less than $5 and entered the employ of Demas Barnes & Co., wholesale druggists. In 1866 he started the firm of Good, Roof & Co., which later was known as Brent Good & Co., manufacturers of proprietary medicines. In 1880 the Carter Medicine Company was founded with Mr. Good as its head.

Mr. Good was a member of the Chamber of Commerce of Long Branch, the Long Branch Property Holders' Association, the Board of Governors of the Monmouth Memorial Hospital, a Director in the Citizens' National Bank and the New Jersey Mortgage and Trust Company. He was also a member of the New York Democratic Club, the Hardware Club, the New York Athletic Club, and the New York Yacht Club. He was also a member of La Fayette Lodge No. 27, F. and A. M., of Rahway and St. James Episcopal Church of that city.

Mr. Good was twice married. His first wife was Anna N. Hoyt, who died in 1894, leaving two children, Harry H. of New York City, who was in business with him, and Mrs. Kitty Orcutt, wife of Charles C. Orcutt of South Orange. His second wife, who survives, was Miss Frances Colwell of New York.

HADLEY'S MANY MEMORIES

AN OLD TOWN WHEN THE NATION WAS BORN.

THE FUGITIVE REGICIDES AND THE "ANGEL OF HADLEY" WHO FOUGHT IN KING PHILIP'S WAR.

HADLEY, Mass., July 2.—Dreamily and peacefully nestling among the hills of Massachusetts lies old Hadley. Her wide avenues and quaint residences have never known the spirit of unrest that pervades most other parts of America. Her age of heroes was the heroic age of Holland, and her double centenary came long before the country at large was ready to mark "the hundred-terraced height." The Hadley of to-day has the same wide avenues and the same ante-Revolutionary houses as in the last century. She is still guileless of steam and innocent of the tread of the iron horse. Indeed, her trade is rather overdone with one store and one tavern. To the Dutch of Manhattan she was, in 1664, "Hadle, the village highest up on the fresh river." To us of to-day she is still old Hadley; but she is far down the Connecticut as compared with the civilization that has grown beyond her to the northward. Within her quiet and blissful confines there still dwell the descendants of the pioneers—a score of honored names that New-England must always cherish. But a track has been surveyed and the rails are partly laid which threaten to bring this veritable sleepy hollow into the busy world and rob it of its glory. Let us care for old Hadley kindly, and rescue some of her natural beauties before the fast decaying elms have gone and before the railroads have set a price upon her head for the traveling public.

The old Puritan settlers showed their hard sense in the matter of church quarrels. Whenever any serious disagreement arose the dissentients usually withdrew and founded a new settlement. There was land enough for both sides of the controversy to occupy. Hadley was the outcome of church quarrels in Hartford and Weathersfield, in the Connecticut colony. A committee from the intending settlers was appointed in 1660 to proceed to "Norwottuck"—the site of Hadley—"to lay out the number of 59 home lots and to allow eight acres for every home lot, and to have a street 20 rods wide betwixt the two westernmost rows of home lots." This was the origin of West-street, the noble avenue which runs due north and south for an exact mile, and which includes 40 acres of meadow land within its lines. A stockade originally encircled all of the farm houses along this avenue, and the cattle were driven inside and housed upon the meadow that formed the "street." The settlers being thus huddled together for safety against the Indians, their farms were apportioned from the meadow lands that lay within the broad bend of the river which swept about from the northern end of the street until it became the southern limit as well. These "interval" lands were a few feet lower than the broad street. They were known as the Great Meadow, the Fort Meadow, the Hockanum Meadow, and the Aqua Vitæ Meadow, the latter because of a fancied resemblance to a brandy bottle. The intervals were held in common, but afterward they were equitably divided, and the boundaries were marked by stones—as they are to-day—fences being subject to removal by the annual overflow.

The "West-street" of 1887 is substantially the "Western highway" of 200 years ago. The only similar street in the colonies at that time was the one at Weathersfield, Conn., and there is no other similar street to-day except in the villages of Lenox and Stockbridge, in Massachusetts. The northern end, river-swept still, looks over to the peaks of Toby and Sugarloaf, and to the east accumulating outlines of the Green Mountains. The southern end, also river-swept, looks over to the sierra-like edges of the Holyoke range, to the aggressive form of Mount Tom, and to the valley of the Connecticut, breaking its way between. To the westward arise the Berkshire Hills, the theme of Hawthorne and Bryant and Catharine Sedgwick, while to the eastward lie the gentler slopes that sustain the intellectual life of Amherst College. Remote as West-street seems from all the other world, it was once "the old Bay road," the great thoroughfare between Boston and Saratoga. The original school house was in the middle of the broad expanse, and so were all of its successors down to a very recent date. The original meeting house was there also, and so was its successor until, in an evil hour, the dwellers upon Middle-street, the narrower rival of West-street, became more numerous or more influential, and then the meeting house took to wheels and was trundled over by oxen power, services being conducted within its walls during every Sunday of its transit.

At first Hadley had no Town Treasurer. Such an official was not needed to give the minister an official was not needed to give the minister his £80 and the schoolmaster his £40, both in "provision pay." The unit of suffrage was the church member, as in other parts of Massachusetts, and the "town meeting," often held "at sun a quarter of an hour high," gradually asserted its power. Hadley thus bore out Hildreth's "outline of home government in New-England"—"each town constituted a little republic, almost complete in itself." As a result of this patriarchal system we learn that the males sat on the right hand of the minister and the females on the left, that the orthodox beverages were brandy and usquebaugh, both of which went under the name of "aqua vitæ," and that mischievous dogs were corrected by being "hanged" on the well-swipe; nor are we surprised to note that in 1673 laws were passed declaring that persons whose estate did not exceed £200 "should not wear gold or silver lace or buttons or silk hoods or scarfs," and that in 1676 10 wives of Hadley were "presented for wearing silk in a flaunting garb," thereby incurring a fine of 10 shillings each. In a word, Hadley rapidly accommodated itself to the customs that prevailed in the older settlements of "the Bay," and nothing but peace and prosperity appeared to be in store for her.

But the aspect of the horizon suddenly took on a lurid hue. Peace had reigned until the breaking out of King Philip's war in 1675. In September of that year Hadley was attacked, according to tradition, while the people were at divine worship, and as they were looking about for a leader to direct their movements there suddenly appeared a venerable gray-bearded man, who assumed the leadership and caused them to repulse the savages. Wherever the fight was the fiercest there was the gray-bearded man. But when the men of Hadley turned to thank their deliverer he had disappeared as mysteriously as he came. Nor was his identity established till many years afterward. In the absence of any definite information it was not strange that the apparition was said to have been an angel, and that

"Whenever the fear of the Indian came,
The children would ask in their evening prayer
For the angel of Hadley to shelter them there."

King Philip's war being over the village, in 1683, became interested in the fate of Mary Webster, who was hailed thither to Boston on a charge of witchcraft, but the interest subsided after her acquittal; for none from old Hampshire County were ever executed for dealing with the devil. Hadley then pursued the even tenor of her way for a century with little to distinguish her from other boroughs in New-England; but their home spun "checkered" shirts proclaimed them as "Connecticut River people" whenever they strayed as far east as Worcester or Boston. At home, shad were so abundant that to eat them was disreputable, and stories are told of people in Hadley who hid their platters under the bed when a neighbor dropped in rather than to confess that they had been eating shad because they had no salt pork in the house. Each young gallant was "shabbed" if his lady love refused him; or, if he were more fortunate, he "staid" with her in the long Winter evenings while the "old folks" read by the light of the "candle-wood" or dozed in the fireplace. Thursday was the popular day for weddings; but very few of them ever took place in the meeting house and still fewer were solemnized by the minister. Even at funerals there were no prayers; but there were tokens of the departed in the shape of gloves and rings, while wine, pipes, and tobacco cheered the inner man; the adults being in one room, and the adolescents in another. Watches and clocks were few, but dials were plenty and almost every house had a notch in the casing of a south window known as the "noon mark."

With these characteristics, peculiar to Hadley and sometimes repeated elsewhere, the village passed through "Father Rolle's war" and continued down to the Revolution. The original meeting house lasted from 1660 to 1713, when a new one was built on the same site—the middle of West-street and facing the north. The pulpit was upon the west side. The original benches gradually gave way to square pews for the principal families; but the men and the women still sat separately. The "seaters" were required to give places to all "according to age, estate, and usefulness." Of course, there were no fires, and the Winter worshippers welcomed the rays of the sun which passed through the diamond-shaped bits of glass in the windows. To-day another meeting house invites the Sabbath-bound traveler. It has not the antiquated air of the old, but the weather-cock of six generations still tells the farmers of Hadley when to plant their corn and when to cut their hay. And yet, in spite of all these surroundings that breathe of age, when the visitor strolls into the burying ground he will find only a dozen or so stones with an earlier date than 1720. What has become of the graves of the Hadley pioneers who died between 1660 and 1720 is a mystery that rivals that of the regicides.

The one notable event of Hadley's history, already alluded to above, relates to the apparition of the gray-bearded deliverer in September, 1675, who was none other than Col. William Goffe the regicide. This incident has done treble duty in fiction, Scott having used it in "Peveril of the Peak," Cooper in "The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish," and Hawthorne in "The Gray Champion." Col. Goffe fled to America with his father-in-law, Col. Edward Whalley, and Capt. Dixwell. Each one of the three had been prominent in deciding the fate of Charles I., and in consequence of that they were called "The Judges." When George Downing, Cromwell's Minister to Holland, became a turncoat to Charles II. he was appointed to the same position and secured the arrest in Holland of the Judges, John O'Key, Miles Corbet, and John Barkstead. Of this Peppys (who had been a clerk in Downing's office) wrote: "The Dutch were a good while before they could be persuaded to let the Judges go after being prisoners in their land, &c." The three Judges who fled to America were received with courtesy by Gov. Endicott at Boston. Soon afterward warrants were issued for their arrest and they fled to New-Haven, where they lived for many years in a cave. Afterward they lived secretly at Milford, Danby, and Branford, all in the State of Connecticut. Then Goffe and Whalley came northward to Hadley, Dixwell being apparently unmolested at New-Haven. During the period when their movements were so uncertain Gov. Endicott wrote to Director Stuyvesant asking for the surrender of Whalley and Goffe. This letter should be in the State Library at Albany, but some one has stolen it.

It is among the well authenticated traditions of old Hadley that while the two Judges were in the village they lived in Parson Russell's house, on the northeast corner of West-street and the main highway from Northampton. This house has been modernized by using the framework of the old Russell parsonage, which contained what was known as "the Judge's room," an apartment without windows and with a handy trap-door to the cellar below. The Judges were also secreted a part of the years they were in Hadley at Capt. Philip Smith's and the Hon. Peter Hilton's. Whalley died between 1676 and 1678, and was buried, according to some, in Tilton's cellar. Others say that he was buried in the fence that separated Tilton's hamlet from that of Ebenezer Marsh. If this is so, his remains may yet be found near the old homestead of Col. Elisha Porter. Goffe died in 1679, and, according to report, was buried in the cellar of the Russell house.

The old mansion of Col. Porter is upon the "Bay road" from Saratoga to Boston. It is a generous old-fashioned house containing many interesting relics. Col. Porter took an active part in the Revolutionary war. When Burgoyne, after his surrender, passed through old Hadley on his way to embark for Boston he remained several days with Col. Porter, and as a mark of his regard for his host he left with Col. Porter his small body sword, the last side arm in his possession, and also his marquee. Both of these relics may be seen by the visitor to the old Porter homestead to-day. Lieut. Anburey, one of Burgoyne's officers, wrote a frank description of the journey of the unfortunates through Massachusetts on their way to Boston. It appears that somewhere in the central part of the State they came across a "committeeman" who was among those who tried Taylor, the captured spy. Taylor had been charged with a message from Burgoyne to the British General, Clinton, but, being intercepted, he swallowed the silver bullet that contained the message. The bullet having been recovered the message was found to read: "*Nous y voice.* Here we are. Nothing between us but gates." The committeemen, so the narrative reads, stared at each other until it finally dawned upon them that *nous y voice* might be French. Then they sent for a French Canadian prisoner of war and

toilet becomes discolored it may then still serve over a colored lining.

Vests occupy a prominent place in the present styles. Some costumes are to have two vests, one of velvet or "peau de sole," covered with embroidery, opening over another vest of surah, "crêpon," or lace. Very unique waists may be planned by means of these two vests. A novelty is a crossed redingote which can be worn over any skirt. The ends fall down the right side and are fastened on the lower part under a number of frills and satin ribbon loops in the shade of the dress. On the front of the redingote are two deep revers worked with silk and gold, and the deep collar is worked to match.

Casino dresses will be about in the style of those worn at garden parties, that is such combinations as half lace and half silk gauze, or lace worked with colored flowers, tulle worked over light-colored satins, English crape trimmings on tulle toilets, or pompadour gauzes, combined with soft silks. There are no trains seen on evening dresses of this type. Fancy jewelry is worn in imitation of antique jewels. Gray dresses are very fashionable, and are a very becoming color, care should be in the selection of a trimming for toilets. There are few colors that can it used with gray, as many shades give it a

[illegible]visceable on many occasions. As gray is [illegible]ray dresses are very fashionable, and are

ON NANTUCKET BEACH.

The Famous Old Whaling Colony that Is Now a Fashionable Summer Resort.

Special Correspondence of the STAR.

NANTUCKET, July 28.—In this hot and sweltering hurly-burly summertime the toil-worn resident of the mountain must envy us, who have the felicity to dwell miles out to sea, on sun-kissed bluffs and storm-swept moors, the bosoms of which are broidered with heather bells, curious blossoms, wild roses, acres of natural turnip flowers and dark, thick pines that cast the only shadows, like frowns athwart the peaceful face of a weather-beaten mariner, slumbering in the cradle of the deep. Nantucket seems to sleep, although it is very wide awake. And every one who comes here, weary of life and its feverish struggles in city mart and counting house, experiences the soporific influences of the place at once, and dreamily drowses away the livelong day, half buried in the silvery sand, lulled by the musical moans of the traumerei, or lazily following the flight of the meadow lark and the dart of the swallow from the fragrant couch of tall grass and purple-leaved vines on the brow of the table land above.

I have been here a week, and feel as if I had never lived or wanted to live in any other place again. There is the most delicious sense of languor, at once luxurious and refreshing. Nobody appears to have anything special to do. Everybody, even to the boatmen on the inner beach, wears the Sunday clothes of apparent idleness, and makes me think that the hurry and rush of New York is only a nightmare, not a wretched reality.

No wonder that Charles O'Conor prolonged his existence five years by coming to Nantucket, and it is equally no wonder that he died when he ventured to return to New York for an outing.

I arrived here on the steamer Martha's Vineyard from Cottage City about noon early in the week, and was met on the dock by an old friend, Ned Underhill, the stenographer of the Surrogate's Office in New York. He hailed me with amazement and told me that he had thought that he was the only New Yorker of the Fifth Estate who had ever found his way to this famous old whaling colony. I assured him that my visit was purely accidental, and that I certainly would not have come to this place were it not for the prospect of a good day's fishing, which, I had been told by the Town Crier at Martha's Vineyard, was a sure thing at Nantucket. So here I was, and here I was going to stay. Ned kindly offered to take me under his wing and to escort me from point to point after dinner.

Yes, after dinner I thought would be the proper time for exploration; for I was as hungry as one of the seven sharks I heard had paid the penalty of their voracity with their lives, "jist beyant the pint thar," over across the bar from the Nantucket Hotel. Underhill urged me to accompany him to Siasconsett, or Sconsett, as the islanders call it, but I preferred to take unto myself a pilot in the shape of a hackman, and with my wife be driven about the quaint old city and be shown the various points of interest in it. I wanted to get the lay of the land, as it were, and, having established in my log book the landmarks, buoys and channel guides, to cruise on my own account for the rest of the week.

I had come for a day's fishing; but after I was half an hour ashore—half intoxicated by the deep draughts of pure ozone that fattens the babies and toughens the constitutions of the octogenarians—I resolved to remain a week.

I would like to stay six months from this morning.

The gentlemanly hackman who drove up to the Nantucket House, a charming hotel, which seems to be sitting on a sandbank paddling its feet in the liquid wavelets of the sea, was named Coxe. A man of keen intelligence and native shrewdness, he took me in at a glance and instinctively comprehended my purpose. Clad in gray, with a soft felt hat pulled jauntily forward over his bright blue eyes, he was anything but a countryman, or even a fisherman. I thought he had come down on speculation from Boston to make money from the summering folks.

"Your own horse and buggy?" I inquired.

"Yes," he curtly replied.

"Brought him here from the mainland?"

"Oh, no; I have had him ever since I bought him, two years ago."

"You have not been here two years, have you?"

"I b'long here; was born here."

"Father a whaler?" I thought everybody—that is, every native—must be descended from a whaler.

"No; my father was an Irishman. That was the only thing against him."

"Against him?" quoth I, in some surprise.

"Yes; it don't help a man to be Irish by birth, blood or descent in Nantucket. The 3,500 genuine Americans here don't tackle kindly to the Irish. You see they, that is the natives, are descended directly from the English. They are Coffins, Starbucks, Smiths, Macys, Howes and the rest, and their forefathers came right over from Old England at a time when the Irish were bigger enemies to Britain than they are now; that was in 1500 and 1600 and something. So you see the Irish are not in very good odor even now."

I might have pursued this line of conversation, semi-historic and semi-ethnological, with my friend Coxe but for my burning desire to learn something about the living inhabitants rather than the defunct settlers. We had to get down to them a little later in the graveyard, when Coxe, wishing to prove to me that the place was conducive to longevity, showed me that there was not a tombstone in the cemetery that would show the occupant of any resting place to have died under the age of 60. This was literally true. Not one of the inscriptions related to anybody beneath the limit of three score. This was encouraging, and again justified the late honored and lamented Charles O'Conor's choice of Nantucket as his last and safest junction on the railroad of life.

Coxe took us to every place worth seeing in the town, and then rattled us over the moors to Surfside, a delightful spot looking straight out on the celebrated Nantucket Shoals, so often made famous and infamous by the chroniclers of disasters at sea. Many a poor fellow has looked his last upon the shore and life through the mists of a frosty spray, and watched the dark figures on the beach moving to and fro in their efforts to launch a lifeboat or fire a line from a mortar at the station to enable him to leave the frozen rigging to which he was clinging for a struggle with the surf. I listened to distressing narratives of shipwreck that occurred last winter and in previous winters, and will give them to you in another letter.

As I looked at the smooth, smiling surface of the "honest sea," blue as a maiden's eye, I could scarcely believe that the terrible tragedies to which I listened were founded on facts buried in the treacherous sands and cruel depths of the place whereon I gazed.

Along the shore from the Nantucket House to what is known as Eel Point pretty cottages of Queen Anne build and fancy structure stand. They are the summer residences of business men. Kimball, the cigarette manufacturer; Mr. Kidder, a New York merchant, and a colony from St. Louis and the far West sojourn here. The occupants, I was told, owned the cottages they dwelt in, and since their advent to Nantucket, a few years ago, real estate had gone up to a fabulous price in this particular region.

For example, one man a little farther down the shore, below Mr. O'Conor's cottage, which is always pointed out with pride as a sort of shrine that should be dear to and be viewed with respect by all New Yorkers, bought property for $10 an acre in 1879. On this he built and furnished a lot of fishermen's cot-

WANTED—A young man to drive horse and take orders; one who has worked in a grocery store; state the lowest terms per month with board. GROCERS, STAR Office.

WANTED—Man and wife: man to drive team and other work; no coachman; woman general housework; five adults, nationality, wages expected. Box 666 Plainfield, N. J.

WANTED—Man and wife: man to drive team and age, reference and salary expected. INVOICE, STAR Office.

COATUE.—The recent purchasers of Coatue, representatives of whom are now in town, are preparing to commence business as soon as possible in developing their property on the "peninsular." The gentlemen interested are W. F. Kidder, A. M. Crommelin, Robert Appleton, jr., Charles Heath, Henry W. Richardson, Isaiah Ball, Charles B. Matthews. These gentlemen have interested friends who will erect some twenty cottages the present season, making in all about twenty-seven cottages that it is claimed will be built this year. A lookout for a ferry boat is being kept, one that will accommodate seven teams besides the passengers, and a slip will be built at Coatue and another at the Steamboat Company's dock, the Coatue Company having agreed to extend the Steamboat Wharf fifty feet in consideration of the privilege. The water company and electric light company have been approached and agreed to furnish light and water. The two low pieces of ground are to be filled in and graded, an avenue a mile or two in length built with concrete walks, and curbed. A nice club house will be erected near Coskata this season, a piece of land set off for shooting purposes, and stocked with game. When the survey is completed, maps will be issued showing the lay-out of the property. The gentlemen claim that the work they have laid out for will be done, including one hundred bath houses the coming season. If the improvements contemplated are made, Coatue will be a picturesque spot. Mr. Kidder expects to remain in New York about a fortnight on his return, and then come to Nantucket permanently, to superintend the contemplated improvements.

IMPORTANT REAL ESTATE SALE.—New York parties arrived here last Saturday, representing a syndicate of twenty, and on Monday purchased through A. T. Mowry, real estate agent, the property on Coatue belonging to the Coatue Land Co. The claim is made that a hotel and some twenty cottages are to be commenced immediately.— The transfer also includes steamer Island Belle. Among the other improvements said to be contemplated, is a ferry boat, capable of carrying several teams and passengers, and the building of a boulevard a mile or more in length. If one-quarter of all these changes are realized, it will be welcome, and it is the duty of everybody to encourage as much of this sort of thing as possible. The introduction of fresh capital in any enterprise is sure to draw attention, and promotes growth in other directions. We hail with gratification this sale, and wish the purchasers good luck.

HADLEY'S MANY MEMORIES

AN OLD TOWN WHEN THE NATION WAS BORN.

THE FUGITIVE REGICIDES AND THE "ANGEL OF HADLEY" WHO FOUGHT IN KING PHILIP'S WAR.

HADLEY, Mass., July 2.—Dreamily and peacefully nestling among the hills of Massachusetts lies old Hadley. Her wide avenues and quaint residences have never known the spirit of unrest that pervades most other parts of America. Her age of heroes was the heroic age of Holland, and her double centenary came long before the country at large was ready to mark "the hundred-terraced height." The Hadley of to-day has the same wide avenues and the same ante-Revolutionary houses as in the last century. She is still guileless of steam and innocent of the tread of the iron horse. Indeed, her trade is rather overdone with one store and one tavern. To the Dutch of Manhattan she was, in 1664, "Hadle, the village highest up on the fresh river." To us of to-day she is still old Hadley; but she is far down the Connecticut as compared with the civilization that has grown beyond her to the northward. Within her quiet and blissful confines there still dwell the descendants of the pioneers—a score of honored names that New-England must always cherish. But a track has been surveyed and the rails are partly laid which threaten to bring this veritable sleepy hollow into the busy world and rob it of its glory. Let us care for old Hadley kindly, and rescue some of her natural beauties before the fast decaying elms have gone and before the railroads have set a price upon her head for the traveling public.

The old Puritan settlers showed their hard sense in the matter of church quarrels. Whenever any serious disagreement arose the dissentients usually withdrew and founded a new settlement. There was land enough for both sides of the controversy to occupy. Hadley was the outcome of church quarrels in Hartford and Weathersfield, in the Connecticut colony. A committee from the intending settlers was appointed in 1660 to proceed to "Norwottuck"—the site of Hadley—"to lay out the number of 59 home lots and to allow eight acres for every home lot, and to have a street 20 rods wide betwixt the two westernmost rows of home lots." This was the origin of West-street, the noble avenue which runs due north and south for an exact mile, and which includes 40 acres of meadow land within its lines. A stockade originally encircled all of the farm houses along this avenue, and the cattle were driven inside and housed upon the meadow that formed the "street." The settlers being thus huddled together for safety against the Indians, their farms were apportioned from the meadow lands that lay within the broad bend of the river which swept about from the northern end of the street until it became the southern limit as well. These "interval" lands were a few feet lower than the broad street. They were known as the Great Meadow, the Fort Meadow, the Hockanum Meadow, and the Aqua Vitæ Meadow, the latter because of a fancied resemblance to a brandy bottle. The intervals were held in common, but afterward they were equitably divided, and the boundaries were marked by stones—as they are to-day—fences being subject to removal by the annual overflow.

The "West-street" of 1887 is substantially the "Western highway" of 200 years ago. The only similar street in the colonies at that time was the one at Weathersfield, Conn., and there is no other similar street to-day except in the villages of Lenox and Stockbridge, in Massachusetts. The northern end, river-swept still, looks over to the peaks of Toby and Sugarloaf, and to the east accumulating outlines of the Green Mountains. The southern end, also river-swept, looks over to the sierra-like edges of the Holyoke range, to the aggressive form of Mount Tom, and to the valley of the Connecticut, breaking its way between. To the westward arise the Berkshire Hills, the theme of Hawthorne and Bryant and Catharine Sedgwick, while to the eastward lie the gentler slopes that sustain the intellectual life of Amherst College. Remote as West-street seems from all the other world, it was once "the old Bay road," the great thoroughfare between Boston and Saratoga. The original school house was in the middle of the broad expanse, and so were all of its successors down to a very recent date. The original meeting house was there also, and so was its successor until, in an evil hour, the dwellers upon Middle-street, the narrower rival of West-street, became more numerous or more influential, and then the meeting house took to wheels and was trundled over by oxen power, services being conducted within its walls during every Sunday of its transit.

At first Hadley had no Town Treasurer. Such an official was not needed to give the minister his £80 and the schoolmaster his £40, both in "provision pay." The unit of suffrage was the church member, as in other parts of Massachusetts, and the "town meeting," often held "at sun a quarter of an hour high," gradually asserted its power. Hadley thus bore out Hildreth's "outline of home government in New-England"—"each town constituted a little republic, almost complete in itself." As a result of this patriarchal system we learn that the males sat on the right hand of the minister and the females on the left, that the orthodox beverages were brandy and usquebaugh, both of which went under the name of "aqua vitæ," and that mischievous dogs were corrected by being "hanged" on the well-swipe; nor are we surprised to note that in 1673 laws were passed declaring that persons whose estate did not exceed £200 "should not wear gold or silver lace or buttons or silk hoods or scarfs," and that in 1676 10 wives of Hadley were "presented for wearing silk in a flaunting garb," thereby incurring a fine of 10 shillings each. In a word, Hadley rapidly accommodated itself to the customs that prevailed in the older settlements of "the Bay," and nothing but peace and prosperity appeared to be in store for her.

But the aspect of the horizon suddenly took on a lurid hue. Peace had reigned until the breaking out of King Philip's war in 1675. In September of that year Hadley was attacked, according to tradition, while the people were at divine worship, and as they were looking about for a leader to direct their movements there suddenly appeared a venerable gray-bearded man, who assumed the leadership and caused them to repulse the savages. Wherever the fight was the fiercest there was the gray-bearded man. But when the men of Hadley turned to thank their deliverer he had disappeared as mysteriously as he came. Nor was his identity established till many years afterward. In the absence of any definite information it was not strange that the apparition was said to have been an angel, and that

> "Whenever the fear of the Indian came,
> The children would ask in their evening prayer
> For the angel of Hadley to shelter them there."

King Philip's war being over the village, in 1683, became interested in the fate of Mary Webster, who was hailed thither to Boston on a charge of witchcraft, but the interest subsided after her acquittal; for none from old Hampshire County were ever executed for dealing with the devil. Hadley then pursued the even tenor of her way for a century with little to distinguish her from other boroughs in New-England; but their home spun "checkered" shirts proclaimed them as "Connecticut River people" whenever they strayed as far east as Worcester or Boston. At home, shad were so abundant that to eat them was disreputable, and stories are told of people in Hadley who hid their platters under the bed when a neighbor dropped in rather than to confess that they had been eating shad because they had no salt pork in the house. Each young gallant was "shabbed" if his lady love refused him; or, if he were more fortunate, he "staid" with her in the long Winter evenings while the "old folks" read by the light of the "candle-wood" or dozed in the fireplace. Thursday was the popular day for weddings; but very few of them ever took place in the meeting house and still fewer were solemnized by the minister. Even at funerals there were no prayers; but there were tokens of the departed in the shape of gloves and rings, while wine, pipes, and tobacco cheered the inner man; the adults being in one room, and the adolescents in another. Watches and clocks were few, but dials were plenty and almost every house had a notch in the casing of a south window known as the "noon mark."

With these characteristics, peculiar to Hadley and sometimes repeated elsewhere, the village passed through "Father Rolle's war" and continued down to the Revolution. The original meeting house lasted from 1660 to 1713, when a new one was built on the same site—the middle of West-street and facing the north. The pulpit was upon the west side. The original benches gradually gave way to square pews for the principal families; but the men and the women still sat separately. The "seaters" were required to give places to all "according to age, estate, and usefulness." Of course, there were no fires, and the Winter worshippers welcomed the rays of the sun which passed through the diamond-shaped bits of glass in the windows. To-day another meeting house invites the Sabbath-bound traveler. It has not the antiquated air of the old, but the weather-cock of six generations still tells the farmers of Hadley when to plant their corn and when to cut their hay. And yet, in spite of all these surroundings that breathe of age, when the visitor strolls into the burying ground he will find only a dozen or so stones with an earlier date than 1720. What has become of the graves of the Hadley pioneers who died between 1660 and 1720 is a mystery that rivals that of the regicides.

The one notable event of Hadley's history, already alluded to above, relates to the apparition of the gray-bearded deliverer in September, 1675, who was none other than Col. William Goffe the regicide. This incident has done treble duty in fiction, Scott having used it in "Peveril of the Peak," Cooper in "The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish," and Hawthorne in "The Gray Champion." Col. Goffe fled to America with his father-in-law, Col. Edward Whalley, and Capt. Dixwell. Each one of the three had been prominent in deciding the fate of Charles I., and in consequence of that they were called "The Judges." When George Downing, Cromwell's Minister to Holland, became a turncoat to Charles II. he was appointed to the same position and secured the arrest in Holland of the Judges, John O'Key, Miles Corbet, and John Barkstead. Of this Peppys (who had been a clerk in Downing's office) wrote: "The Dutch were a good while before they could be persuaded to let the Judges go after being prisoners in their land, &c." The three Judges who fled to America were received with courtesy by Gov. Endicott at Boston. Soon afterward warrants were issued for their arrest and they fled to New-Haven, where they lived for many years in a cave. Afterward they lived secretly at Milford, Danby, and Branford, all in the State of Connecticut. Then Goffe and Whalley came northward to Hadley, Dixwell being apparently unmolested at New-Haven. During the period when their movements were so uncertain Gov. Endicott wrote to Director Stuyvesant asking for the surrender of Whalley and Goffe. This letter should be in the State Library at Albany, but some one has stolen it.

It is among the well authenticated traditions of old Hadley that while the two Judges were in the village they lived in Parson Russell's house, on the northeast corner of West-street and the main highway from Northampton. This house has been modernized by using the framework of the old Russell parsonage, which contained what was known as "the Judge's room," an apartment without windows and with a handy trap-door to the cellar below. The Judges were also secreted a part of the years they were in Hadley at Capt. Philip Smith's and the Hon. Peter Hilton's. Whalley died between 1676 and 1678, and was buried, according to some, in Tilton's cellar. Others say that he was buried in the fence that separated Tilton's hamlet from that of Ebenezer Marsh. If this is so, his remains may yet be found near the old homestead of Col. Elisha Porter. Goffe died in 1679, and, according to report, was buried in the cellar of the Russell house.

The old mansion of Col. Porter is upon the "Bay road" from Saratoga to Boston. It is a generous old-fashioned house containing many interesting relics. Col. Porter took an active part in the Revolutionary war. When Burgoyne, after his surrender, passed through old Hadley on his way to embark for Boston he remained several days with Col. Porter, and as a mark of his regard for his host he left with Col. Porter his small body sword, the last side arm in his possession, and also his marquee. Both of these relics may be seen by the visitor to the old Porter homestead to-day. Lieut. Anburey, one of Burgoyne's officers, wrote a frank description of the journey of the unfortunates through Massachusetts on their way to Boston. It appears that somewhere in the central part of the State they came across a "committeeman" who was among those who tried Taylor, the captured spy. Taylor had been charged with a message from Burgoyne to the British General, Clinton, but, being intercepted, he swallowed the silver bullet that contained the message. The bullet having been recovered the message was found to read: "*Nous y voice.* Here we are. Nothing between us but gates." The committeemen, so the narrative reads, stared at each other until it finally dawned upon them that *nous y voice* might be French. Then they sent for a French-Canadian prisoner of war and asked him to translate it. When he said that it meant "here we are" they told him it was absurd; for those words were in English already. So they decided that the strange words were some private sign between Burgoyne and Clinton and that they must go to Gen. Washington who knew everything. The ignorance of the committeemen, it must be understood, was not charged directly to Hadley, but rather to a locality not very far distant. Hadley itself was under the shadow of Northampton, and that great Whig triumvirate of Western Massachusetts—Hawley, Worthington and Lyman—who were the peers of Hancock, Otis, and Samuel Adams, the frequenters of Faneuil Hall.

One of the oldest and smallest of the houses that nestle among the giant elms of Hadley is best known as the birthplace of Gen. Joseph Hooker, the "Fighting Joe" of Lookout Mountain, and various other contests. Hooker achieved a fair fame without attaining a great age, for he would have been only 73 years old if he had lived till to-day. His father was a drover in Hadley, and "Joe" ran about barefooted like the other boys. Always of a lofty bearing, he was not ashamed to hire out to the neighboring farmers by the day or by the month, and this willingness to work is said by one of his playmates to have been the secret of his success in after life. Among his companions he is said to have been faithful and trusty, never indulging in fights, but rather "the smoother-down of ruffled feathers." His tact and policy made him popular, and his comrades readily conceded that he was the best jumper, the best runner, and the best ball player. Intellectually as well as physically he was the peer of all the Hadley youth, and none of them felt that Gen. Hooker did not deserve the appointment to West Point that he had ardently wished for many years. Amid the small jealousies and backbitings that are usual in country villages the sentiment of Hadley toward young Hooker shines brightly by contrast. The spirit of generosity toward the youth does credit alike to the villagers and to him upon whom it was so worthily bestowed. In honoring the youth who went out from among them the people of Hadley honored themselves, and now they rightly claim their share of the Nation's heroes.

The day of the regicides, the French and Indian wars, the Revolution, the youth of Joe Hooker—these are the reminiscences that cling about the Hadley of to-day. The Hadley of a generation hence will not be the same peaceful, wide-avenued place of 1887. The long vistas of elms will have departed, for the gaps in their ranks are becoming more painfully apparent every year. No more, as in ancient Rome, will the noontide hour see a deserted street. The shriek of the engine will awaken the dwellers to the activity of the outside world. The world itself will invade these sacred precincts for profit and for recreation. Summer hotels and boating and lawn tennis and all that is incongruous and unhappy by contrast will soon disturb the privacy. The sweet do-nothing of Hadley, with her old elms, her old houses, and her old time rest all gone, she might well wish to turn her face to the wall and die. Her life was that of the past, but it was a grand life. Let us honor her for what she has been, and let us hope that the evil day of enterprise and improvement may be long deferred from her borders.

THE NANTUCKET "SOROSIS."

An Offspring of the Well-Known New York Woman's Club.

Are there those who will be surprised to learn of a literary club upon the sandy scrap of land that the sea has stolen from the ragged edge of lower Massachusetts? If so, these are sure to be the people who are frankly satisfied that they know their Nantucket after a fortnight's bluefishing at the ten-miles-out-at-sea "Rips."

This sort of people sometimes "write up" Nantucket. They deal freely with striking geographical names, alleged New England dialect, and conventional coast scenery, and so induce readers equally ignorant to exclaim: "How true to nature!"

Exclusiveness is a striking characteristic of the Nantucket Sorosis, and is directed towards Nantucketers as well as toward mainland strangers, the resident membership being strictly limited to 30. There are, however, a privileged few nonresident members.

The history of the society is, briefly, as follows: Mrs Rebecca Morse, whose many summers spent upon the island had almost Nantucketized her in the eyes of its inhabitants, first suggested the formation of such a club in 1872.

The first definite announcement of Sorosis was given from the Unitarian pulpit one August Sunday by Rev Mrs Hanaford. All persons interested in intellectual study were informed that a meeting for that purpose would be held at the Main st residence of Mrs Cathcart on the following Tuesday evening.

To this invitation some 30 women and quite a number of men responded, and it may be of interest to those malcontents who are forever sighing over the sad separation of the sexes into clubs to know that the Nantucket Sorosis, which has always been open to men, is now not more troubled with their presence than those societies that devote a special charter clause to masculine extermination.

The club calendar provides for two meetings each month, falling upon every other Tuesday evening from October to June, and during this long (sometimes ice-bound) winter much earnest and individual intellectual work is accomplished.

For 1893 and 1894 the course of study will be Italian literature, and to many of the members this will mean no skilful "skimming" of what the commentators and translators have to say, but a profound and personal acquaintance with the subject itself. Last year's course comprised the German language and literature.

During the summer months Sorosis relaxes somewhat in its intellectual discipline. At the "vacation" meetings papers and talks from others than the immediate members are heard—the distinctly social, if noninebriating, cup of tea invades the hour hitherto consecrated to intellectuality pure and simple—and then it is that the "off-islander" fortunate enough to earn a welcome may share the pleasures of the club.

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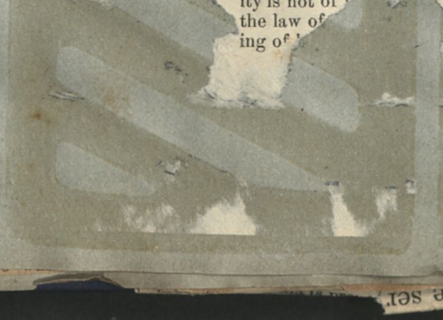
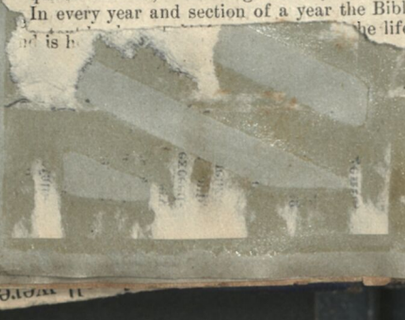
self with hunting up street boys and persuading them to come to Sunday-school—serving, in fact, as a sort of recruiting officer. In this he had great success, and soon was able to open a school of his own in one of the worst parts of Chicago. Obtaining the use of the hall over the North Market, he brought together a company of almost ungovernable urchins, disciplined them, and taught them the rudiments of morals and religion. In this field he had the aid of JOHN V. FARWELL, the well-known dry-goods merchant. Before many months the average attendance had risen to more than six hundred, with an occasional attendance of one thousand persons. Mr. MOODY'S tact and ingenuity were never more conspicuous than in the management of this mission. His success as an organizer created a demand for him at Sunday-school conventions, where again his propensity to speak overmuch made him troublesome. From his Sunday-school he passed to the service of the Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago, with which his name has ever since been closely identified. During the war he was one of the Christian Commission's army chaplains. Immediately after the great fire in Chicago, October, 1871, his church and school building was replaced by a Tabernacle of rough boards, which, during the memorable winter following, became a centre of practical charity.

Up to this time Mr. MOODY was little known to the public outside of Chicago, and even in Chicago it had been necessary for him to prove the quality of his character, and to conquer obstinate prejudice. In 1872, accompanied by Mr. SANKEY, he went to England. Arrived there, the evangelists found that the two gentlemen who had invited them over were dead. At a venture, they began in the cities of York and Sunderland. Events ran their usual course; they were accused of selfish motives, were told that their direct mode of speech was not relished—in a word, that they were not wanted. In Newcastle the prejudices of the people and the clergy were overcome, and from that time the evangelists had the ear of England. From this point the progress of MOODY and SANKEY throughout the United Kingdom is too well known to need repeating. In Edinburgh, Glasgow, Belfast, Dublin, Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, Liverpool, and London audiences ranging from three thousand to ten thousand persons crowded the largest halls to listen to this novel combination of simple speech and inartistic song. Never were the chief themes of the Christian religion more artlessly handled, and never with greater effect. In London fourteen thousand persons assembled daily in the great hall of the Agricultural Society. Her Majesty's Opera-house, in the West End, and Bow Road, in the East of London, were also in their turn filled with eager listeners. In the Opera-house services it was proved that Mr. MOODY'S style of address did not repel the most refined hearers. His sincerity and effectiveness drew all classes of society to him.

Returning home, the remarkable services in our own chief cities followed. In New York the Madison Square Garden, in Philadelphia the Pennsylvania Railroad's freight station, were utilized. These meetings sometimes lasted for weeks with unabated interest. Among the recent successes of Mr. MOODY none is more striking than his conquest of prejudice in Oxford and ...ld Jewish practice of giving ... first service at Oxford was so ...e inherit- ... his conve... the undergrad- ... of our ... of all educatio... ...s im- ... ity is not of t... ...ful ... the law of ... ... ing of ... ... is h...





hood. Many of these forces have not been utilized for years, but under the inspiration of his enthusiasm they are again brought into action. One could easily, therefore, forecast his success as a founder of schools, and one could readily predict that his peculiar views of Biblical study would be impressed on both teachers and scholars. To make the Bible the foundation of all culture, and to prepare young men and women for self-help and for active Christian service, are the avowed objects of the Northfield seminary for girls and the Mount Hermon school for boys.

To begin with, Mr. MOODY has troops of friends in England and America who, having confidence in the man, are ready to give practical help. Abundant lands have been secured, and shapely buildings have risen upon them as if by magic. The girls' seminary was projected in 1879, and the boys' school later, but already both are handsomely equipped. The place could not have been better chosen. No one has ever made the tour of the valley of the Connecticut River but has confessed the charm of its quiet beauty. The river winding in and out, the meadows that skirt its banks, the hills on either side, make a picture which the traveller does not easily forget. Northfield is at a point where three States—New Hampshire, Vermont, and Massachusetts—meet, and the scenery begins to be more rugged than in the broader stretches to the south. The grounds of the girls' seminary comprise two hundred and fifty acres, and those of the boys' school, four miles away, four hundred. The students have ample room and verge enough for both body and mind—an advantage which we hope will be extensively copied. One of the strange facts of the life of the colleges and schools founded in our country in the last century, and even later, is the small allowance of land allotted to each. Our forefathers were penurious in doling out that of which they had the greatest abundance.

To come to details. In both schools a rigorous exclusion of applicants who seem, from habit or otherwise, to be unfit for admission, is exercised. In the seminary girls who offer themselves must be fifteen years of age and in good health. This last requisite is very properly insisted upon, for the young women are expected "to perform all the work of a house, under the supervision of a matron." It is to be hoped that the work of the house is light, for heavy lifting, and indeed all labor which ends in much bodily weariness, is unsuited to young women who spend a part of every day in a school-room. However, the buildings are heated by steam, and water, hot and cold, is in good supply on all the floors. Yet it is one thing to teach house-keeping by practice, judiciously supervised, and quite another to impose exacting labor on school-girls who are sufficiently tasked with their class duties. The results of this system in the famous Mount Holyoke Seminary are not quite as satisfactory as one could wish, although as we say this we give our tribute of admiration to it and its saintly founder, MARY LYON. But there will always be two theories on this subject, and Mr. MOODY is fully entitled to choose which of them he will accept for himself.

There are two courses of study, the one Latin, the other English, each covering three years. In both, English composition is a leading feature, but we miss any mention of English literature. Cæsar, Cicero, and Virgil are read in the Latin; Greek, French, and German are added as elective studies, but no authors to be read are named. In mathematics, algebra and geometry are required studies, while trigonometry is elective. In every year and section of a year the Bible is ... the life of

MARCH 26, 1893.

over all, 283 feet; depth from garboard-streak to under side of superstructure deck, 34 feet; height of main-deck port sill from load water-line, 11 feet; freeboard at extremities of superstructure, 9 feet; breadth (extreme), 42 feet; draught at load water-line (mean), 16 feet 10 inches; displacement at water-line, 3000 tons; area of plain sail, 10,400 square feet; complement of men, 230; battery, four 8-inch and six 6-inch breech-loading rifles; indicated horse-power, 3500; sea speed, 13 knots; capacity of coal-bunkers, 580 tons.

Vessels of this type usually have ... deck battery and a poop and top-galla... but it was provided that in the *Atl...* and forecastle should be moved to... the ship, forming a central supers... ing the deck forward and aft clea... of the guns. Outside the forwa... and the after starboard angle of t... ture an 8-inch long rifled gun will ... a barbette about three feet high, ... steel plates. The forward gun ha... forty degrees abaft the beam on ... sweeping the whole deck forward ... grees abaft the beam on the starb... there is a like arrangement for ... Within the superstructure are six ... loading rifles. Forward and aft th... not be so dry in heavy weather a... forecastle and poop. Her rig is ... She has a steel protective deck a... compartments, while longitudinal ... tending throughout the machinery ... as coal-bunkers, giving a coal p... feet thick above the water-line, a... of five feet thick for some distanc...

Since the contract for the *Atla...* was given out it has been subj... modifications, as usual, while the ... the contractor, Mr. ROACH, has ca... sels and the *Chicago* to be comple... ernment direction. Substantially ... foregoing statistics give the *Atlan...* plan, protection, and battery powe...

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Are very uncertain property: for eve... hundred exist that do not pay. Bu... HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine, you wi... full particulars about their new business, and learn how some have made over $50 in a single day at it. You can live at home, and earn from $5 to $25 and upwards per day. Both sexes; all ages. Capital not required; you are started free. Send along your address, and all will be proved to you.—[*Adv.*]

COUGHS AND HOARSENESS,
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Which induce coughing, are immediately relieved by the use of *Brown's Bronchial Troches.* They are indispensable to speakers and singers. Price 25 cents. *Sold only in boxes.*—[*Adv.*]

SCOTT'S Emulsion of Pure Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites heals the inflammation of the throat and lungs, gives strength, makes blood, tones up the nervous system, and will absolutely cure *Consumption* in its early stages.—[*Adv.*]

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for many years, and have found it especially valuable in Whooping Cough. This medicine allays all irritation, prevents inflammation from extending to the lungs, and quickly subdues any tendency to Lung Complaint. —J. B. Wellington, Plainville, Mich.

I find no medicine so effective, for Croup and Whooping Cough, as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It was the means of saving the life of my little boy, only six months old, carrying him safely through the worst case of Whooping Cough I ever saw.—Jane Malone, Piney Flats, Tenn.

...wood. ... all styles. If your stationer has not them in stock, send 16c. in stamps for samples (worth double). EAGLE PENCIL CO., N. Y.
Mention this Paper.

SEAL-SKINS.

C. C. SHAYNE,
Manufacturer,
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$150 Seal-skin Sacques to $115.
$200 Sacques to $150, and

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Editor's Drawer.
Conducted by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

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WHOOPING-COUGH CURED OR PREVENTED, BY

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We have abundant testimony that Cresolene vaporized in a closed room is an almost in... ble remedy for **Whooping-Cough,** for which distressing malady no other assured remedy is known to us. A cure usually effected in five or six days, at a trifling expense and but ve... little trouble. It is also ... ingly efficient in Asthma, Cro... Catarrh, Diphtheria, Influ... and Scarlet Fever.

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Vaporizer complete, including a bottle of Cresolene, $1.50. Ask your druggist for it.

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Will open on WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31st, at 10 A. M. New classes in every Department of Designing, Drawing, and Decorative Work. Engagements can now be made for the SUMMER CLASSES AT SARATOGA SPRINGS. Teachers employed at other seasons of the year will find this an exceptional opportunity to combine study with recreation. For new catalogues address the Secretary,
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DEAFNESS its CAUSES and CURE, by one who was deaf twenty-eight years. Treated by most of the noted specialists of the day with no benefit. *Cured himself* in three months, and since then hundreds of others by same process. A plain, simple and successful home treatment. Address T. S. PAGE, 128 East 26th St., New York City.

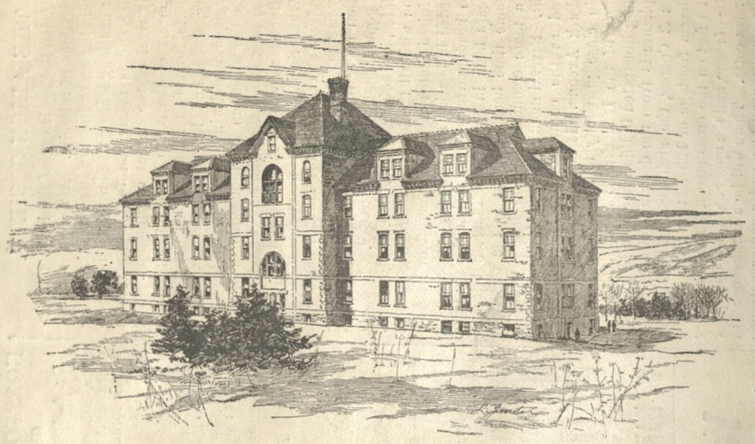
...have made special arrangements with the largest manufacturers of Stamping Patterns and Stamped Felt and Linen Goods in this country to supply them with 25,000 packages, as described below. Please remember that this package is manufactured expressly for our use and the goods which it contains cannot be bought of any other house. See what it contains:

1 Complete Stamping Outfit of 1 set of 26 initials worth 75c, 25 full size perforated Parchment patterns, 10c, each; 1 box Powder, 15c. 1 Distributor and full instructions for all kinds of stamping, 10c.; 1 Stamped Felt Tidy, 12x14 inches, 25c.; 1 stamped Felt Bracket Lambrequin, 6x18 in., 20c.; 1 Pair Stamped Felt Piano Mats, 25c.; 1 Stamped Satin Banner 25c.; 1 Stamped Linen Splasher, 20x30 in., 40c.; 1 stamped Linen Tidy, 14x18 in., 25c.; 1 Dozen Skeins Silk, Assorted Colors, 25c.; 1 Book of Instructions on Kensington and other Art Needlework Stitches, 15c. Total value of this package $5.25. We will send the above package, complete, together with one year's subscription to THE HOUSEHOLD MONTHLY, an eight-page paper, devoted to the interests of the household, for only ONE DOLLAR, and 17c. additional for postage. The paper alone is worth the price charged for the whole. Address THE HOUSEHOLD CO., Lynn, Mass.

Reference to Mortar - Rudder

school, class of '04, and a graduate of ... Cornell, class of '08.
...RGE BOND.

63



DORMITORY.

BOYS' SCHOOL AND DORMITORIES.

MARQUAND HALL.

EAST HALL.

TOWN HALL, LOOKING FROM THE RESIDENCE OF IRA D. SANKEY.

BOYS' RECITATION HALL.

DINING-HALL.

YOUNG LADIES' RECITATION HALL.

RECITATION HALL.

THE MOODY SCHOOLS AT NORTHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.—Drawn by Louis Joutel.—[See Page 187.]

Oliver Sumner Teall once remarked that he was the best advertised man, so here goes another "adv." All the papers had notices during the inauguration about him and his dog, but in one dispatch a few words told a story that may mean a great deal to Mr. Teall. In speaking of a reception President Harrison held, the dispatch read that Mr. Teall called and brought "Hero," and that the McKee children had a grand time playing with the dog, which pleased the President, as the McKees are his especial pets. Further it is said "Mr. Teall will call again." The *World* remarks: "There can be no doubt that the dog, somewhat assisted by OLIVER, was a powerful factor in MR. HARRISON'S recent success, and the President will be ungrateful to the dog and OLIVER, and indifferent to the fond wish of many thousands of our citizens if he does not appoint both to represent us at Jappa, Terra del Fuego or Timbuctoo." Orange not only has a claim on Mr. Teall, but also on the dog, as it at one time belonged to a gentleman who then resided on Grove street.

EAST ORANGE—A. A. Ackerman to E. C. Williams, $1,200; J. B. Bray to H. W. Condit, $1; J. B. Bray to F. W. Peloubet, $1,650; Samuel Condit, et al, to S. J. Blair, $3,500; A. M. Crommelin to H. W. Richardson, $2,000; Peter Finan to M. Brady, $1; Simon Hauser to W. Snow, $3,000; E. C. Houston to S. Sweetser, $8,000; T. S. Kingman to H. Philpot, $1,000; T. S. Kingman to T. S. Kelly, $1,000; T. S. Kingman to J. Davis, $1,000; M. B. Kidder to E. M. Richardson, $11,500; M. T. Kirby to A. P. Mitchell, et al, $1; Elizabeth Milburn to C. Burkhalter, $5,000; A. P. Mitchell, et al, to J. A. Morfitt, $450; A. P. Mitchell et al, to M. T. Kirby, $1; James Murphy to H. McDevitt, $340; C. B. Matthews to M. E. Cross, $5,000; A. P. Mitchell to A. Azoy, $1; F. W. Peloubet to J. B. Bray, $3,450; F. W. Peloubet to W. G. Curtis, $550; H. W. Richardson to M. B. Kidder, $15,000; J. M. Randall to W. M. Harriot, $3,000; J. D. Soverel to T. Menagh, 600; William Snow to S. Hauser, $12,500; E. C. Williams to W. D. Hager, $1,500; G. D. Woodruff to W. M. Harriot, $3,000.

April.....
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ELK DISTRICT.

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the drill i... ...ed "Hoodoo" well, on
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...f 1888. Mr. Hughes' ...
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DEPARTMEN...

A Rare Opportunity to Purchase

Fast Standard Trotting Horses

AT AUCTION.

AT YOUR OWN PRICE.

The Entire balance of the Trotting Stock of WILLIAM F. KIDDER of East Orange, N. J., will be absolutely sold to the highest bidder without reserve, and guaranteed as represented,

—BY—

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MAY 20th, 188-

At the American Institute

THIRD AVENUE, BET. 63d AND 64th STR.

New York.

N. B.—These Horses are believed to be sound and a and can be seen at D. B. HERRINGTON'S Stables, 168th Avenue.

PRESS OF WM. J. SCHAUFELE, 18 SPRUCE ST., N. Y

"Oil & Paint Drug Reporter" 19 January 1888

Failure of Wm. F. Kidder & Co.

Messrs. Wm. F. Kidder and Vass Houghton, composing the firm of Wm. F. Kidder & Co., manufacturers of proprietary goods at 83 John street, made an assignment last Friday without preference to Mr. B. Y. Pippey, a dry goods commission merchant. The personal property of Mr. Kidder in New Jersey, including large tracts of real estate, was included in the assignment. The failure was a genuine surprise to the trade, as Mr. Kidder was generally supposed to be transacting a prosperous business. It is said that his embarrassment was caused by important real estate transactions and heavy advertising of his specialties in the daily press. Mr. V. Houghton is an elderly gentleman who has acted in the capacity of clerk for many years and merely served as "Co." of the firm for convenience sake, according to the statement of an attache to a representative of the REPORTER. An effort was made to see Mr. Kidder but he left everything in the hands of the assignee and remained at home for a few days. The assignee was also absent on account of sickness, but half a dozen clerks and managers of different departments were present awaiting developments. They could give no idea of the amount of liabilities or assets but said that Mr. Kidder fully expected to pay every dollar and resume business. He started in 1869 with Mr. Eugene Weth[illegible] of Emma Abbott) as partner until 1882 when Mr. Geo. [illegible] E. Wethe[illegible] retired. W[illegible] since to do business [illegible] firm was changed to [illegible] F. Kidder & [illegible] given [illegible] pended busin[illegible] again. Carbo[illegible] ments [illegible] a loss of [illegible]

[illegible] Kidder's house, on Grove street, was entered by a rear window, on Saturday night. Nothing was taken except, perhaps, a small portion of the contents of the wine cellar.

Mr. William F. Kidder's friends will be pleased to hear that he has purchased a house on Prospect street, which he will occupy about May first.

[illegible] DAUGHTER [illegible] family preferred) in [illegible] to elevated road; price [illegible] Address K., box 1,533 New

[illegible] elderly of East Orange and [illegible] has rented the late resi[illegible] Brown, No. 91 Clinton ave.

[illegible] has returned to Ox[illegible] ing trip to Cape Charles.

[illegible] ears [illegible] loop [illegible] With [illegible] anyth[illegible] bridl[illegible] into [illegible] teml[illegible] at th[illegible] "A[illegible] colt, [illegible] to ans[illegible] simple[illegible] d the harn[illegible] bring th[illegible] animal fo[illegible]

school, class of '91, and a graduate of [illegible] Cornell, class of '95.

[illegible] LARGE BOND.

Property of Wm. F. Kidder, East Orange, N. J.

85. Helene, ch m., 1873. Sire, Hambletonian Prince 819, son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian 10. Dam, Maxwell Mare. Bred by David Baird, Springfield Centre, N. Y. Owned by Wm. F. Kidder. Not registered. Standard.

Informal Statement.

DESCRIPTION.—Chestnut ; about 16 hands ; star ; white hind ankles.

DEPORTMENT.—Broken double and single. Took a record of 2.21 at Fleetwood, June 29, 1882, winning the race in straight heats in 2.21, 2.23¾ and 2.21¾. A staunch campaigner, with great speed and endurance, and a winner of many closely contested races. A first-class pole mare. Was driven double in 2.26 over Fleetwood. Is kind and fearless.

SPEED ELEMENTS.—***Hambletonian Prince 819*** was also sire of Billy Button, 2.18¼, Superb Prince, 2.26, Peralto, 2.26½, Guess Not, 2.27½ (full sister to Helene), and Happy Traveler 2.27½. ***Rysdyk's Hambletonian 10*** is the sire of 38 trotters in the 2.30 list, including Dexter 2.17½, Nettie 2.18¼, Orange Girl 2.20, Jay Gould 2.21½, George Wilkes 2.22, etc. More than two-thirds of all horses that have trotted in 2.17 and better, have his blood, and more than half of all that have taken records in the 2.20 list also possess it.

This mare has shown much faster time than her public record, has a phenominal burst of speed, and few, if any horses can beat her for "a dash." Is valuable for the road, the track, or the stud.

86. ———, ch. f., 1882. Sire, Hambletonian Prince 819, son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian 10. Dam, Addie E. C. 2.28½, by Burger 2571, son of Boston Boy; 2d dam, Fearless, by Bellbrino, son of Root's Bellfounder; 3d dam, Rockingham, by Blucher, son of Marshall Blucher. Bred by Wm. F. Kidder. Owned by Wm. F. Kidder. Sire and dam registered. Standard.

Informal Statement.

DESCRIPTION.—Chestnut ; about 15½ hands; no white

DEPORTMENT.—Broken double and single, possesses all the pluck of her dam and the kindness of her sire, and gives promise of making a fast one.

SPEED ELEMENTS.—For Hambletonian Prince 819 and Rysdyk's Hambletonian 10 refer to Lot 85. ***Addie E. C.*** has a record of 2.28½. ***Burger 2571*** was also sire of Chestnut Boy 2.28.

This Filly shows great promise, nice disposition, good gaited, great pluck, very gentle and shows great speed. It is well known that her Sire's "get" are all fast, and with such a "dam" this Filly should be the best "Hambletonian Prince" yet produced.

87. Ephraim Wilkes, br. g., 1879. Sire, George Wilkes 519 son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian 10. Dam, Laurette (thoroughbred), by imp. Leamington, son of Faugh-a-Ballagh; 2d dam. imp. Jerusalem, by Jericho; 3d dam, Selina, by Orlando; 4th dam by Velocipede; 5th dam, Emma (dam of imp. Trustee), by Whisker; 6th dam, Gibside Fairy, by Hermes. Bred by Z. E. Simmons, Lexington, Ky. Owned by Wm. F. Kidder. Sire registered. Dam registered in Bruce's Stud Book.

Informal Statement.

DESCRIPTION.—Brown; 15½ hands; white hind ankles.

DEPORTMENT.—Broken double and single. Has been driven by a lady, proving kind and gentle. Never handled for speed, but can show a 2.30 gait whenever called upon.

SPEED ELEMENTS.—***George Wilkes 519*** has 42 representatives in the 2.30 list, 6 of which have records better than 2.20, including Harry Wilkes 2.15, Wilson 2.16¼, So So 2.17½, Rosa Wilkes 2.18¼, etc. For Rysdyk's Hambletonian 10 refer to Lot 85.

Never been trained.

88. Guy's Brother, b. g., 1881. Sire, Kentucky Prince 2470, son of Clark Chief 89. Dam, Flora Gardiner, by Seely's American Star 14 ; 2d dam by Bay Richmond; 3d dam by Diamond, son of Eclipse. Bred by Chas. Backman, Stonyford, Orange Co., N. Y. Owned by Wm. F. Kidder. Sire and dam registered. Standard.

Informal Statement.

DESCRIPTION.—Bay 15½ hands; no white.

DEPORTMENT.—Broken double and single, proving uniformly kind and gentle, can show a 2.25 gait; believed perfectly sound.

SPEED ELEMENTS.—Full brother to Guy, public trial 2.20, double 2.17 (exhibition) ***Kentucky Prince 2470*** trotted a public trial at Fleetwood, in 2.28 and is sire of Bayonne Prince 2.21¼, Spofford 2.28½ at 5 years old, Sweepstakes 2.28½, Guy, public trial 2.20, double 2.17 (exhibition), Compeer, public trial 2.26¾ to top road wagon, drawing 368 lbs. ***Clark Chief 89*** got Croxie 2.19¼; Woodford Chief 2.22¼ at 5 years, Blanche Amory 2.26 and 4 others in the 2.30 list. ***Seely's American Star 14*** got four representatives in the 2.30 list, while his daughters as brood mares have thrown the greatest number of trotters in the 2.30 list of all families yet developed.

Never been trained. Wears no boots or weights and is very square gaited.

"Oil + Paint Drug Reporter"
18 January 1888

Failure of Wm. F. Kidder & Co.

Messrs. Wm. F. Kidder and Wm. Broughton, composing the firm of Wm. F. Kidder & Co., manufacturers of proprietary goods at 81 John street, made an assignment last Friday without preference to Mr. B. Y. Pippey, a dry goods commission merchant. The personal property of Mr. Kidder in New Jersey, including large tracts of real estate, was included in the assignment. The failure was a genuine surprise to the trade, as Mr. Kidder was generally supposed to be transacting a prosperous business. It is said that his embarrassment was caused by important real estate transactions and heavy advertising of his specialties in the daily press. Mr. V. Houghton is an elderly gentleman who has acted in the capacity of clerk for many years and merely served as "Co." of the firm for convenience sake, according to the statement of an attache to a representative of the REPORTER. An effort was made to see Mr. Kidder but he left everything in the hands of the assignee and remained at home for a few days. The assignee was also absent on account of sickness, but half a dozen clerks and managers of different departments were present awaiting developments. They could give no idea of the amount of liabilities or assets but said that Mr. Kidder fully expected to pay every dollar and resume business in 1889 with Mr. Eugene Weth[illegible] of Puma Abbott) as partner until 1872 when Mr. Geo. W[illegible] Wethe[illegible] Baird. W[illegible] since to do busine[illegible] firm was changed t[illegible] F. Kidder & [illegible] partner[illegible] given [illegible] pended busin[illegible] again. Carbo[illegible] ments [illegible] a loss of [illegible]

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6 1886

Decoration Day.

Weather made to order for the purpose could not have been better adapted to the celebration of Decoration Day than was that of Monday. While the temperature was warm, it was moderated by a cool breeze, all day, and the heat of the sun was tempered by drifting clouds, which obscured it during the greater part of the day, but at no time dropped rain. The Oranges were astir early and the streets were filled with sightseers long before the hour appointed for the military parade, which was to be the principal event of the day. Crowds gathered at all points from which a good view of the procession could be obtained, and the sidewalks along the line of march were alive with people throughout the morning. The East Orange railroad station was the center of interest in the morning, and as each of the long special trains arrived and troops debarked from the cars all the open ground in the vicinity was black with people. As the procession passed along the troops were greeted with cheering, waving of handkerchiefs and clapping of hands, and the sight of the numerous flags and bunting decorations along the line, testified to the extent of popular interest in the parade.

After the procession had reached the reviewing ground, thousands flocked thither, and at the time of review and inspection probably 10,000 people were there. The scene at this time from the hillside above the headquarters tent was one that will be long remembered by all who witnessed it. The gently sloping field stretching away for a quarter mile below, covered with troops going through the various evolutions, with officers and other mounted men in brilliant uniforms dashing in every direction, and all surrounded by the spectators in holiday attire; while stretching away for miles to the eastward a view for which Orange mountain is so justly famous—all formed a picture of life and beauty seldom seen.

At nine o'clock in the morning the Orange Battalion in command of Major E. H. Snyder, of Orange, filed out from their armory in Central Hall and drew up on Main street. When the roll had been called they proceeded to the East Orange Depot, followed at short intervals by the Orange Mounted Troop and Uzal Dodd Post, No. 12, G. A. R. The special trains bearing the regiments and battalions from out of town began to arrive before ten o'clock and kept on coming until all of the First Brigade were in East Orange. Governor Abbett and his staff came up on the second of the special trains and went on to Orange. During their stay in Orange they made their headquarters in the Park Hotel, where they received very hospitabte treatment at the hands of Mrs. McChesney the proprietor. At about 10.45 the procession, preceded by detatchments from the Orange and East Orange police departments, started up Arlington avenue in the following order: Brigadier-General Dudley S. Steele and staff: the Fifth Regiment, commanded by Colonel Barnard, Lieutenant-Colonel Jenkinson and Major Hoyt; the First Regiment, commanded by Colonel Campbell, Lieutenant-Colonel Davis and Major Brientnall; the Fourth Regiment, commanded by Colonel Dickinson, Lieutenant Colonel Wanser and Major Abernethey; the Second Regiment, commanded by Colonel Stevens and Lieutenant-Colonel Erlenkotter; the Second Battalion, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Moore and Major Moore; the First Battalion, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Congdon and Major Muzzy; the Third Battalion commanded by Major Snyder; Drake's Veteran Zouaves and Gatling Gun Company from Elizabeth; Uzal Dodd Post No. 12, G. A. R., Commander George Lethbridge and Adjutant Edward H. Williams; and the Orange Mounted Troop under the command of Capt. J. B. Bray. Each of the regiments and battalions were accompanied by a band and a fife and drum corps. They marched in platoon or company front according as the width of the streets allowed. The line of march as previously announced was as follows: Through Arlington avenue to William street, to Prospect street, to Main street, to Mount Pleasant avenue to the inspection grounds. At Park street the parade was reviewed by Governor Abbett and his staff from a platform which had been erected there, on Saturday. Major-General Plume and his staff, who were expected to be at Park street to review the procession, did not arrive until afternoon and of course proceeded directly to the inspection grounds. The coaches containing Governor Abbett and staff, some of the Orange Common Council and the Township Committees of the other Oranges, and the Reception Committee followed the military in the order given below: First carriage—Governor Abbett, General Stryker, Mayor Hartford, Hon. Henry A. Potter; second carriage—General Perrine, General Weston, Dr. Wm. Pierson, Hon. Elias M. Condit; third carriage—General Spencer, Colonel Garretson, Mr. Samuel Lord, Jr., Mr. John Snyder; fourth carriage—Colonel Hendrickson, Mr. Hamlin, Mr. Francis M. Hoag, Mr. George J. Seabury; fifth carriage—Colonel Taylor, Colonel Agnew, Mr. Everett Frazar, Mr. Lucius McAdam; sixth carriage—Mayor Haynes and two sons, Auditor Runyon; seventh carriage, Mr. Geo. P. Olcott and Mr. L. T. Fell; eighth carriage—General E. Smithson, Colonel A. F. Munn, Colonel Simonson; ninth carriage—Aldermen Hanchett, Doty, Burke and McChesney; tenth carriage—Mr. C. A. Lighthipe, Senator Lowe, Captain Simonson.

When the inspection ground was reached and the parade was over, the men stacked arms and devoted their energies for a time to the excellent rations which the State furnishes for such occasions. The officers were regaled with a splendid dinner furnished by Davis in tents erected for the purpose at the upper end of the grounds. At two o'clock the men were drawn up in line on the west side of the field, which was cleared in a very quiet and effectual manner by the Orange Mounted Troop. When this had been acccomplished, Governor Abbett and staff and Major General Plume and staff rode the full length of the line in front and back in the rear and took a position in the lower part of the field. Then the seven bands and fife and drum corps, who had been drawn up together at the southern end of the field, struck up, the order was given to march and the whole First Brigade fell in line and marched completely around the immense field. After this review the men were mustered, the inspection of arms took place and they marched to the Orange depot where the special trains, in which they came, were waiting to convey them home again.

After the official work of the day was done Governor Abbett and staff and the higher military officers were driven in carriages around the Oranges, visiting the Essex County Toboggan slide on the way and being much interested in watching the evolutions of the drove of ponies owned by Mr. O. S. Teall, under the management of several "cowboys." After the drive they stopped at the Park Hotel for supper before attending the Orange Club reception.

The social event of the day was the reception tendered to Governor Abbett by the Orange Club, at their club house on Prospect street. A large number of invitations had been issued and fully two hundred gentlemen availed themselves of the courtesy of the club and accepted their hospitality for the evening. The guests were received by Judge S. S. Morris, President, and were presented to Governor Abbett in the parlors of the club by the members of the Reception Committee, Hon. J. L. Blake, Hon. H. A. Potter, Mr. L. A. Chandler, Mr. G. E. Zippel and Mr. E. A. Morris. Governor Abbett was attended by the members of his staff, and was kept busy hand-shaking during two hours from six to eight o'clock.

The house and grounds were finely illuminated and hung with flags and bunting, and the parlors and billiard room were crowded with guests. An elegant supper was served by Davis in the billiard room, and on the table was a beautiful center piece of roses. An orchestra of New York musicians played during the evening, and their efforts were pleasantly accompanied by the popping of champagne corks. After the distinguished guest of the evening had departed, a very informal and jolly hour was spent by the other gentlemen present, and before the company broke up brief speeches were called for and made by Mr. W. F. Kidder, Vice-President of the club; Major James Y. Simpson, M. D., Surgeon of the Third Battalion; Captain David A. Bell, of Company A; Mr. R. W. Hawkesworth, President of the Orange Athletic Club; Adjutant E. W. Hine, of the Third Battalion; Mr. Oba Woodruff, of the Newark *Daily Advertiser*; Commander George Lethbridge, of Uzal Dodd Post; Captain J. B. Bray, of the Orange Mounted Troop, and others.

Among those present were: Major Gen. J. W. Plume and staff, Brig. Gen. D. S. Steele and staff, Mayor George H. Hartford, of Orange, Major E. H. Snyder and staff, Commander George Lethbridge of Uzal Dodd Post and aids, C. B. Yardley, F. Kellogg, Hamilton Schuyler, G. L. Carlisle, S. J. Meeker, State Senator F. S. Fish, E. P. Hamilton, R. P. Hayes, W. F. Kidder, F. D. Mersereau, Rev. H. S. Bishop, W. H. Westervelt, Samuel Lea, J. H. Sprague, Enos Runyon, Col. A. H. Ryan, Samuel Lord, Jr., Dr. William Pierson, George E. Simpson, Col. George Gray, F. M. Hoag, Paul F. Gerhard, William G. Chittick, W. D. Parsons, Everett Frazer, R. W. Hawkesworth, Oba Woodruff, C. Neumann, W. C. Wotton, H. T. Wills, Henry Morgan and many others.

Waverly Driving Association.

1879 The grand opening of the above association at Waverly on Saturday afternoon was all that could be desired. The weather was delightful, and the attendance was estimated to be about fifteen hundred persons, many of whom were ladies. Mr. Wm. F. Kidder, of Grove street, the president of the association, as well as the members of the society, were untiring in their efforts to provide for the comfort and pleasure of their guests, and their efforts were duly appreciated. There were many very handsome turnouts on the ground, and several ladies and gentlemen were on horseback. Three handsome young ladies on horseback, the Misses Kidder, Morse and Earle, attracted universal attention by their fine horsemanship. Prof. Voss's First Regiment Band played lively airs throughout the afternoon, and a collation gotten up by the Davis Brothers was served to the guests.

THE TROTTING.

Messrs. Wilkinson, Sargeant and Darling acted as judges. The first race was a wagon race for a whip, which James Burlew's Osborne won in 2.47½; W. L. Thompkins' Julia second, Chas. Heath's Cayuga Maid third, President W. F. Kidder's Maywood fourth. Osborne won the second heat and the race in 2.56, Cayuga Maid second, Maywood and Julia drawn.

The second race was to harness. Moses Hand's Windbeam beat J. W. Stickle's Belle Brandon in 2.47¼, 2.43½, 2.43¼.

The third race was for a silver vase, presented by President Kidder, to road wagon. Moses Hand's Harvey won it in 2.44, 2.45¼; E. B. Gaddis' Grocer second, W. L. Thompkin's Doubtful third, A. L. Freeman's Prince fourth.

In each heat Prince was some distance in the rear when the word "go" was given. We believe the result would have been different had Prince had an even start.

The fourth race was for a silver cup, presented by President Kidder, which W. F. Kidder's J. H. Ferry won. There was nothing to start against Ferry, so Mr. Kidder's other trotter, Helene, contested. Helene won the first heat in 2.33, and Ferry the next two in 2.33¼ and 2.33¼.

Mr. Ross's fine pair trotted a mile in 2.36½. Mr. Blanchard's Laura B. trotted a trial in 2.38½:

The horse Harvey has a history. Some years ago it, with a rockaway, two buggies and three sets of harness, were sold to a gentleman in Orange by Mr. Aaron Quinby, the auctioneer, for $120. The horse was not valued at anything, and was "thrown in—good riddance to bad rubbish." It was then nearly twenty years old. Soon after it was sold for $40, an extravagant price it was thought. The purchaser accidentally saw some "points" in the beast. He brought them out, and before long obtained $700 for the horse. The present value of the remarkable old nag we do not know, but it is more than the last price paid for it. In good season the "opening" closed, and everybody went home with words of high praise on their lips for the officers and members of the Waverly Park Gentlemen's Pleasure Driving Association. Quite a number of East Orangeites were present, some of whom are members of the association.

BURNED TO DEATH.

1879 Herald

TWO BROTHERS PERISH AT A FIRE IN EAST ORANGE, N. J.—HORSES AND OTHER PROPERTY DESTROYED.

In East Orange, N. J., yesterday morning occurred a fire that was attended with the death of two young men, brothers. The fire broke out about five o'clock in the elegantly fitted up stables attached to the residence on William street, near Grove, of Mr. W. F. Kidder. The first alarm was caused by the wild rearing and plunging of a pair of horses in the stable. The noise aroused Mr. H. C. Ward, who resides next door to Mr. Kidder, and who at once aroused the neighbors on finding that Kidder's stable was on fire. The upper part of the stable was handsomely fitted up as a billiard and smoking room. It also afforded sleeping accommodations for two brothers, Charles and Nulton Thatcher, one twenty-two and the other fourteen years of age, both being in the employ of Mr. Kidder.

"WHERE ARE THE BOYS?"

Upon being aroused Mr. Kidder's first cry was, "Where are the boys?" meaning the Thatchers, whom he esteemed as faithful employés. No one could tell him; no one had seen anything of them. Meanwhile the flames were eating up the stable, hissing mockingly at the feeble attempts of the bucket brigade—the only fire department East Orange boasts of—to master them. Mr. Kidder ran to the barn and tried to make his way to the place where the Thatchers slept. He was driven back, scorched and blinded with the fierce heat. Indeed, he narrowly escaped being caught himself in the fatal embrace of the flames. No ladder could be procured. Then an attempt was made to arouse them by smashing the windows of their sleeping room. A stone was hurled through a pane, and instantly out rushed a dense volume of smoke as if from a steamer's funnel.

THE SILENCE OF DEATH.

No sound was heard from the boys. This silence gave a faint ray of hope that perchance they were not there at all—had not come home on Friday night—or had been called away before the fire. This thread of hope was soon broken when, a few hours after, their remains were found in the stable débris. Efforts to save the horses were also made, but without success. The smoke and heat soon stopped the plunging and snorting of the poor beasts.

THE FLAMES SPREADING.

Meanwhile it became necessary to turn attention to the dwellings adjoining the stable. The flames caught Mr. Ward's house and that was destroyed also, but not before he had had time to secure the most valuable of his furniture and effects. The bucket brigade worked heroically and did good service in staying the spread of the flames until the arrival from Newark about six o'clock of Chief Engineer Benedict with three engines and a supply wagon. Then the flames were speedily subdued.

FINDING THE BODIES.

As soon as the ruins were cooled the firemen set to work to look for the bodies of the Thatchers. Two human trunks, scarcely possible to recognize, were found. The limbs had been burned away and nearly all of the heads. The remains were gathered up and removed to an undertaker's to be prepared for burial. The deceased were sons of Charles Thatcher, an upholsterer, of East Orange, and were much liked for their quiet, steady behavior.

THE CAUSE OF THE FIRE.

It is generally believed that the stable must have been set fire to by an incendiary. It was fitted up specially to guard against fire, and great care was always taken not to leave anything inflammable around. It was lighted with gas, with patent electric igniters.

THE LOSSES.

Mr. Kidder places his loss at $15,000; fully insured. Mr. Ward's loss will not reach $5,000; also fully insured.

This is the second fire that has occurred in the village within a week, and now there is serious talk of either organizing a fire department or making special arrangements with the Newark department.

Those who enjoyed the hospitality of the Orange Club in their new building on Prospect street, Brick Church, last year, have for some time past been looking forward to a larger and more elaborate ball which was given by them last evening in the Orange Music Hall. The managers, profiting by their experience of the previous season, had announced in December that as only a limited number of cards would be issued all applications from members for tickets for their friends must be sent in to a special committee at least three weeks before the night of the ball. The result of this admirable arrangement was to bring together 500 of the best known society people of Orange, Newark, Morristown and other neighboring New Jersey towns, with some sixty or eighty visitors from New York. The hall presented a most brilliant and tasteful appearance, ornamented by the booths and gypsy tents of the kirmess held in the hall the preceding evening, which, hung with flags and symbols of the various nations, made charming retreats for those who preferred a quiet tete-a-tete to the charms of the well-laid dancing floor. The greatest profusion of flowers was seen throughout the hall. For these decorations the managers were indebted to the various members of the club, who, with great liberality, had placed their conservatories at the disposal of the Floral Committee. Especially noticeable was the collection of orchids and potted plants which had been loaned by Mr. James R. Pitcher from his green-house at Short Hills, N. J. A rather novel feature of the occasion was the Reception Committee, composed solely of gentlemen, thus abandoning the old and useless custom of having lady patronesses to receive the incoming guests, the far greater number of whom at such large affairs are not personally known to the individual members of the committee acting as temporary hosts. This is a step in the right direction, and the Orange Club is to be congratulated upon having lent the prestige of their association in thus doing away with what has ever been merely a farcical formality, a burden both to the ladies on the committee and the guests. Supper was served from 11 until 3 o'clock in the large supper room on the second floor. The guests, determined to enjoy every moment of the last large ball before Lent, did not leave until 3 o'clock, at which time a special train for New York conveyed the out-of-town visitors to their respective homes. Among the well-known people present were Mr. and Mrs. John L. Blake, Mr. and Mrs. William F. Kidder, Hon. F. S. Fish, Chancellor and Mrs. Runyon, Judge and Mrs. Depue, Judge and Mrs. Staats Morris, Hon. George A. Halsey, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Frelinghuysen, Hon. Andrew Kirkpatrick, Col. and Mrs. E. H. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. McCarter, the Misses Kellogg, Miss Duryee, Miss Monell, Miss Waldron, Miss Daisy Boller, Mr. and Mrs. John Dallett, Miss Dallett, Mr. and Mrs. B. Cryder Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Christian, Mr. and Mrs. Walter D. Osborne, Louis F. Chandler, Louis H. Hyde, Douglas H. Snyder, Silas C. Halsey, Frank Kellogg, Miss Livingston, Miss Hoag, Miss Jennie Taylor, Elsden A. Morris, Mayor E. H. Hartford and Mrs. Hartford, Miss Van der Kieft, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Yardley, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander King, Mr. and Mrs. John Firth, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Lord, Mr. and Mrs. James R. Pitcher, Mr. and Mrs. William Havemeyer, Miss Alice Broome, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Courtney, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Gerhardt, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ashley, Mr. Charles A. Christian, Mr. George N. Hubbell, Miss Annie H. Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. V. Spader, G. E. Zipple, Charles J. Zipple, Mr. R. W. Hawsworth, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bradley, Miss Helen Revere, Miss Helen Cushman and Miss Hanshawe.

... arrived at eleven o'clock, many of them having come from New York. All the hunts-

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1886

The Charity Ball.

Orange has held its first charity ball and the fact was an event in the social annals of the place. Although Orange was made the center of the grand affair its success was contributed to by ladies of Short Hills, Morristown, Newark and other places interested in the welfare of the Woman's Exchange and Art Society, located at Newark, for the benefit of which the ball was gotten up. Success characterized the movement from the beginning, and so brilliant a gathering of society people was never seen in this city. The wealth and fashion of Essex county, aided by rich contributions from without its borders, made Music Hall resplendant for the five hours between ten and three o'clock, about which time the last of the dancers left the hall. The entire building, except the stores, was devoted to the ball, the seats of the main auditorium being floored over, forming a splendid dancing platform. Guests entered at the stage entrance on Day street, where coat and hat racks were erected, the regular stage dressing rooms being used for the same purpose. Nine o'clock was the hour set down for the ball to begin, but as usual in such things the first of the guests did not arrive until ten o'clock, and from that hour until midnight they continued to come as fast as the carriages could drive up to the canopied entrance on Day street. The stage was set with a wood scene and a marine background, the front being decorated with plants tastefully arranged. At the back of the stage were seated the patronesses, who received the guests as they presented themselves. The patronesses, all of whom with two exceptions were present, were: Mrs. Thomas T. Kinney, of Newark; Mrs. Cortlandt Parker, of Newark; Mrs. John L. Blake, of Orange; Mrs. Oliver Sumner Teall, of Orange; Mrs. A. T. E. Kirtland, of East Orange; Mrs. Malcolm Campbell, of Newark; Mrs. Edwin A. Stevens, of Morristown; Mrs. E. Boudinot Colt, of Short Hills; Mrs. John C. Wilmerding, of Orange; Mrs. John Burke, of Llewellyn Park, Orange, Mrs. Stewart Hartshorne, of Short Hills; Mrs. William P. Hardenbergh and Mrs. de Lancey Cleveland, of Short Hills. The floor committee was composed of Mr. Oliver Sumner Teall, in charge, and Messrs. William H. Bradley, Howard W. Hayes, W. H. Hardenbergh, Robert McCarter, Pennington Whitehead, Cortlandt Parker, Jr., all of Newark, and Alexander Barril, Thomas H. Criss, Boudinot Colt, Appleton D. Palmer, Henry W. Tillinghast and William F. Kidder.

The programme was formally begun at half-past ten, when the grand march, led by the Hon. Cortlandt Parker and Mrs. de Lancey Cleveland, took place to the music of "Nanon," by Genee, performed by Colonel Barnard, Lieutenant Colonel Jenkinson and Major Hoyt; the First Regiment by Lander's orchestra of sixteen pieces, which was located at the end of the west balcony. The orchestra was put together evidently with special reference to this particular number, for which it was perfectly adapted, as in nearly everything else, especially the round dances, it was too much of drum and brass to be greatly suggestive and to lift the spectator into poetic realms and rhapsodic conditions of mind.

Perhaps not more that twenty-five or thirty couples took part in the opening march, but rapidly the number upon the floor increased, until at midnight, when the ball was at its height, there were fully five hundred persons in the house, the majority of whom were on the dancing floor, and the scene presented was most brilliant and fascinating.

Conspicuous colors were not so much a feature in the costumes of the ladies as richness of material. The prevailing style was white or cream, in all the rich materials known to modern millinery, but the exceptions in the way of striking colors were few. The great majority were cut decollete, and dresses without train were more numerous than those with train. Among the more prominent costumes was a violet velvet, with lace front and gilt waist. Another was of scarlet tulle, with gilt bodice. One of white satin and garnet velvet skirt and garnet velvet waist was particularly striking. Another was of orange and blue brocade, entrain. One of the richest dresses seen was a watered silk with heavy train, point lace front, high neck. A white tulle en train and white tulle with satin bodice, low neck and neck encircled with pearls were pretty costumes.

Among the prominent people present were the Hon. Courtlandt Parker, Mr. J. T. Gillis, Mr. Louis Thebaud and Mr. Edward Thebaud, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. John Hecksher, Miss Tillinghast, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Campbell, Mr. Howard W. Hayes, Mrs. David A. Hayes, Mr. Courtlandt Parker, Jr., Mr. Robert McCarter, Mr. and Miss Ogden, Hon. Schuyler B. Jackson, Mr. John J. Hubbell, Mr. Van Campen Taylor, Mr. and Miss Campbell, Mr. Robert M. Parker, Mr. and Miss Depue, Mr. W. Jackson, Mr. Percy Jackson, Mr. Pierre Duryee, Mr. J. Lawrence Boggs, Mr. Charles Grummond, Mr. B. Hill, all of Newark. The Misses. Parker, of Amboy, Miss Chisholm, of Savannah, Ga., Mr. and Mrs. Charles Minturn, Miss Pillot, Mr. J. L. Pillot, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Almy, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. William A. Brewer, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Floyd-Jones, Senator Fish, Assemblyman and Mrs. Henry A. Potter, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Powers Farr, Mr. and Mrs. James R. Pitcher, Mr. and Mrs. John Firth, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Spaulding, Mr. and Mrs. William T. Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. Douglass Robinson, Colonel and Mrs. George Gray, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Fowler, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Hoag, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Bassett, Mr. and Mrs. T. Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. Denman, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Van Vleck, Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon, Mr. Knight L. Knapp, Miss Carrie Beauremont, Miss Lydia Emmett, Miss Minnie Courtlandt-Taylor, Miss Temple Emmett, Miss Beckman Bouone, Mrs. Runyon and Miss Mollie Runyon, Miss Annie Ward, Mrs. Bigelow and Miss Phillips, Mr. and Miss Gifford, Mr. and Mrs. Edward D. Page, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Spader, Mr. and Mrs. R. Glover, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wilmerding, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Osborn, Miss Howell, Miss May Campbell, Mrs. and Miss Hayes, Miss Fannie Parker, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Wilmer, Mr. S. S. Morris, and Mr. E. S. Morris, Mr. R. M. Boyd, Jr., Miss Livermore, Miss J. Todd, Miss L. Rockfellow, Miss Bowers, Mr. James and Miss Cunningham, Mr. J. D. Freeman, Mr. J. S. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Bloom, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Whiting, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Oakley, and Mr. and Mrs. Jay A. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Seymour, Mr. G. Beekman, D. N. Force, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Franklin, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Yardley, Mr. and Mrs. Everett Frazar, Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Kingman, Mr. and Mrs. George P. Kingsley, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Boylan and Miss Boylan, Mr. Paul F. Gerhart, Mr. J. J. Hubbell, Mr. R. W. Hawkesworth, Dr. and Mrs. Bethuel Dodd and Miss Dodd, Mr. and Mrs. Folsom, Col. and Mrs. A. H. Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Connett, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Kirtland, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Kidder, U. S. Commissioner Ogden and wife, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. O'Reilly, Mr. J. B. Dill, Mr. E. P. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Mersereau, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ward Grummon, Mr. W. H. Morris and Miss Morris, Mr. Samuel Lee, Dr. Simpson, Mr. H. C. Howell, Mr. S. J. Meeker, Mr. C. S. Henry, Mr. Hugh K. Toler, Mr. Devereaux Toler, Miss Mamie Toler, Miss Onderdonk, Mr. Charles DeRonge, Mrs. J. R. Pitcher, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Van Wagenen, Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Freeman, Mr. A. C. Clapp, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hine, Mr. E. H. Wright, Miss Satterthwait, Mr. J. Meeker, Mr. E. G. Kirtland and Miss Kirtland, Miss Quinby, Mrs. Condit, Mr. A. B. Whitehead, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Carr, the Misses Bowers and W. C. W. Bowers.

At 12 o'clock supper was announced, and the patronesses and their escorts and a large number of other ladies and gentlemen marched to the Upper Hall where an elegant table was spread, loaded with tempting viands and delicacies in great variety. Each lady upon entering was presented with an artistic and elaborate souvenir, in the shape of a fan with a printed menu card fastened to the front. The handle of the fan was tied with a broad bow of rich blue, yellow or crimson satin. The menu cards were dainty

Miss Helen Kellogg, of Grove street, has been staying at Cleveland, Ohio. 1887

little works of art, and contained beside the printed list of edibles a design in flowers on each, done by hand. The printed list was as follows:

POTAGES.
Consommé de Volaille en Tasse.
Huitres a la Poulette.
ENTREES.
Timbales a la Rothschild.
Croquettes de Volaille aux Petits Pois.
Escolopes de Bass.
RÔTI.
Squab sur Canapé.
PIECES FROIDES.
Aspic de Filets de Soles.
Aspic de Turkey.
Aspic de Tongue.
ENTREMETS.
Croute aux Fruits.
Gelée Moscovite.
DESSERT.
Glaces Fantaisies, Bisque Glace.
Gâtteaux—Petits Fours.
Amandes Salées Gelée.
Cosaques, Café.

The table was a work of art of which the popular caterers, Messrs. S. & J. Davis, might well be proud. In the center was an azalia tree loaded with pink blossoms, and most prominent among the various designs in confectionary were two large statues in ice, representing minstrel dancers. The supper was served in the room, many of the ladies taking seats in the balcony and being waited upon by their escorts. The gentlemen having the supper in charge were Mr. deLancey Cleveland, Mr. Hugh F. Toler, Mr. Archer Nevins Martin and Mr. Boudinot Colt. The supper was in all respects excellent and was abundant. It would have been more enjoyable had a limited number been allowed in the room at once, but the large number to be served prevented this and a crush was therefore unavoidable. Dancing was resumed about one o'clock and continued to 2.30, when the last of the guests departed. Special trains were in waiting to convey people to their homes, both east and west. The ball was voted a grand success, and when the reports are in it will probably be found that a handsome sum has been netted for the benefit of the Woman's Exchange and Art Society.

RIDING THE SWIFT TOBOGGAN.

1886

FORMAL OPENING OF THE NEW SLIDE AT ORANGE, NEW-JERSEY.

It is no longer fashionable in Orange, N. J., to sit on a bob-sled and go tearing down the biggest hill in the vicinity at the rate of 30 miles an hour. This sport at Orange is voted obsolete and in its place has been introduced a pretty feature of Canadian Winter life. The innovation should be credited to the Essex County Toboggan Club, which last night formally opened a slide that had been in informal operation for several days. The club has a membership of 175, but since its slide has been in operation the number of gentlemen who have expressed a desire to join has been so large that it has been found necessary to limit the membership to 200. Each member of the club owns a couple of toboggans and a blanket coat; the two are inseparable. Many members who have thrown their whole soul into the business are the proud possessors, in addition to the necessaries mentioned, of knee breeches, moccasins, and Scotch or Canadian bonnets. The blanket coats of the men are as many hued as the Canadian costumes worn by their wives and sweethearts.

The slide is 1,100 feet long. The sides are protected by 12-inch boards, so that restless toboggans cannot roam around the open country without more trouble than the ordinary toboggan is willing to undertake. For perhaps 500 feet the grade of the slide is a trifle steeper than 30 degrees, for 200 more it is a gentle decline, for 200 more perfectly level, and then it climbs a small hill. The toboggans are started on their downward course from a platform. Last night the steering was done by a number of Canadians, who found the slide scarcely so smooth as the glittering ice ways on which they are accustomed to glide. The members of the club, afraid that the ice was too thin to stand much wear and tear, had covered it with snow, and the latter was too dry to pack and formed itself into bumps that were in high favor with the spectators, but could easily have been dispensed with by the tobogganists. Delegations from various parts of New-Jersey and a number of people from New-York assisted the population of Orange making the formal opening of the slide an event of considerable interest. The slide was illuminated by a double line of flaring lights, while on the hill top gleamed two huge bonfires. The male tobogganists looked picturesque, but they were completely overshadowed by a hundred or more of the fair sex who were appareled in full Canadian costume, and of course looked bewitching in it.

The crowd that lined the slide held its breath as the first toboggan shot from the starting point and glided down the hill with the velocity of an express train. The sturdy Canadian at the tail slung his right leg from right to left as the toboggan showed an inclination to jump over the edges of the slide. The other voyagers grasped the side rails with a grip that nothing could shake off and held their breaths, as the speed at which they were traveling precluded the possibility of wasting any of it on the frosty air. The trip was made in 14 seconds, and when it was finished Oliver Sumner Teall, who sat in front, admitted that he did not care to make much better time. The slide was worked to its fullest capacity until 11 o'clock, and at that hour was little more than a wreck of its former self.

But one accident happened during the evening, and that occurred at 10 o'clock. At the foot of the heavy grade the snow had been worn away, and when a toboggan ridden by Mr. and Mrs. George Firth, of Orange, and Schuyler Van Vechten, of Albany, struck the cavity Mr. Firth was unable to keep the unruly animal in the path it should have gone. It turned sideways like a flash. For a minute it was impossible to state with accuracy the exact positions occupied at any single moment by the toboggan and its occupants, but when all four ceased gyrating it was found that no one was hurt and that the toboggan was still fit for an active career. Among those who enjoyed the evening's sport were Senator Halsey, of Newark; Mr. and Mrs. William F. Kidder, Mr. and Mrs. John Burke, T. Thomas Farr and Thomas Kingman, of Orange; the Misses Tillinghast, of New-York; Edward Thebaud, of East Orange, and Emile Roosevelt, of New-York. Tobogganing will be the feature of social life in Orange this Winter, if the temperature will allow it.

The Commissioners of Prospect Park, Brooklyn, have at last allowed the public to use a part of the park for a toboggan slide. It extends from a point on Lookout Hill in a southerly direction toward the lake. There are two tilts in the distance of about 200 yards. Yesterday was the first day that it was used, although on the previous evening a party from Brooklyn Heights were out testing it. A regular toboggan uniform has been adopted, and many merry parties were dashing down the declevity yesterday, only to toil up the hill again and repeat the rapid descent.

1886 ESSEX COUNTY HUNT BALL.

A BRILLIANT SCENE ON THE ORANGE MOUNTAINS—PINK CLAD HUNTSMEN.

The Essex County Hunt ball was given last evening in the Music Hall, at Orange, N. J. The building was brilliantly lighted with hundreds of wax candles and lavishly decorated with plants and flowers. Dancing was in the assembly room, at the further end of which was the stage, on which were tables laid with covers for 250 guests. The assembly room, the halls and the lobbies of the building were early thronged with scores of ladies in rich and handsome costumes, attentive escorts in sober black and members of the hunt in brilliant pink. In the art room was Mr. George Watson's collection of rare and beautiful works of Oriental art collected in India, Japan and China.

Before nine o'clock Mr. H. S. Power Farr, Mr. Charles A. Mann, Mr. Douglass Robinson, Jr., and Mr. Louis Thebaud, the committee in charge of the ball, appeared in the reception room to receive the guests. The lady patronesses were Mrs. John Burke, Mrs. Samuel Campbell, Countess de Moltke-Hoetfeldt, Mrs. W. P. Iddings, Mrs. Richard King, Jr.; Mrs. A. S. E. Kirtland, Mrs. Philip Lydig, Mrs. S. E. Martin, Mrs. H. N. Munn, Mrs. Oliver Sumner Teall, Mrs. Paul Thebaud, Mrs. M. F. Wheeler, Mrs. John C. Wilmerding and Mrs. Edward Winslow.

Dancing was not begun until after ten o'clock. The huntsmen and the lady patronesses were partners in "The Hunters' Quadrille," and waltz and gallop followed without intermission until supper. A large number of couples arrived at eleven o'clock, many of them having come from New York. All the huntsmen wore pink coats with gold silk facings and gilt buttons, white vests and black trousers.

Mr. Douglass Robinson's guests from New York were Percy R. Pyne, Jr.; Miss Grace Potter, Richard Gissel and Miss Edith Carrow. Among other guests were Alfred R. Conkling, nephew of ex-Senator Roscoe Conkling; Mr. and Mrs. James R. Pitcher, of Short Hills; Mr. and Mrs. John Farr, F. E. Martin, M. W. Bronson, E. P. Thebaud, master of the hounds; Mr. and Mrs. Paul S. Thebaud, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. George T. Hecker, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sanford, Miss Beriam and Miss Brady, daughter of Judge Brady; Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilmerding, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sedgwick, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Powers Farr, Mrs. Douglass Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Sumner Teall, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Munn, Countess De Moltke Hoidtfeldt, Mr. Richard Pancrast, Mr. John P. Gillis, Miss Tillinghast, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Martin, Mr. Samuel Campbell, Mr. C. F. Watson and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Minton, of New York; Alfred Oakley, Alexander Barril, Miss Barril, ex-Congressman John Kean and Miss Kean and Julia H. Kean, of Elizabeth; W. S. Skinkle, Mrs. Iddings and the Misses Iddings, Miss Byram H. F. Oreilly, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fields, Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Munn, Henry Folsom, Miss Folsom, Miss Lilly Watson, Miss Kate Burke, the Misses Claire and Daisy Coudert, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Kidder and Miss Ruth Kellog, the Misses Emma and Georgie Heckescher, Miss May Runyon, James Battin, Miss Rockafeller, Miss Hoag, Miss Van Auten, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Spaulding, the Misses Palmer and fully two score of other New York belles.

Mrs. Paul S. Thebaud wore black silk with jet trimmings, en train, diamond ornaments; Miss Edith Carow and Miss Grace Potter embroidered white silk, décolleté corsage, bouquet, diamonds; Mrs. James R. Pitcher wore a magnificent toilet of light attar of roses satin, with point lace and diamonds; Mrs. Joseph Fields, a young bride, white silk princess train décolletée, lace and diamonds; Mrs. Henry N. Munn, white satin en train, corsage bouquet, pearls; Mrs. Frank Oriclly, a rich black velvet en train, diamonds; Mrs. W. F. Kidder, a brunette, magnificent black velvet, with train; Miss Heckescher, white silk and tulle; Miss Georgie Heckescher, white tulle; Mrs. Richard King, black satin, white lace, diamonds.

1886 The Orange Club Reception.

The Orange Club reception will be held on Wednesday evening, February 10th. Club members have the privilege of inviting three guests. It is expected it will be a handsome affair. The reception proper is to be from eight to ten o'clock, and then dancing will be the order. The committee in charge are: Colonel A. D. Palmer, Dr. J. Y. Simpson, William J. Kidder, G. E. Zippel and Alex. de Barril.

The commu... A. W. Reed, ... very popular t... by some of t... Davis', on Au... were Messrs. ... ling, Daniel M... Chas. Whiting... an excellent d... presented Mr. ...

...little of doing the same...

The Orange Club ga... 10th. The affair was ... many society people p...

One of the first of t... Neuman, a neice of M... a coming out party to ... which was quite largely ...

Miss J. B. Dearborn

Miss Helen Kellogg, of Grove street, has been staying at

Amateur Dramatic and Musical Entertainment

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE

New York Free Medical College for Women

Tuesday, Ev'g, Jan. 21st, 1873.

PROGRAMME.

PIANO SOLO, - - - - - - - - - - MRS. E. M. GRANT.

RECITATION, - - - - - - - - - - MISS M. C. SWAYZE.

CHARADE, IN FOUR PARTS, - - - - - - Written for the occasion.

CHARACTERS:

MR. J. SUBSTRATUM, the victim of an ambitious wife and the Boston Fire, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - MR. A. GRANVILLE.

MRS. SUBSTRATUM, whose aspirations have ended in smoke, - MRS. R. A. MORSE.

CHARLES AUGUSTUS SUBSTRATUM, who would rebuild the fortunes of the family as a Dramatic Star, - - - - - - - MR. W. F. KIDDER.

AURELIA SUBSTRATUM, known in her fast set as *Airy Sub*, aspires to be an American Prima Donna, - - - - - - - MRS. C. A. GRANVILLE.

(*Between the second and third parts, a Piano Solo by* MRS. E. M. GRANT.)

RECITATION, - - "*Hagar in the Wilderness*," - MISS NELLIE TUCKER.

ORIGINAL TRANSCENDENTAL POETRY, - - MRS. C. B. WILBOUR.

COMIC RECITATION, - - - - - - - MISS M. C. SWAYZE.

MUSICAL FANTAZIE, - - - - - - - - MRS. E. M. GRANT.

ADDRESS, - - - - - - - - - - - - MRS. C. B. WILBOUR.

MRS. M. E. WINCHESTER WILL PRESIDE.

The Piano on this occasion is from the celebrated manufactory of KRANICH & BACH, in East Twenty-third Street.

M'LEAN INSTITUTE.

Eleventh Annual Commencement.

Thursday, 10 o'clock, A. M.

JUNE 18, 1863.

school, class of '04, and a Graduate of
Cornell, class of '08.
ARCE BOND.

GEORGE W

GREENLE

M. LE BA
AII

HENRY J.

LOUIS DE

M. POUVE

CHARLES

CHARLES

HENRY C

J. HULL

EDWARD

F. B. THU

THOMAS

A. E. WH

CHARLES

Entrance.

BEDLOE OR BEDLOW?

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"Was the island ever inhabited?"

"Yes, I think William Bedlow, sr., lived there about 1700."

"When was the property sold?"

"Some time before [illegible]."

"How did it come to receive its present name?"

"Doubtless some map-maker, with less knowledge of American than English history, who did not know of the Bedlow family, changed the spelling on his own authority."

Dr. Crosby is proud of being a life-long New-Yorker, and he once alluded to himself as "A quinquegenarian Knickerbocker." The record of the marriages in this city shows that William Bedlow, who Dr. Crosby said was born in 1720, married Catharina Rutgers on August 12, 1749, in the Dutch Church.

Amateur Dramatic and Musical Entertainment

school, class of '04, and a Graduate of Cornell, class of '08.

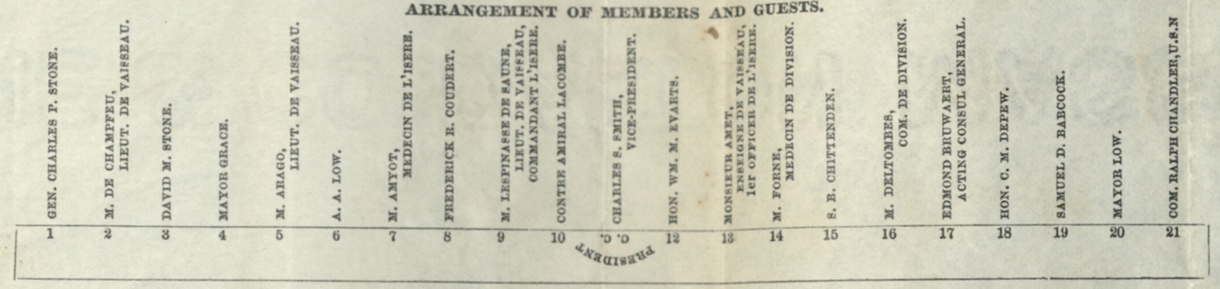
71

Chamber of Commerce of the State of New-York.

BANQUET IN HONOR OF THE COMMANDER AND OFFICERS OF THE FRENCH NATIONAL SHIP "ISÈRE," WHO BRING TO THE UNITED STATES THE STATUE OF "LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD."

DELMONICO'S, WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE 24th, 1885.

ARRANGEMENT OF MEMBERS AND GUESTS.



Entrance.

A

GEORGE WILSON.	22	52	*Sun.*	*Bulletin.*	
GREENLEAF CLARKE.	23	51	SAMUEL M. RIGNEY.	A. K. MAC MILLAN.	
M. LE BARRIER, AIDE COMMISAIRE.	24	50	CHARLES A. O'ROURKE.	JOSEPH S. STOUT.	
HENRY J. LAMARCHE.	25	49	WILLIAM H. KIERNAN.	GEORGE F. HODGMAN.	
LOUIS DE BEBIAN.	26	48	HENRY W. T. MALI.	THOMAS C. ACTON.	
M. POUVREAU, MEDECIN.	27	47	CHARLES S. HIGGINS.	JOHN WILSON.	
CHARLES RENAULD.	28	46	L. P. di CESNOLA.	JOHN B. BOUTON.	
CHARLES MALI.	29	45	HOMER LEE.	E. J. DONNELL.	
HENRY C. MEYER.	30	44	JOHN F. PRAEGER.	WM. F. HERRING.	
J. HULL BROWNING.	31	43	SIGOURNEY W. FAY.	HENRY HENTZ.	
EDWARD F. BROWNING.	32	42	AUG. G. PAINE.	THOMAS RUTTER.	
F. B. THURBER.	33	41	EDWARD E. POOR.	R. M. C. GRAHAM.	
THOMAS H. WOOD.	34	40	A. R. WHITNEY.	JOHN ERICSSON.	
A. E. WHYLAND.	35	39	A. W. KINGMAN.	JOHN P. TOWNSEND.	
CHARLES D. GILBERT.	36	38	M. DE ST. PERN, LIEUT. DE VAISSEAU.	JOHN J. SINCLAIR.	
	37			SAMUEL H. SEAMAN.	
				M. BAEHME, LT. DE VAISSEAU, A.D.C.	
				ADOLPH L. SANGER.	

LORENZO G. WOODHOUSE.

B

Times.	53	89	*Herald.*	*Tribune.*	
Times.	54	88	*Herald.*	CHARLES DENISON.	
FREDERICK C. ROGERS.	55	87	CHARLES TAYLOR.	A. F. WARBURTON.	
CHARLES WORTH.	56	86	DAVID D. ACKER.	WILLIAM NELSON.	
HENRY HERRMAN.	57	85	JOSEPH PARK.	WM. SULZBACHER.	
GEORGE E. SIMPSON.	58	84	CHARLES BUTLER.	NATHANIEL NILES.	
LEONIDAS M. LAWSON.	59	83	PROF. VINCENZO BOTTA.	MARSTON NILES.	
JOHN B. DUTCHER.	60	82	REV. DE KAY SMITH.	WILLIAM F. KIDDER.	
ERASTUS WIMAN.	61	81	J. M. BUNDY.	F. W. WILLIAMS.	
FITCH J. STRANAHAN.	62	80	H. T. STOCKTON, U. S. N.	EDWARD N. TAILER.	
BIRDSEYE BLAKEMAN.	63	79	WOODBURY LANGDON.	B. G. ARNOLD.	
WM. P. CLYDE.	64	78	JACOB WENDELL.	HENRY H. ROGERS.	
WILLIAM H. WEBB.	65	77	C. N. BLISS.	HENRY M. FLAGLER.	
A. B. MILLER.	66	76	JOHN SLOANE.	JOSIAH M. FISKE.	
AMBROSE SNOW.	67	75	S. L. WOODFORD.	A. S. SULLIVAN.	
F. A. SCHROEDER.	68	74	CHARLES G. LANDON.	HORACE PORTER.	
C. C. BALDWIN.	69	73	M. W. COOPER.	WM. E. DODGE.	
CLINTON B. FISK.	70	72	ABRAM S. HEWITT.	M. DAUBANEL, LT. DE VAISSEAU, A.D.C.	
	71			FREDERIC A. POTTS.	

JAMES S. T. STRANAHAN.

C

World.	90	126	*Tribune.*		
World.	91	125	CHARLES DENISON.		
JAMES WATSON.	92	124	A. F. WARBURTON.		
WILLIAM BROOKFIELD.	93	123	WILLIAM NELSON.		
JOHN T. AGNEW.	94	122	WM. SULZBACHER.		
DR. C. R. AGNEW.	95	121	NATHANIEL NILES.		
ALEX. MC L. AGNEW.	96	120	MARSTON NILES.		
WILLIAM C. NOYES.	97	119	WILLIAM F. KIDDER.		
ANSON P. STOKES.	98	118	F. W. WILLIAMS.		
CHARLES L. TIFFANY.	99	117	EDWARD N. TAILER.		
WILLIAM L. STRONG.	100	116	B. G. ARNOLD.		
JAMES H. DUNHAM.	101	115	HENRY H. ROGERS.		
S. P. AVERY.	102	114	HENRY M. FLAGLER.		
JOHN L. O'SULLIVAN.	103	113	JOSIAH M. FISKE.		
ROSWELL P. FLOWER.	104	112	A. S. SULLIVAN.		
EDWARD COOPER.	105	111	HORACE PORTER.		
WM. E. DODGE.	106	110	M. DAUBANEL, LT. DE VAISSEAU, A.D.C.		
FREDERIC A. POTTS.	107	109	JOSEPH H. CHOATE.		
	108				

JAMES W. PINCHOT.

D

Tribune.	127	163	*Tribune.*		
CHARLES DENISON.	128	162	*Journal of Commerce.*		
A. F. WARBURTON.	129	161	ALBERT FRANK.	*Courrier des Etats Unis.*	164 194 *Staats Zeitung.*
WILLIAM NELSON.	130	160	JOHN J. KIERNAN.	ABRAM C. DURANT.	165 193 WM. MACDONALD.
WM. SULZBACHER.	131	159	WILLIAM P. HUNT.	W. WHITTREDGE.	166 192 GEORGE A. GLAENZER.
NATHANIEL NILES.	132	158	NORMAN S. BENTLEY.	THEODORE WESTON.	167 191 CHARLES H. TRUAX.
MARSTON NILES.	133	157	T. EGENTON HOGG.	MARCUS OTTERBOURG.	168 190 ROBERT MACLAY.
WILLIAM F. KIDDER.	134	156	OTTO G. MAYER.	OSCAR ZOLLIKOFFER.	169 189 S. V. WHITE.
F. W. WILLIAMS.	135	155	WILLIAM A. DE LONG.	ELIAS SPINGARN.	170 188 WALTER R. T. JONES.
EDWARD N. TAILER.	136	154	HENRY STEERS.	GEORGE H. POTTS.	171 187 WM. P. ST. JOHN.
B. G. ARNOLD.	137	153	WILLIAM ROWLAND.	CONRAD BRAKER, JR.	172 186 J. D. T. HERSEY.
HENRY H. ROGERS.	138	152	HERVEY C. CALKIN.	WM. BUCHANAN.	173 185 GEO. H. ROBINSON.
HENRY M. FLAGLER.	139	151	A. FOSTER HIGGINS.	JOHN H. STARIN.	174 184 ALFRED C. CHENEY.
JOSIAH M. FISKE.	140	150	F. I. PALMER.	ALBERT G. GOODALL.	175 183 JAMES STOKES.
A. S. SULLIVAN.	141	149	C. H. LUDINGTON.	W. H. ROBERTSON.	176 182 O. D. BALDWIN.
HORACE PORTER.	142	148	EUGENE KELLY.	PROF. J. E. HILGARD.	177 181 GEN. R. H. JACKSON, U. S. A.
M. DAUBANEL, LT. DE VAISSEAU, A.D.C.	143	147	EDWARD KEMP.	CHARLES R. MILLER.	178 180 HON. HENRY W. CANNON.
JOSEPH H. CHOATE.	144	146	W. J. ARKELL.		179
	145				

JOSEPH W. DREXEL.

E

JOHN JAY KNOX.

Members and Guests whose names were received too late to be printed in the diagram will be seated by the Committee.

BEDLOE OR BEDLOW?

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IN COMMEM

MAYOR EDSON.
1

A

| | | |

REWARD OF MERIT.

MECHANICS' SOCIETY SCHOOL.

No. 2

CERTIFICATE

Granted to William Kidder of 1st Class,

as an honourable testimony of approbation for industry, punctuality, and good conduct, during the last four weeks.

New-York, April 1st 18 51

D. H. Cruttenden Principal.

L. W. Thomas Chairman of the Committee.

Van Norden & Amerman, Printers, 60 Wm-st.

MECHANICS' SCHOOL.

BANQUET

OF THE

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF THE STATE OF NE

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE EVACUATION OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK BY THE BR

DELMONICO'S, MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 26, 1883.

ARRANGEMENT OF MEMBERS AND GUESTS.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
MAYOR EDSON.	HON. L. Q. C. LAMAR.	GOVERNOR STOCKLEY.	GOVERNOR HAMILTON.	REV. H. W. BEECHER.	A. A. LOW.	JOSEPH H. CHOATE.	GOVERNOR BUTLER.	MATTHEW ARNOLD.	PRESIDENT ARTHUR.	GEORGE W. LANE. C. C. PRESIDENT	GOVERNOR CAMERON.	GOVERNOR CLEVELAND.	GOVERNOR DANIELS.	HON. CHARLES J. FOLGER.	HON. GEORGE WM. CURTIS.	GOVERNOR WALLER.

A

				HERALD.
COMMERCIAL BULLETIN.	21	20	JOURNAL OF COMMERCE.	J. M. BUNDY.
A. K. MC MILLAN.	22	19	FREDERICK S. PINKUS.	SIGOURNEY W. FAY.
Reuben S. Benton.	23	18	WILLIAM F. COCHRAN.	JOHN F. PRAEGER.
Emerson Cole.	24	17	BALLARD SMITH.	WILLIAM H. LEE.
GEORGE WILSON.	25	16	JACOB R. TELFAIR.	CHARLES H. COFFIN.
GREENLEAF CLARKE.	26	15	MICHAEL P. GRACE.	H. L. TERRELL.
M. M. Brower.	27	14	Alfred C. Hall.	JAMES G. DE FOREST.
Henry C. Morris.	28	13	JOHN RUSZITS.	SAMUEL SHETHAR.
ALBION P. STROUT.	29	12	THOMAS RUTTER.	JOHN B. BOUTON.
E. S. ESTY.	30	11	FRANCIS W. WILLIAMS.	CLINTON B. FISK.
JOHN AUSTIN STEVENS.	31	10	GEORGE MOSLE.	JAS. S. T. STRANAHAN.
ANSON PHELPS STOKES.	32	9	EUGENE KELLY.	WILLIAM H. WEBB.
OLIVER HARRIMAN.	33	8	JOHN RILEY.	DEMAS BARNES.
HEBER R. BISHOP.	34	7	JOHN Q. A. WARD.	ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD.
A. GRACIE KING.	35	6	JESSE SELIGMAN.	AMBROSE C. KINGSLAND.
WHITELAW REID.	36	5	CHARLES L. TIFFANY.	GEORGE L. KINGSLAND.
JOHN SLOANE.	37	4	D. O. MILLS.	HENRY F. SPAULDING.
JOSIAH M. FISKE.	38	3	HORACE PORTER.	GEORGE C. MAGOUN.
CHARLES LANIER.	39	2	CYRUS W. FIELD.	WILLIAM H. ROBERTSON.
		1	J. PIERPONT MORGAN.	

B

	21	22	HERALD.	TRIBUNE.
	20	23	JEROME B. WHEELER.	A. F. WARBURTON.
	19	24	JOHN H. STARIN.	JOHN D. JONES.
	18	25	HOWARD CARROLL.	S. B. CHITTENDEN.
	17	26	WM. HENRY SMITH.	E. L. FANCHER.
	16	27	ALFRED H. SMITH.	LATIMER BAILEY.
	15	28	JOHN S. BUSSING.	CHARLES G. LANDON.
	14	29	WILLIAM P. ST. JOHN.	CHARLES A. HOYT.
	13	30	JORDAN L. MOTT.	M. C. D. BORDEN.
	12	31	DANIEL DRAKE SMITH.	WM. A. PEMBROOK.
	11	32	CHARLES P. BURDETT.	EDWARD N. TAILER.
	10	33	ALEX. MC L. AGNEW.	CLARK HOWELL.
	9	34	JOHN T. AGNEW.	JOHN H. INMAN.
	8	35	WILSON G. HUNT.	SELIG S. FISHER.
	7	36	SEYMOUR L. HUSTED.	O. D. BALDWIN.
	6	37	WILLIAM L. STRONG.	FREDERICK J. PHILLIPS.
	5	38	FREDERICK S. WINSTON.	CORNELIUS N. BLISS.
	4	39	A. FOSTER HIGGINS.	HUGH AUCHINCLOSS.
	3	40	LLOYD ASPINWALL.	JACOB D. VERMILYE.
	2	41	JAMES W. PINCHOT.	LUCIUS M. SARGENT.
	1		SAMUEL D. BABCOCK.	

C

	22	21	TRIBUNE.	TIMES.
	23	20	A. S. SULLIVAN.	C. R. MILLER.
	24	19	DAVID M. STONE.	JAMES F. DRUMMOND.
	25	18	C. S. SEYTON.	FREDERICK W. DEVOE.
	26	17	A. W. KINGMAN.	J. SEAVER PAGE.
	27	16	JAMES TALCOTT.	F. C. ROGERS.
	28	15	JACOB F. BAMBERGER.	HERVEY C. CALKIN.
	29	14	WILLIAM D. FARWELL.	JOHN ROACH.
	30	13	JAMES H. DUNHAM.	WILLIAM ROWLAND.
	31	12	E. VAN VOLKENBURGH.	WILLIAM E. KIDDER.
	32	11	JACOB WENDELL.	WM. A. GILLATLY.
	33	10	JAMES T. SWIFT.	F. FREDERICK GUNTHER.
	34	9	WOODBURY LANGDON.	LOUIS WIDMULLER.
	35	8	A. D. JUILLIARD.	EDWARD TUCK.
	36	7	THOS. F. ROWLAND.	GEORGE R. BLANCHARD.
	37	6	HENRY A. ROGERS.	HENRY BILTON.
	38	5	A. R. WHITNEY.	J. NELSON TAPPAN.
	39	4	JOSEPH H. BROWN.	JAMES B. COLGATE.
	40	3	REV. W. M. TAYLOR, D. D.	JAMES M. CONSTABLE.
	41	2	JAMES D. SMITH.	DANIEL C. ROBBINS.
		1	CHARLES S. SMITH.	JAMES

TE OF NEW-YORK,

K BY THE BRITISH, NOVEMBER 25, 1783.

R 26, 1883.

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HON. CHARLES J. FOLGER.	HON. GEORGE WM. CURTIS.	GOVERNOR WALLER.	GOVERNOR HALL.	GOVERNOR JARVIS.	GOVERNOR BOURNE.	MAYOR LOW.
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

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TIMES.					22	21
C. R. MILLER.					23	20
JAMES F. DRUMMOND.					24	19
FREDERICK W. DEVOE.					25	18
J. SEAVER PAGE.					26	17
F. C. ROGERS.					27	16
HERVEY C. CALKIN.					28	15
JOHN ROACH.					29	14
WILLIAM ROWLAND.					30	13
WILLIAM F. KIDDER.					31	12
WM. A. GELLATLY.					32	11
J. FREDERICK GUNTHER.					33	10
LOUIS WIDMULLER.					34	9
EDWARD TUCK.					35	8
GEORGE R. BLANCHARD.					36	7
HENRY HILTON.					37	6
NELSON TAPPAN.					38	5
JAMES B. COLGATE.					39	4
JAMES M. CONSTABLE.					40	3
DANIEL C. ROBBINS.					41	2
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TIMES. C. R. MILLER. JAMES F. DRUMMOND. FREDERICK W. DEVOE. J. SEAVER PAGE. F. C. ROGERS. HERVEY C. CALKIN. JOHN ROACH. WILLIAM ROWLAND. WILLIAM F. KIDDER. WM. A. GELLATLY. J. FREDERICK GUNTHER. LOUIS WIDMULLER. EDWARD TUCK. GEORGE R. BLANCHARD. HENRY HILTON. NELSON TAPPAN. JAMES B. COLGATE. JAMES M. CONSTABLE. DANIEL C. ROBBINS.

D. H. HOUGHTALING. WILLIAM C. DUNTON. B. BLAKEMAN. HENRY HENTZ. CYRUS BUSSEY. WM. P. DOUGLASS. H. C. PLASS. EDWARD E. POOR. GEORGE P. SLADE. WM. BROOKFIELD. ALFRED C. CHENEY. L. H. BIGLOW. GEORGE H. ROBINSON. ROBERT MACLAY. CHARLES BUTLER. FREDERICK D. TAPPEN. C. LIONEL SCHWIND. JOHN CROSBY BROWN. EGERTON S. BROWN.

WORLD. SUN. L. W. Lewis. JCSEPH PULITZER. HENRY HERRMAN. CHARLES STERNBACK. MAX MACK. SOLOMON BACHMAN. HENRY C. MEYER. FRANCIS B. THURBER. CHARLES S. HIGGINS. William H. Clark. JOHN L. RIKER. THOMAS C. ACTON. BENJAMIN G. ARNOLD. SETH E. THOMAS. GEORGE H. POTTS. WALTER S. GURNEE. WILLIAM E. DODGE.

JAMES M. BROWN.

E

WORLD.					21	30
STAR.					22	29
STAATS ZEITUNG.					23	28
Samuel F. Johnston.					24	27
OSCAR S. STRAUS.					25	26
NATHAN STRAUS.					26	25
ISIDOR STRAUS.					27	24
NORMAN S. BENTLEY.					28	23
T. EGENTON HOGG.					29	22
J. H. WINCHESTER.					30	21
AMASA H. SCOVILLE.					31	20
AMBROSE SNOW.					32	19
A. B. MILLER.					33	18
THEODORE DRIER.					34	17
HIRAM HITCHCOCK.					35	16
JOHN T. TERRY.					36	15
SOLON HUMPHREYS.					37	14
WILLIAM DOWD.					38	13
MORRIS K. JESUP.					39	12
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MECHANICS' SCHOOL.

Class,

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A

HERALD.

COMMERCIAL BULLETIN.	21	30	JOURNAL OF COMMERCE.	J. M. BUNDY.	
A. K. MC MILLAN.	22	29	FREDERICK S. PINKUS.	SIGOURNEY W	
Reuben S. Benton.	23	28	WILLIAM F. COCHRAN.	JOHN F. PRA	
Emerson Cole.	24	27	BALLARD SMITH.	WILLIAM H. L	
GEORGE WILSON.	25	26	JACOB R. TELFAIR.	CHARLES H. C	
GREENLEAF CLARKE.	26	25	MICHAEL P. GRACE.	H. L. TERRELL	
M. M. Brower.	27	24	Alfred C. Hall.	JAMES G. DE	
Henry C. Morris.	28	23	JOHN RUSZITS.	SAMUEL SHET	
ALBION P. STROUT.	29	22	THOMAS RUTTER.	JOHN B. BOUT	
E. S. ESTY.	30	21	FRANCIS W. WILLIAMS.	CLINTON B. F	
JOHN AUSTIN STEVENS.	31	20	GEORGE MOSLE.	JAS. S. T. ST	
ANSON PHELPS STOKES.	32	19	EUGENE KELLY.	WILLIAM H. W	
OLIVER HARRIMAN.	33	18	JOHN RILEY.	DEMAS BARNE	
HEBER R. BISHOP.	34	17	JOHN Q. A. WARD.	ELLIOTT F. SH	
A. GRACIE KING.	35	16	JESSE SELIGMAN.	AMBROSE C. J	
WHITELAW REID.	36	15	CHARLES L. TIFFANY.	GEORGE L. KI	
JOHN SLOANE.	37	14	D. O. MILLS.	HENRY F. SP	
JOSIAH M. FISKE.	38	13	HORACE PORTER.	GEORGE C. M	
CHARLES LANIER.	39	12	CYRUS W. FIELD.	WILLIAM H.	

J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

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No. 2

CERTIFICATE

Granted to William Kidder of 1st Class,

as an honourable testimony of approbation for industry, punctuality, and good conduct, during the last four weeks.

New-York, April 1st 18 51

D. H. Cruttenden Principal.

L. W. Thomas Chairman of the Committee.

Van Norden & Amerman, Printers, 60 Wm-st.

MECHANICS' SCHOOL.

CHICAGO HIGH SCHOOL.

Report of Mary Ives No. in the General Department of the Junior C. Class consisting of 33 Pupils, for the Term ending December 1861 - Teacher George A. Adams

	1st Month.	2d Month.	3rd Month.	4th Month.	Examination Average.	Average For Term.
Geography	97	97	94			
Algebra	94	96	91			
German	98	93	99			
Reading	99	92	92			
Spelling	98	100	100			
Rhetorical Exercises	95	84	82			
Scholarship Average,	97	93.6	93			
Deportment Average,	96	100	93			
Attendance Average,	100	100	100			
Total Average,	98	97.8	95.3			
Rank in Class,	1	3	12			

PARENT'S SIGNATURE.

L. J. Ives

Scholarship, Attendance and Deportment are graded from 100 to 0. The average of the daily recitations in each study for the month constitutes the Scholarship Average. The averages of the daily attendance and deportment for the month constitute the Attendance and Deportment Averages. The Examination Average for the Term is regarded as equivalent to the average for one month. The average of all these results for the Term is the Total Average, and constitutes the pupil's rank for the Term. The Deportment and Attendance Averages ought *always* to be 100. The Scholarship average *ought never to fall below* 80 *in any branch of study.* If a pupil's average is lower than this, the parent may infer that his position and progress in his classes is *unsatisfactory*, and that unless an early improvement is manifested, he must fall back to a lower grade.

The parent is respectfully requested to examine particularly the accompanying report, and, after appending his signature, to return it by the bearer.

GEORGE HOWLAND, PRINCIPAL.

Large Gathering at the Gentlemen's Driving Park.

1883

RACING AND TROTTING MEETINGS.

Notes and Gossip of Sporting Events to Come.

There was a large gathering of the members of the Gentlemen's Driving Club at their grounds yesterday afternoon to witness two trotting contests for silver cups, the first being for horses that had never beaten 2:45, and which was commenced and three heats trotted on Wednesday, the 10th inst., and was then postponed on account of darkness until Wednesday of this week; but on that day the trot was again postponed on account of the death of Mr. George B. Alley. Yesterday it was called on, and, of the eight original starters, but five "came to the scratch." This was followed by a contest between horses that had never beaten 2:30, mile heats, owners to drive. There were three starters for this event. These were Mr. W. F. Kidder's bay stallion Mambrino George, Mr. Louther's bay gelding Lonsdale and C. G. Seaman's bay mare Mary. Mambrino George won the cup, he taking the first and third heats.

The attendance of the members of the club was very large, among them Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, who seemed to have recovered from the accident of Wednesday last. The track was in capital order, and it was the universal opinion of the gentlemen that should it not be spoiled by rain the trotting this afternoon in point of time will be about the best ever made there.

The following are the details of the trotting:—

SUMMARIES.

GENTLEMEN'S DRIVING PARK, OCT. 19.—Silver Cup, members to drive, to road wagons; mile heats; for horses that never trotted better than 2:45.

Starters.

Mr. Decker's b. g. Harry	5	1	3	4	1
Mr. Seaman's br. m. Mary	6	5	1	0	2
Mr. Hamilton's blk. m. L. C	3	2	6	3	3
Mr. Reed's b. g. Bagoda	1	3	2	0	4
Mr. Compton's b. m. Edith C	4	4	5	5	5
Mr. Louther's b. g. Lonsdale	2	6	4	dr.	
Mr. Marshall's b. g. Peter	7	7	7	dr.	
Mr. Starin's b. m. Hattie A	8	8	8	dr.	

Time, 2:38½—2:38—2:41½—2:37½—2:40.

SAME DAY.—Silver Cup; mile heats, to road wagons; members to drive; for horses that have never beaten 2:30.

Starters.

W. F. Kidder's b. h. Mambrino George	1	2	1
Mr. Louther's b. g. Lonsdale	2	1	2
C. G. Seaman's b. m. Mary	3	dr.	

Time, 2:41—2:38½—2:38½.

THE RACE.

First Heat.—Mary had the best of the start, Lonsdale second, Mambrino George third. When the trio passed the quarter pole Mary led one length, Mambrino George second, six lengths ahead of Lonsdale. Time, 38½ seconds. Going along the lower turn Mambrino George trotted to the front and passed the half-mile pole five lengths in advance of Mary, she three lengths ahead of Lonsdale. Going up the backstretch Mambrino George increased his lead and had eight lengths the best of it at the three-quarter pole, Mary second, four lengths in front of Lonsdale. Mambrino George came on steadily and won the heat by eight lengths, Lonsdale second, two lengths in front of Mary. Time, 2:41.

Second Heat.—Mary was withdrawn. Lonsdale had the best of the start by a length, and when he reached the quarter pole he had four lengths the best of it. Time, 38 seconds. On the lower turn Lonsdale led two lengths, which he held at the half-mile pole. Time, 1:17. Going up the backstretch Mambrino George closed up on Lonsdale, and as the horses passed the three-quarter pole they were parallel. Time, 1:58. From there to the end Lonsdale gradually drew away from Mambrino George, and came home a winner by four lengths in 2:38½.

Third Heat.—Mambrino George took the lead with the word and went away from Lonsdale very rapidly, leading ten lengths at the quarter pole in 38 seconds, was twenty lengths in front at the half-mile pole in 1:16; fifteen lengths ahead at the three-quarter pole in 1:56, and came home an easy winner by ten lengths in 2:38½.

TRI[illegible] AND MAJOLICA.

Mr. Kidder's stallion Mambrino George trotted the last half of a mile last week in 1:12½, and he is in such fine condition that Mr. Chandler, his driver, says that the horse can be made to go in 2:25 over the one-mile track at Fleetwood, as his last half-mile is always his fastest.

Mr. Kidder's horses have been sent to his stables at East Orange. Mambrino George is reported sold. 1883

W. F. Kidder, of East Orange, yesterday purchased at the New York Horse Exchange the celebrated road mare Lady de Jarnette. This mare made a sensation at the Horse Show, and took every prize for which she was entered. The price paid for Lady de Jarnette was $1,000. 1883

The splendid black carriage horses of W. F. Kidder, of East Orange, will be disposed of. They are ebon black, splendidly gaited, and can trot together close to three minutes. They were purchased in Canada on Mr. Kidder's order. 1884

The second race was for silver cup, road wagons, owners to drive. There were three entries, Nelly B., Flite and Annie May. Nelly B. won in two straight heats, 2:47, 2:44½, Flite second. The cup was presented to the club by W. F. Kidder. It is of solid silver, with horses for handles. 1884

1882 Guess Not, the mare that so ably contested the free-for-all race with Billy Button at Newton, last week, was formerly owned by Mr. Kidder, of East Orange. She really made the only contest that Button had, and it is a question if a strict construction of the rules would not have given her the first heat. It is no discredit for a horse to be beaten by Button, and the fact that Guess Not made him trot the great race of his life is greatly to her credit.

The great trotting mare Guess Not, late the property of W. F. Kidder, of East Orange, has been sold to Mr. Aiken, of New York, for $5,000. Her record is 2:27½, although she has trotted in private in 2:22.

Mr. Kidder says Helene will be entered in the 2:21 class at the races of the New York Driving Club. Helene is said to have more speed than ever before. She always had plenty of speed. The trouble was, she usually had too much work for her strength. She will trot two or three races a month and stand up if she is not given too much work in the meantime. She has more speed than her half-brother Button, but does not possess the same rugged constitution. Button will trot eight or nine heats, and put them all in about the same place. For a dash Helene has few superiors. She showed that in her great race at Boston with Clingstone, Edwin Thorne and Santa Claus.

Mambrino George has been taken up and shod, and will be jogged on the road preparatory to track work by Chandler. George trotted Fleetwood track when in poor condition in 2:25; last Fall at Boston he was being sent for a record by J. B. Berlew, who drove him to the half-mile pole in 1:11½, when his boot came down and he had to be taken back. He finished the mile in 2:33½, winning the heat.

Mr. Kidder has sold the little sorrel mare May, B. She will be mated with a little mare formerly owned by Mr. Stout, of Orange. They are very much alike, and will make a handy team. May B. is sired by Charley B., and was owned for a long time by Mr Charles Heath. He sold her to Mr. Kidder. She can trot close to 2:40.

The two fastest horses now owned in New Jersey have been matched to trot over Waverley track on the 30th of next month, the well-known trotters Billy Button and Helene. Both of these horses have a wide reputation. The match will be a pure trial of speed. They are half brother and sister. Button is a full brother to Peralto, who was beaten four years ago by the same mare that is now matched against Button. The race will attract a great deal of attention, because the character of the two owners attests a fair and square test of the abilities of the two horses.

W. F. Kidder, of East Orange, is chairman of the Executive Committee of the New York Driving Club. There will be several important changes made in the management of the club this year. The superintendent of the track will likely be a gentleman residing in this city. The salary of the superintendent is $2,500.

A New Medicine Company.

The Chesseman Medicine Company have recorded articles of incorporation in the County Clerk's office. The place of business is East Orange, the business is the manufacture of proprietory medicines. The capital is $10,000 and the incorporators are: Horace W. Campbell, of East Orange; Ami B. Campbell, of Bridgeport, Conn., and Walter W. Hooker, of New York.

"Ex-Presidents" was responded to by Elias A. Wilkinson, who said that any gentleman honored with the Presidency of the club ought to feel proud of it, for it had often been the stepping stone to high political honors. The club's first President, Phineas Jones, afterwards was a member of Assembly and then member of Congress. Another President was an Alderman and then a member of Assembly. Mr. Kidder had not been President three weeks before he was talked of for Congress and could hardly help running. Mr. Smith, of Elizabeth, after being President was elected an Alderman. Mr. Drake was President and in a short time it was suggested that he run for Assemblyman. Mr. Albright was President and he ran for Governor. Now we must look out for Mr. Huntoon. Mr. Wilkinson said he had heard a good deal about building a new track, but he thought the best thing to do was for the club to get enough of the stock of the New Jersey Agricultural Society to be able to control the track at Waverley.

THE SLEIGHING.

Notes on High Street and Elsewhere.

High street yesterday afternoon presented a gay and festive scene. The number of equipages was astonishing. Two hundred and thirty-one sleighs passed a given point on High street yesterday afternoon. Elizabeth and the Oranges helped to swell the throng. Speeding was impossible; there could be no contests for the reason that as soon as one or the other got under headway the horse would be taken back to keep from running over some one in front. The trotting, if the snow lasts, will be transferred to Frelinghuysen avenue, where there is a clean sweep for a mile and a quarter. High street has always been the worst place in the city to speed a horse in sleighing time. The distance is too short. A horse no sooner gets into his stride than the end of the street is reached and he must be pulled up, and again, no man with a valuable horse will take the risk of sending him at top speed through such a promiscuous crowd. The trotters were there yesterday and the day before, however, in force. The difference between trotting to a sleigh and road wagon was noticeable in that each little cutter was occupied by a fair lady as well as the driver. J. O. Stearns, of Elizabeth, guided his two renowned horses, Peralto and Billy Button, and while attentive to his steeds he was not unmindful of the bright eyes and ruddy cheeks beside him. W. G. Lewis, accompanied by his little daughter, sat behind the veteran Sussex, who never appeared to better advantage. George Stengle held the reins over the Gates' colt, which has proved such a jewel since he purchased it. Charles Alberson took advantage of the absence of the crowd about twilight and let Nelly B. (known as the Criqui mare) spread herself once or twice the length of the street. Ex-Ald. DeVoursney piloted the Colonel, who is faster to a sleigh than to a top buggy. W. A. Pruden was comfortable behind Quaker Boy, the Lark colt that can clean up any colt of his years (save one) in this vicinity. Joseph Chandler was serene behind Guess Not, beaming with satisfaction in having the Queen. Mr. Hall, of Elizabeth, was drawn by the little beauty Bessie Hall, who steps right royally on the snow. George Swick had the Lark colt Spirit in proper trim for a brush if there had been room. Moses Hand sat straight as an arrow behind the elegant brown mare Belle who seemed impatient of restraint. Valley Chief, the imposing gray stallion of F. J. Toler, veteran of a hundred battles on the turf, stepped lightly as if proud to draw his mistress. Albert Darling's black mare, that occupys the stall vacated by Ida, looked superb in her elegant proportions. Mr. Drake, with his young bride, drove a fine colt, a scion of Fannie Osborne. The young sons of ex-Ald. Schickhaus enjoyed the sport behind Grey Duke. Mr. Chapman, of the Singer Machine Company, had a flyer new to the street and speed department. He trys conclusions with Valley Chief to-day. S. B. Tobey drove his sorrel gelding, formerly known as Prince Albert, who has learned to break and catch. Ex-Ald. Collyer sifted the snow

World, is a graduate of the local high school, class of '04, and a graduate of Cornell, class of '08.

with Sunbeam, who has renewed her youth. Sid. Hensley, with the bull dog (that was too late to save the blankets at Mount Holly) beside him on the seat, drove a scion of John Goldsmith. Mr. Quinby was satisfied with his new gray mare that will make a good one. A. D. Coykendall, with Ella J., was only sorry that the crowd was too great for him to let go of her head. A. W. Austin, of Commerce street, had Billy T. and Joe together, and was seemingly at peace with all the world. J. C. Miller drove his gray and bay, that can show a 2:50 clip to the pole. Charles Heath found an opportunity once or twice to send Cayuga Maid from end to end at a rattling clip. John Conway, always ahead with Deucalion, Jr., seemed disgusted that there was no room to spread. Gordon and Adelina R. (who is owned by P. Sanford Ross) made their appearance again after a lapse of some time. Besides these single horses, every one of which is known to fame, there were double teams with family sleighs without number, many of them strangers. J. D. Ransom had an elegant pair of sorrells; S. H. Strathmore, a pair of bays with silver mounted equipments; W. F. Kidder's beautiful blacks. Besides these there were the well-known handsome establishments of Benjamin Atha, Chancellor Runyon, R. B. Gaddis, Mrs. J. O. Stearns, of Elizabeth; Samuel Halsey, Judge Depue, E. F. Heath, T. B. Heath, T. B. Peddie, E. A. Wilkinson, and many others. The grand pageant went on until the street lamps were lit and the stars began to "twinkle in the icy air of night."

The writer of the "Waverley Notes" was at Lancaster, Penn., on Thursday last, and witnessed a carnival on the snow that for the speed of the horses and exceeding beauty of the turnouts cannot be surpassed by any city of like size. Lancaster has population of 45,000 and near there is the Speedwell stock farm, where the famous Middletown and Shamrock are quartered. We saw a brown mare fourteen years old, that for eleven years had been driven over the rough turnpikes of Lancaster county. She has not a mark on her legs as big as a pin's head and can to-day pull a sleigh better than 2:50. She is a Patchen mare, and her dam was the dam of Lizzie Keller. Blood will tell. There was shown us also a colt by Middletown, owned by Mr. Heistand, proprietor of the Stevens House, that will justify any description that was ever given of a horse. In action, gait, style, conformation and throughout it is simply perfection.

This afternoon the theatre of speed is on Frelinghuysen avenue, where a match race between Valley Chief and the Chapman mare has been arranged.

SPEED ON THE SN[illegible]

FINE SLEIGHING AND JOYOUS PEOPLE—THE ROADS CROWDED WITH FAST HORSES.

The lovers of sleighing were out in full force again yesterday, and the Park and avenues beyond were alive with the music of the tinkling bells and the joyous voices of the occupants of the sleighs. The last snow storm was a great boon to the roadites, who have had rather a dull time of it so far this winter. At first the footing was heavy and uncertain, but the snow packed very fairly, and yesterday afternoon will be remembered as a memorable one in the annals of sleighing. The Park and roads were filled with the most elegant and costly establishments the world can produce. During the last few years preparations for sleighing have been immense, and a great competition has sprung up among the carriage manufacturers to see who can build the most beautiful sleighs, either for families or for speeding. Some of the one man road sleighs are now made to weigh not more than forty to fifty-five pounds, and still are safe, carrying the heaviest road man without danger. No more animated or attractive sights can be witnessed than have been presented the last few afternoons on the uptown roads. There is a great difference in fast horses which travel the snow path, some being able to trot very fast to a sleigh, and others of equal speed not up to the work at all and very indifferent as sleigh horses. It is probably the case that few horses go as fast to a sleigh as they do to a wagon, but that does not seem to count when the spectator sees a dozen fast horses come storming down the road together with a rush, dash and abandon perfectly irresistible. Yesterday afternoon there were many brushes among celebrated horses deserving mention.

Mr. William H. Vanderbilt came down the road behind Lysander at a clipping gait and the horse sped along in grand style. Mr. William H. Harbeck sent his gray gelding Prince Arthur along at a storming rate of speed. Prince Arthur is an exceptionally fast sleigh horse. Mr. Higgins' old team came down the road fast driven by Dick. Mr. Vigelius' gray and chestnut team were also stepping along fast. Mr. Strauss, with Harry Gilbert, and Mr. Coe with his black mare Emma C, were having quite a nice brush and disappeared up the road together. Mr. James De Forrest's bay gelding, by Edward Everett, is a slashing going sleigh horse and came over the snow fast and in good shape. Mr. William H. Bingham drove his black team Amy and Dan to an elegant new sleigh, presenting a fine appearance. Commodore Smith appeared behind a nice brown team. Mr. Peters drove Cashier. Mr. A. B. Wilson drove his Startle colt Alley Bonner and Carrie W, a nice young, promising team. His friend Mr. Al. Keegan occupied a seat beside him. P. F. Fleming brushed along behind Pilgrim. Mr. Isidor Cohnfeld was out with his fast team, Jimmy and Champagne Belle; afterward with brown stallion Lem, also a grand sleigh horse. Mr. Abijah Curtiss drove his roan team over the road to his home at Yonkers. Mr. Nelson drove Clover and Hidden Treasure. Mr. Purdy sat behind a dark brown horse. Mr. Kates drove Sunrise; George Punchard Billy Barefoot; J. Q. Laws a nice road team. Frank Work let go of the head of Edward, and he attracted great attention. J. D. Brown drove a Knox team and William King a Volunteer stallion. Mr. Muir drove his black mare and Mr. E. H. Bowers his Eastern mare (record 2:26). Mr. Lenox Smith was behind his chestnut. Mr. Rickens drove his chestnut mare a 2:40 gait. Mr. William Barron sat behind his chestnut pacer. Mr. J. Pringle drove his team. Dr. Long appeared behind his black horse. Mr. J. Long drove his fast sorrel colt, which is a very promising one. Mr. Harry Plummer drove his bay horse Underman—a fast one. Mr. Charles Naething drove his bay horse at a clipping pace. Mr. Redman drove his black gelding Decoration. Mr. E. C. Marshall sat behind his bay colt Peter, a very fast and improving young horse and a good actor. Mr. O. S. Bailey drove Beecher. Ed. Kearney drove St. Clair as though he was in a hurry. Fred. Ebbelling sat behind his favorite and fast chestnut mare. Captain Jake Vanderbilt piloted Boston on to victory. Boston is a fast, game sleigh horse. Mr. Charlie Shaw drove Black Kate and mate, and they went fast and in good shape. Mr. Loughran drove Dolly Everett and her daughter. Mr. E. D. Slater was hurrying along behind his pretty and fast chestnut mare Lady Varick's mate. Messrs. Thomas B. and Harry Kerr were out for style behind nice carriage teams. They also appeared behind their road horses. Mr. Stiverson drove his gray and mate, and they make a speedy sleigh team. Mr. Agustina drove his fast chestnut. Colonel Fuller drove a nice looking team. Mr. David Bonner drove a black colt, and Mr. Robert Bonner drove Edwin Forrest, Pickard and others of his fast stock during the day. Alderman Grant and J. Haslett sat behind the first named gentleman's mare, a fast and good one. William F. Kidder came along rapidly behind Guess Not. Mr. Leadbetter drove one of his young horses by Monogram. Mr. James Breslin drove his very fast team Jerome and mate. Mr. Phil Phoenix was behind his black team, which can go fast when called on. George Ripley drove the bay gelding Teaser. W. Van Cott drove the team Midnight and Darkness, going a 2:40 clip, and afterward he was out with Charles Delmonico, a five-year-old bay colt. Major Bennett and Mr. Marello were behind a chestnut gelding. Matthew Riley drove a very neat bay and black team. James Dustin, black gelding Troubadour, who has a record of 2:19½; Ben Mace, gray gelding Hopeful, record 2:14¾; Mr. Bathgate, bay mare Mary Lamb; James De Forest, a bay gelding; S. F. Dewey, a bay mare; Colonel Kipp, Birdie C; Mr. W. Turnbull, Manfred; Mr. Van Cross, a bay mare; T. C. Eastman, his team, Captain Jack and Bob Acres; Newbold Morris, a bay gelding; Mr. Kinney, Joe Bradley; G. Dickinson, Rocket; J. Davidson, black and bay team; S. F. Knapp, his team, Sam Hill and Charley Hogan; W. Wilkins, Freeman; Colonel Parsons, St. Cloud and mate; Harry Harbeck, sorrel team; W. H. and John Harbeck, bay and black team; C. W. Griswold, Chestnut Hill; L. Lorillard, a bay gelding; C. H. Raymond, Ripton; Mr. Benham, Castle Boy and mate, and Mr. Thomas Loughran, a spanking team, Dolly Everett and Susie L.

ESSEX COUNTY HUNT AFTER A VETERAN FOX.

Although a sweeping, bitter wind from the north chilled the marrow in one's bones, and hailstones carromed off people's noses, it was yet a relief to escape from the all-pervading roast turkey smell of Newark and bear off toward the snow patched mountains to the westward. The Essex County Hunt had announced its intention to have an early morning meet at Bloomfield, N. J.

It was about eleven o'clock when the huntsmen began to collect beneath the leafless elms on the pretty village common. There were dog carts from Orange, wagonettes from Montclair, gigs from Newark and buggies from Belleville. Their occupants were mostly patrons of the hunt. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Burke, Miss Burke, Mr. and Mrs. Watson, Mr. and Mrs.

The three-year-old filly, dam Addie E. C., owned by Mr. W. F. Kidder, has been broken to harness. There was some curiosity to know the gait of the filly. Mr. Hill, who has charge of the colt, says it is a pure trotter and already elegantly gaited. The growth and development of this filly have been watched with considerable interest by turfmen in this vicinity. Its dam, Addie E. C. is well-known, some of her most famous turf contests being made in this section. The filly is standard on the side of its dam and on the side of its sire. Its sire is Hambletonian Prince. The colt shows every sign of being as fast as its dam. Bred as it is, it can not help being a trotter. Mr. Kidder has also at his stables in East Orange a colt sired by the greater producer of trotters, George Wilkes. This fellow is coming six years old and resembles his half-brother, owned by Mr. F. J. Toler.

The brown horse Jim, in Mr. Kidder's stable, is one of the best road horses in this section. He can pull a top wagon better than a 2:50 gait and is sound in every particular. He trotted a mile over Waverley track to road wagon in 2:38, and can repeat it. He is a very fine looking horse and entirely gentle.

Mr. W. F. Kidder, of East Orange, has decided to dispose of his entire stock of horses at public sale. The auction will take place at the American Institute building, New York, on Thursday of this week. In another column will be found the list in full. The horses are in splendid condition and fine fettle. In this community Mr. Kidder's horses are well known. All are well bred, and with the exception of one all are standard, and the exception, Jim, is good enough to be registered. Among the lot offered is Helene, the mare with a glorious history. There is not an animal driven on the road to-day that can pass her. She can speed a 2:20 shot to road wagon. The horses can be seen to-day and to-morrow at Herrington's, near Fleetwood Park, and after to-morrow at the American Institute building.

[illegible] June 186

C. A. Mudd, Mr. Douglass Robinson, Jr.; Mr. William L. Skinkle, Mr. Samuel Campbell, Mr. William F. Kidder, Mr. and Mrs. Wilmerding, Mr. William Clark, Jr.; Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Sumner Teal, Mrs. Fred K. Wheeler, Mr. and Miss Parker, Mr. Harrison Whittingham, Mr. Durand, Mr. Firsth, Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt, Miss M. Johnson, Mr. Hendricks, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Robbins, Mr. Dennis, Mr. Van Rensselaer, Mr. Collier, Mr. M. P. Thebaud, Miss Condit and Mr. Rand. Had the day been fair there would have been an immense attendance; as it was, the common was surrounded with equipages and black with people.

THE WARNING NOTE.

When it was thought that every one who was coming had arrived Huntsman 'Arry 'Oward was instructed to toot his horn, and at once he blew a strain, clear and shrill, that made his old horse Skylark paw the ground and put the hounds on their mettle. Then Mr. 'Oward trotted off followed by the members of the hunt. They were Mr. Edward P. Thebaud, master of the hunt; Mr. Frederick M. Wheeler, Mr. John Wilmerding, Mr. John Townsend, Mr. Julian Kean, Mr. Bovie, Mr. Charles H. Lee and Mr. W. Emlen Roosevelt. The same old fox which gave the hunt such an admirable run this season, when he plunged into the river followed by both hounds and huntsmen, and was subsequently bagged, was awaiting being loosed at the north end of Ridgewood avenue. There the hunt made its way. There had been a drag from near the common to that spot, little over a mile distant. The hounds sped along the avenue, while the riders, with but few exceptions, wound their way in and out of the derailed openings in the fences. The fields along the roadway bristled with the guns of sportsmen. Before the fox was reached the Essex county pack had been augmented by six red setters, seven dock-tailed pointers, a beagle, thirteen rabbit dogs and a miscellaneous canine assortment. Wise sportsmen squatted on the ground and took precaution by holding their dogs by the forelock.

At last the fox was reached, and after the setters, pointers and other dogs had been captured by their owners, and the echoes of the stony ridges had been awakened with dismal yells and howls, and the sportsmen had become exhausted from swearing and clubbing their pets, the fox was let slip in a scrub oak thicket, and off he went like a shot. He was given a good start, and the hounds, in full cry, went crashing after him. The scent lay to the northward, across heavy ploughed fields and through strips of bushy woodland. Mr. Wheeler showed no end of pluck, and took his fences in thorough sportsmanlike style; so did several others of the hunt.

Descending to the valley at the base of the Orange Mountains the fox swung round slightly over some slippery limestone ledges, and then kept straight on. The field was well up to that time, doing excellent work.

THE END OF THE FOX.

On went the fox, and the hounds well up to him. Their voices brought out the country people from their dinners. The goose and turkey were neglected for a time and long after the hounds and their pink coated followers had swept by and gone out of sight. Nearing Centreville the fox faltered, and just on the other side of the little village he met his death. The brush was awarded to Mr. John Townsend and the mask to Mr. Julian Kean. Both of these gentlemen had ridden pluckily and well. Altogether the run had been over about six miles of rough country, where road riding was unavailable, and Thanksgiving Day's meet will long be a cherished remembrance to those who participated in it and were lucky enough to see it.

76 1883

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Presentation.

Mr. Wm. F. Kidder, the foreman of the late Grand Jury, was appointed by Sheriff Wright as a special deputy for this county. A number of the jury with other friends, has presented to Mr. Kidder a handsome gold badge with the coat of arms of the State.

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Kidder still continues a resident of North Grove street.

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DEAR SIR: We had a doll's fair and made seventeen dollars which we send to the Fresh Air Fund. We hope it will take a few children to fresh air and we hope it will give them as much pleasure as it gave us to work.

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The Directors of the Orange Club have elected as President, Staats S. Morris, late of Newark; Vice-President, Wm. F. Kidder; Secretary, Chas. J. Zippel; Treasurer, Henry T. Wills.

—A slight fire occurred early Saturday evening at the residence of Mr. W. F. Kidder, North Maple avenue. Ashland Truck responded to a still alarm, and the flames were extinguished with the Babcocks. The fire originated from a defective flue, and the loss was about $100.

The author of these notes is indebted to W. F. Kidder, of East Orange, for a handsomely bound volume of "Chester's Complete Trotting and Pacing Record," with the name of the recipient in gilt. This kindly remembrance is only in keeping with the "record" of the donor.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Kidder, of Grove street, sail for Bermuda about May 1st.

Mr. W. F. Kidder, of Grove street, arrived at home on Sunday from Bermuda in the best of health and spirits, having enjoyed a delightful trip.

The following gentlemen of this town have been elected members of the New Jersey Historical Society: Wm. F. Kidder, Samuel Lee, Abraham V. Sargent, Oscar Willegerod, Henry Powles, Elias O. Doremus.

1884

Thieves or burglars visited Grove street, Tuesday evening. They attempted to enter the stables of Mr. W. F. Kidder and of Mr. George H. Thompson, but were frightened off in both cases without accomplising their purpose.

BELLEVUE HOUSE.

John A. Barnes, Prop.

See Advertisement on another page.

Fernald, Miss.....Portland
Hall, Mrs A G.....Boston
Head, Miss.....Brookline
" " E D..... "
Stackpole, Mrs.....Boston
Mason, Mrs A.....E Orange
Kidder, Miss..... "
" " Reba.. "
Motley, Miss.....London, Eng
Bonesteel, Miss W M.New York
Hoyt, Miss C P..... "
Davis, C S & w. Newton Centre
" Miss Ida "
Hopkins, A P & w Medfield Mass
Rogers, A G & w.....Portland

1886

A reception was given by Mrs. W. F. Kidder, at her home, Grove street, Saturday afternoon. About 100 guests were present.

The little daughters of Mr. W. F. Kidder and Mr. J. A. Minot were thrown out of a carriage by the running away of a team of ponies on Friday morning, but neither of them were injured.

May. 1886

Runaway.

On Friday morning a runaway, which, almost miraculously, did not prove serious, took place on Winans and Main streets. A little daughter of Mr. William F. Kidder, of Grove street, accompanied by the daughter of Mr. Joseph A. Minott, of Arlington avenue, was driving a team of very small ponies, belonging to Mr. Kidder, through Winans street, when they took fright and ran away. Shortly after turning the corner of Winans and Main street, Miss Kidder

...ored who had hunted his imag-
...the familiar shadow of his dream,
...It was the folder of the Avant
...shaking from the violence of her
...ung girl weeping all her childish
...rehend on the back of a chair,
...paralyzed. There, before him,
...s staring as if he had been sud-
...and stood still in the doorway,
...The
...ave art
...overflo
...acres:
...small
...which
...for the
...are sw

East Orange—A. S. Carr to J. Clifton, $540; A. M. Condit to M. K. Williams, $1,250; W. F. Kidder to M. L. Watson; $13,000; F. Maurer to J. Clifton, $3,150; Thos. Nevins to A. M. Crommelin, $20,000; H. W. Richardson to T. Stephenson, $878; P. E.

THE NEW MINISTRY

The funeral of the late Judge J. P. Kidder, of the Supreme Court of Dakota, took place in St. Paul, Minn., yesterday.

The Park Journal says Miss Kate Kidder, daughter of Dr. D. P. Kidder, who is only fourteen years old, is now studying with a view to an entrance on the stage. She will make her debut, according to present arrangements, at the Madison Square Theatre, New York city, sometime during the season of 1885. In form, features and general appearance she greatly resembles Mary Anderson, and her friends predict for her a most brilliant career.

—"Mr. Henry P. Kidder's will does not leave large public benefactions," says the Boston correspondent of the Hartford *Courant*. "This is not because he failed to be a generous man. We have seldom had a man more liberal in Boston. He made much money, and he was giving it away constantly. Public charities always depended upon him, and were never disappointed, and his gifts to individuals were great. I remember no more noble character here, and his loss to us is irreparable. His estate is variously estimated at from $2,000,000 to $4,000,000.

1886

The Jotham Hedden estate east of Grove street has been purchased by Mr. W. F. Kidder, who has also bought Mr. F. M. Hedden's property on William street. It is his intention to divide it up into building lots for the erection of desirable houses. Greenwood avenue and William street will be opened through at once, thus increasing valuable street frontage.

Orange. 1886

The Orange Club held their annual meeting at the club house, Prospect street, on Monday evening, when the following officers were chosen: President, John L. Blake; Vice-President, W. F. Kidder; Secretary, C. E. Zipple; Treasurer, J. J. Courtney; Board of Directors: Messrs. Blake, Kidder, Zipple, Courtney, Kellogg, Pitcher, Firth, Chandler, Lee, Havemeyer, King, Hayes, DeBarrill, Wills; House Committee, Messrs. Kidder, Kellogg, Lee, Christian and Osborn.

1887 Real Estate Transfers.

The following transfers of real estate in this vicinity have been recently recorded: East Orange—Charles Wiley to S. H. Green, $3,500; William Williams to E. Guerin, $1,200; Edward Meeker to C. J. Krauss, $2,000; H. M. Jones to J. B. Bray, $1,500; W. F. Kidder to H. J. Moors, $153; W. F. Kidder to T. Nevins, $10,925; W. F. Kidder to D. McKeever, $10,925; G. W. Bowers to S. H. Green, $1; M. I. Wishaar to C. C. Reynolds, $4,700; John Dwyer to D. Bingham, $1,450; S.

1887

The syndicate of gentlemen who bought the property east of Grove street between William street and Park avenue have laid several streets and begun the erection of five houses. They will cost about $5,000 apiece, and Mr. J. E. Baker the architect. The gentlemen comprising this syndicate are W. F. Kidder, Thomas Nevins and Daniel McKeever.

1888 Realized $6,000 profit in 2 months

Real Estate Transfers.

The following transfers of real estate in this vicinity have recently been recorded: East Orange—J. H. Bennett, et al, to J. E. Hedges, $7,000; Henry Fricke to W. Murphy, $300; W. C. Hardie to W. Pier-

...see him sitting by his fire, with h...
...all lonfless now, and I could distinctl...
...a ledge of lilacs, but the boughs wer...
...In the summer-time it was hidden f...
...window, on the other side of the fence...
...light flashed into Mr. Chandler's study

THE "A B C" OF POKER.
A is the "ante" and B is the "bluff,"
C is the cash, which is vulgarly "stuff,"
... is the moment ...

LADY DE JARNETTE.

A Picture of this Great Show Mare—Pronounced by Many Critics the Handsomest Mare in America—Her Victories Wherever Exhibited—Her Appearance and Breeding, Etc.,

There can be little doubt that the animal of all others who excited the most general admiration at the recent Horse Show, at Madison Square Garden, was the Kentucky bred mare, Lady De Jarnette, exhibited by her then owner, Mr. W. H. Wilson, of Abdallah Park, Synthiana, Ky. Connoisseurs, looking for special kinds of stock, were, here and there, perhaps, delighted more with horses bred for different purposes; but the great bulk of the spectators, with eyes educated only to beauties of outline and proportions, and regarding the equine race for its practical and ornamental value, unhesitatingly gave her the palm. Her graceful and thoroughly trained movements were followed by most enthusiastic plaudits, and she was recognized as the highest type of the perfect road-horse. Her attitudes and paces were the quintessence of grace, and she answered, through her active brain and sensitive mouth, every wish of her driver as readily as the light bark does the slightest pressure of the skilled mariner upon the tiller. Lady De Jarnette came here fresh from a series of triumphs in the West, and her fame had preceded her. The blue ribbon had been awarded her at many fairs, and the press had voiced the sentiments of the people in their lavish compliments, like the following: "She is the most perfect piece of horse-flesh ever shown inside the St. Louis arena."—*St. Louis Republican.* "This noble animal acquitted herself in a manner that stamps her as the most beautiful and stylish mare ever exhibited. She has only to be seen to be appreciated and admired."—*St. Louis Gobe-Democrat.* "Lady De Jarnette stands the peer of any horse we have ever seen exhibited, although we were raised in Kentucky, and have seen the very best the State has ever produced."—*Kentucky Live Stock Record.* "The handsomest equine animal ever known in the United States."—*Peoria Democrat.* With the prestige of uninterrupted success wherever shown in the West, to the National Horse Show of America, in this city, she came, was seen, and conquered, being awarded, with scarcely a dissenting voice, the first premiums in Class 17, for trotting mares four years old and over, among eight competitors; in special Class G, for best road mare, among ten competitors, and in special Class H, for best gentleman's roadster, among twenty-two competitors, taking no less than three blue ribbons. Altogether, this incomparable mare has won, we believe, about $5,000 in premiums at fairs, and has reached the highest pinnacle of fame attainable by such competitions. Lady De Jarnette is a bay, without white, foaled in 1874. She was bred by the late Martin Jones, of Bath Co., Ky., and was sired by Indian Chief, who was a son of Blood's Black Hawk, dam Lou Berry, by Ned Forrest. The dam of Lady De Jarnette was by Lewis Warfield, who was by Cracker, a son of Boston, dam Leonora, by imp. Trustee. The grandam of Lady De Jarnette was by Skinner's Old Joe, he by Blackburn's Davy Crockett. Her breeding is in the Morgan and Bashaw lines with pacing crosses. Another version of her breeding is, that [illegible] dam was by Tom Hall, but we have followed Mr. Wilson's [illegible], which we presume to be correct. After her triumphs here in [illegible] ring, she was offered for sale at the American Horse Exchange and, after a spirited competition, became the property of [illegible] William F. Kidder, of this city, for $4,000. As her forte is in the showring, and as an exceptionally delightful driver over the road, her trotting abilities have never been fully developed, but she has shown a trial of a full mile in 2:30¼, and trotted a half mile at the Morrisania track in 1:12, driven by Dan Mace. She has one colt, foaled May 13, 1883, by Jubilee Lambert, named Jubilee De Jarnette, and it is, like its dam, a bay, without white, although the sire has three white feet and a large star. Mr. Wilson says: "Perhaps this may be accounted for, in some degree, by her great will force. Her promptness to mind the word of the driver, and to do right, shows that she has a remarkable brain, and is the quickest horse on her feet I ever saw." Even after her triumphant career, her late owner is not satisfied, as he writes further: "It is all the more to her credit to what she has done this year right off the Blue-grass pastures, and the colt taken away from her just about a month from her New York show. The people of New York have not seen Lady De Jarnette (proper), but only a broodmare, and a thin one in flesh at that." The thousands who admired her so greatly at Madison Square Garden, however, will be unanimous in the opinion that the mare needs no apologies. The striking picture of her on the opposite page is a very faithful likeness of her as she appeared driven by Mr. Wilson, and when her new owner, Mr. Kidder, takes the road behind her, she will be the observed of all observers.

N WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

Miss Jessie M. Bedell, Brooklyn, Becomes Bride of Hazen H. Morse.

Elmer Bedell, Brooklyn, announces the marriage of his sister, Miss Jessie M. Bedell, to Hazen H. Morse, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hazen Morse, New Rochelle. They were married on Saturday, at the Westchester Apartments, by Rev. Robert Gardner McGregor, pastor of the North Avenue Presbyterian church, only the immediate family being present. They will make their home in Flatbush, Brooklyn.

Mr. Morse is employed in the advertising department of the New York World, is a graduate of the local high school, class of '04, and a graduate of Cornell, class of '08.

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Mr. W. F. Kidder has sold May B. (Cayuga Maid) to New York parties. May B. was sired by Charley B. (Lark), is about 15-2 in height, a bright sorrel in color and a number one roadster. She was owned by Charles Heath prior to her purchase by Mr. Kidder. She can trot in about 2:40 and has no record, although Chesters' Book says she has.

The Directors of the Orange Club have elected as President, Staats S. Morris, late of Newark; Vice-President, Wm. F. Kidder; Secretary, Chas. J. Zippel; Treasurer, Henry T. Wills.

—A slight fire occurred early Saturday evening at the residence of Mr. W. F. Kidder, North Maple avenue. Ashland Truck responded to a still alarm, and the flames were extinguished with the Babcocks. The fire originated from a defective flue, and the loss was about $100.

The author of these notes is indebted to W. F. Kidder, of East Orange, for a handsomely bound volume of "Chester's Complete Trotting and Pacing Record," with the name of the recipient in gilt. This kindly remembrance is only in keeping with the "record" of the donor.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Kidder, of Grove street, sail for Bermuda about May 1st.

Mr. W. F. Kidder, of Grove street, arrived at home on Sunday from Bermuda in the best of health and spirits, having enjoyed a delightful trip.

The following gentlemen of this town have been elected members of the New Jersey Historical Society: Wm. F. Kidder, Samuel Lee, Abraham V. Sargent, Oscar Willegerod, Henry Powles, Elias O. Doremus.

1884 Thieves or burglars visited Grove street, Tuesday evening. They attempted to enter the stables of Mr. W. F. Kidder and of Mr. George H. Thompson, but were frightened off in both cases without accomplising their purpose.

BELLEVUE HOUSE.

John A. Barnes, Prop.

See Advertisement on another page.

Fernald, Miss.....Portland
Hall, Mrs A G.....Boston
Head, Miss.....Brookline
" E D..... "
Stackpole, Mrs.....Boston
Mason, Mrs A.....E Orange
Kidder, Miss..... "
" " Reba.. "
Motley, Miss.....London, Eng
Bonesteel, Miss W M.New York
Hoyt, Miss C P..... "
Davis, C S & w. Newton Centre
" Miss Ida "
Hopkins, A P & w Medfield Mass
Rogers, A G & w.....Portland

A reception was given by Mrs. W. F. Kidder, at her home, Grove street, Saturday afternoon. About 100 guests were present.

The little daughters of Mr. W. F. Kidder and Mr. J. A. Minot were thrown out of a carriage by the running away of a team of ponies on Friday morning, but neither of them were injured.

1884 May. 1886 Runaway.

On Friday morning a runaway, which, almost miraculously, did not prove serious, took place on Winans and Main streets. A little daughter of Mr. William F. Kidder, of Grove street, accompanied by the daughter of Mr. Joseph A. Minott, of Arlington avenue, was driving a team of very small ponies, belonging to Mr. Kidder, through Winans street, when they took fright and ran away. Shortly after turning the corner of Winans and Main street, Miss Kidder was thrown out into the street, while the ponies were on a dead run. Further along, on the terrace just opposite the East Orange depot, Miss Minott jumped out. Neither of the girls was at all injured, much to the surprise of all who saw the affair. After smashing the phæton and becoming detached from it, the ponies were cornered in Railroad place and stopped. The animals were always considered extremely kind and docile, but they were probably a little frisky owing to the fact that they had been shut up in the stable for several days, and the small [illegible] to control them.

The funeral of the late Judge J. P. Kidder, of the Supreme Court of Dakota, took place in St. Paul, Minn., yesterday.

The Park Journal says Miss Kate Kidder, daughter of Dr. D. P. Kidder, who is only fourteen years old, is now studying with a view to an entrance on the stage. She will make her debut, according to present arrangements, at the Madison Square Theatre, New York city, sometime during the season of 1885. In form, features and general appearance she greatly resembles Mary Anderson, and her friends predict for her a most brilliant career.

—"Mr. Henry P. Kidder's will does not leave large public benefactions," says the Boston correspondent of the Hartford *Courant*. "This is not because he failed to be a generous man. We have seldom had a man more liberal in Boston. He made much money, and he was giving it away constantly. Public charities always depended upon him, and were never disappointed, and his gifts to individuals were great. I remember no more noble character here, and his loss to us is irreparable. His estate is variously estimated at from $2,000,000 to $4,000,000.

1886 **The Jotham Hedden estate east of Grove street has been purchased by Mr. W. F. Kidder, who has also bought Mr. F. M. Hedden's property on William street. It is his intention to divide it up into building lots for the erection of desirable houses. Greenwood avenue and William street will be opened through at once, thus increasing valuable street frontage.**

Orange. 1886

The Orange Club held their annual meeting at the club house, Prospect street, on Monday evening, when the following officers were chosen: President, John L. Blake; Vice-President, W. F. Kidder; Secretary, C. E. Zipple; Treasurer, J. J. Courtney; Board of Directors: Messrs. Blake, Kidder, Zipple, Courtney, Kellogg, Pitcher, Firth, Chandler, Lee, Havemeyer, King, Hayes, DeBarrill, Wills; House Committee, Messrs. Kidder, Kellogg, Lee, Christian and Osborn.

1887 Real Estate Transfers.

The following transfers of real estate in this vicinity have been recently recorded: East Orange—Charles Wiley to S. H. Green, $3,500; William Williams to E. Guerin, $1,200; Edward Meeker to C. J. Krauss, $2,000; H. M. Jones to J. B. Bray, $1,500; W. F. Kidder to H. J. Moors, $153; W. F. Kidder to T. Nevins, $10,925; W. F. Kidder to D. McKeever, $10,925; G. W. Bowers to S. H. Green, $1; M. I. Wishaar to C. C. Reynolds, $4,700; John Dwyer to D. Bingham, $1,450; S.

1887 The syndicate of gentlemen who bought the property east of Grove street between William street aad Park avenue have laid several streets and begun the erection of five houses. They will cost about $5,000 apiece, and Mr. J. E. Baker the architect. The gentlemen comprising this syndicate are W. F. Kidder, Thomas Nevins and Daniel McKeever.

1887 Realized $6,000 profit in 2 months Park Av. near Grove St. E. Orange N.J.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following transfers of real estate in this vicinity have recently been recorded: East Orange—J. H. Bennett, et al, to J. E. Hedges, $7,000; Henry Fricke to J. Murphy, $300; W. C. Hardie to W. Pierson, $1,000; M. B. Kidder to J. H. Worden, $1,500; Ellen Rafferty to S. D. Miller, et al, $375; S. T. State to W. C. Hardie, $1,600; J. W. Towne, et al, to W. D. Berry, $2,250. Orange—F. R. Coudert, et al, to S. C. McChesney, $75; G. F. Kitchell, et al, to A. T. Brennan, $1,300; William Parkinson to A. Koehler, $510. West Orange—C. A. Lighthipe, $6,000. South Orange—W. C. Miller to C. H. Reeve, $100; S. A. [illegible] to C. H. Reeve, $150.

THE "A B C" OF POKER.
A is the "ante" and B is the "bluff,"
C is the cash, which is vulgarly "stuff,"
... the moment ... ent.
... in.

LADY DE JARNETTE.

A Picture of this Great Show Mare—Pronounced by Many Critics the Handsomest Mare in America—Her Victories Wherever Exhibited—Her Appearance and Breeding, Etc.,

There can be little doubt that the animal of all others who excited the most general admiration at the recent Horse Show, at Madison Square Garden, was the Kentucky bred mare, Lady De Jarnette, exhibited by her then owner, Mr. W. H. Wilson, of Abdallah Park, Cynthiana, Ky. Connoisseurs, looking for special kinds of stock, were, here and there, perhaps, delighted more with horses bred for different purposes; but the great bulk of the spectators, with eyes educated only to beauties of outline and proportions, and regarding the equine race for its practical and ornamental value, unhesitatingly gave her the palm. Her graceful and thoroughly trained movements were followed by most enthusiastic plaudits, and she was recognized as the highest type of the perfect road-horse. Her attitudes and paces were the quintessence of grace, and she answered, through her active brain and sensitive mouth, every wish of her driver as readily as the light bark does the slightest pressure of the skilled mariner upon the tiller. Lady De Jarnette came here fresh from a series of triumphs in the West, and her fame had preceded her. The blue ribbon had been awarded her at many fairs, and the press had voiced the sentiments of the people in their lavish compliments, like the following: "She is the most perfect piece of horse-flesh ever shown inside the St. Louis arena."—*St. Louis Republican.* "This noble animal acquitted herself in a manner that stamps her as the most beautiful and stylish mare ever exhibited. She has only to be seen to be appreciated and admired."—*St. Louis Gobe-Democrat.* "Lady De Jarnette stands the peer of any horse we have ever seen exhibited, although we were raised in Kentucky, and have seen the very best the State has ever produced."—*Kentucky Live Stock Record.* "The handsomest equine animal ever known in the United States."—*Peoria Democrat.* With the prestige of uninterrupted success wherever shown in the West, to the National Horse Show of America, in this city, she came, was seen, and conquered, being awarded, with scarcely a dissenting voice, the first premiums in Class 17, for trotting mares four years old and over, among eight competitors; in special Class G, for best road mare, among ten competitors, and in special Class H, for best gentleman's roadster, among twenty-two competitors, taking no less than three blue ribbons. Altogether, this incomparable mare has won, we believe, about $5,000 in premiums at fairs, and has reached the highest pinnacle of fame attainable by such competitions. Lady De Jarnette is a bay, without white, foaled in 1874. She was bred by the late Martin Jones, of Bath Co., Ky., and was sired by Indian Chief, who was a son of Blood's Black Hawk, dam Lou Berry, by Ned Forrest. The dam of Lady De Jarnette was by Lewis Warfield, who was by Cracker, a son of Boston, dam Leonora, by imp. Trustee. The grandam of Lady De Jarnette was by Skinner's Old Joe, he by Blackburn's Davy Crockett. Her breeding is in the Morgan and Bashaw lines with pacing crosses. Another version of her breeding is, that [illegible] dam was by Tom Hall, but we have followed Mr. Wilson's [illegible], which we presume to be correct. After her triumphs here in [illegible] ring, she was offered for sale at the American Horse Exchange, and, after a spirited competition, became the property of [illegible] William F. Kidder, of this city, for $4,000. As her forte is in the showring, and as an exceptionally delightful driver over the road, her trotting abilities have never been fully developed, but she has shown a trial of a full mile in 2:30¼, and trotted a half mile at the Morrisania track in 1:12, driven by Dan Mace. She has one colt, foaled May 13, 1883, by Jubilee Lambert, named Jubilee De Jarnette, and it is, like its dam, a bay, without white, although the sire has three white feet and a large star. Mr. Wilson says: "Perhaps this may be accounted for, in some degree, by her great will force. Her promptness to mind the word of the driver, and to do right, shows that she has a remarkable brain, and is the quickest horse on her feet I ever saw." Even after her triumphant career, her late owner is not satisfied, as he writes further: "It is all the more to her credit to [illegible] what she has done this year right off the Blue-grass pastures, and [illegible] colt taken away from her just about a month from her New York [illegible]ow. The people of New York have not seen Lady De Jarnette (proper), but only a broodmare, and a thin one in flesh at that." The thousands who admired her so greatly at Madison Square Garden, however, will be unanimous in the opinion that the mare needs no apologies. The striking picture of her on the opposite page is a very faithful likeness of her as she appeared driven by Mr. Wilson, and when her new owner, Mr. Kidder, takes the road behind her, she will be the observed of all observers.

N WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

Miss Jessie M. Bedell, Brooklyn, Becomes Bride of Hazen H. Morse.

Elmer Bedell, Brooklyn, announces the marriage of his sister, Miss Jessie M. Bedell, to Hazen H. Morse, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hazen Morse, New Rochelle. They were married on Saturday, at the Westchester Apartments, by Rev. Robert Gardner McGregor, pastor of the North Avenue Presbyterian church, only the immediate family being present. They will make their home in Flatbush, Brooklyn.

Mr. Morse is employed in the advertising department of the New York World, is a graduate of the local high school, class of '04, and a graduate of Cornell, class of '08.

ARGE BOND.

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...of the Kidder Press ...aring Co., and Mrs. W. P. Kidder, ...n, and Rev. and Mrs. B. F. Kidder, ...ters Harry and Frank, of New York, arrived on Tuesday and are visiting their mother, Annie W. Kidder, 53 Narragansett avenue.

KIDDER.—On Oct. 5, at Paris, France, ANNIE, wife of Henry Kidder, of Boston, and daughter of the late Henry Winter Davis, of Baltimore, Maryland.

—"Being down on the Beverley shore the other day," says a writer in the Boston *Post*, "I was shown, as one of the show places of the locality, the great villa, or rather castle, which the late Henry P. Kidder built on a scale of such ... as to be beyond the means of his family to ...up. It is said that the cost of this establishment was about $300,000, and it emphasizes the regret which the loss of that noble man occasioned in this community, that he should not have lived long enough to occupy it. It is certain that his hospitality would have been equal ... the demands of the position, and that he would have entered with zest into the delightful summer life of the locality. This villa, which is of stone and wood, is embosomed in a picturesque grove and fronts upon the ocean, which beats ceaselessly upon the long line of coast. The irregular shape of the villa, its castellated towers, and the breadth and sweep of its verandas are very attractive, and suggest how great are the possibilities of enjoyment for its owner who has means enough to keep up the style of living which it exacts."

THE "A B C" OF POKER.

A is the "ante" and B is the "bluff,"
C is the cash, which is vulgarly "stuff,"
D is the "draw," a momentous event,
E is for "elevate"—takes your last cent.
F is the fun that you have when you win,
G is the "Gillie" who loses his "tin,"
H is the hand that is dealt to you "pat,"
I stands for "in," an important thing that.
J is the "jack-pot" whose praises we sing,
K is the "kitty," voracious young thing!
L is the loser, he's always around,
M is his money, which does not abound.
N is the noodle that "plays up" two pair,
O is the "opener" laying his snare,
P is for Poker, our national game,
Q stands for "quit"—but you don't, all the same.
R is for "raise," and it often sounds hard,
S is the "squeezer" that's marked on the card,
T is the time that you waste—when you deal—
U is your "uncle," to whom you appeal.
V was the "come in," you know, to your cost,
W the "widow," who wins what you lost.
X is the ten that you bet upon "trips,"
Y is the youngster who collared the chips.
Z is the zeal with which one will expend
Time, money and gas-light, to "do-up" a friend.

—*W. H. G., in Puck.*

Scrap Book

FINE MANUFACTURE